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THE WAVE

VOL. XVII. No. 17 SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 23, 1898 PRICE 10 CTS

OFF TO THE WAR

Batteries C and F of the Light Artillery En Route for New Orleans.

Photos by Charles Weidner

THE WAVE

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THE WAVE PUBLISHING COMPANY
PROPRIETORS

SAN FRANCISCO, APRIL 23, 1898

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THE WAR AND ITS PROBLEMS.

At this writing war with Spain seems to be inevitable. While our nation is standing at the muzzle of the impending conflict, public expressions of disapprobation over the course of the majority in Congress, is scarcely in good taste. The hour has gone by for further criticism of the marrowless message of the President, who, though his policy has been for honorable peace, did not, in the face of blatant clamorings for war, dare thunder out the patriotic and unanswerable reasons why this nation should withstay its hand. As a nation, we must now face whatever Congress may have in store for us. That their verdict will be for war, no one now doubts. Once the die is cast, whether right or wrong, wisely or unwisely, we as Americans have but one plain duty to perform,

Impartial history will judge Congress and the President after the conflict has come to a termination. After the losses of life and property have been footed up and the books balanced, the American people will begin their inquiries and will in time record their verdict. While a sense of delicacy may bid one withhold criticism of Congress and the Administration who are presumed to act and speak with wisdom for the nation, no such holy and restraining sentiment protects from censure the vile and infamous course of the most despicable and damnable daily press that God or man has ever permitted to exist on earth. It is a cowardly, traitorous, money-getting and depraved institution, is this press of ours. The most important secret plans of the War or Navy Department would not be sacred to them, even though their disclosure would mean our certain destruction. Before this affair with Spain is over, we confidently look forward to some stroke of journalistic enterprise that will imperil, if not the country itself, then its soldiers and its property. And perhaps a reaction will follow. There will come a time, and it is not far distant, when the loudly-vaunted liberties of this lying wench must be curbed and circumscribed to fit within the limits of truth. The greatest disturbing factor and most dangerous element in this republic is its yellow journalism. Public opinion, right or wrong, guides the destiny of this nation, and common prudence would suggest that the factor which claims to exercise the greatest power in moulding the public mind should at least be restricted to truths and be made responsible for the mischief it creates. It stands to-day the only unlicensed, unbridled, irresponsible power in America, and the welfare of the nation calls loudly for its regulation.

Since the foregoing was put in type the President has approved the Cuban resolutions and forwarded to Spain the ultimatum of the United States, little more than an outline of which is available at this writing.

In effect Spain is notified to at once withdraw her troops from Cuba and relinquish all sovereignty thereover. She is further notified that in the event compliance with these demands be refused, this government will at once employ its land and naval forces to accomplish that end.

There can be but one reply from Spain and but one result —war.

The outcome of a single-handed contest of arms with Spain may be written with accuracy before the first gun is fired; but it may not be stated with certainty that the impending conflict will be confined to these two nations, or that the war will be of long or of short duration. Whatever our past opinions may have been with reference to the justification for intervention or concern on our part in Cuban affairs, we have now a single duty—that of patriotism—which demands a complete and unwavering upholding of the administration.

Viewing war with Spain as a foregone conclusion it may not come amiss to speculate as to what is likely to come out of it financially and politically.

The country has heard from the Bryanistic press the cheap, unworthy, but familiar yelp that "Wall street opposed war," and that the "money power" was controlling the President's policy. The fellows giving voice to such utterances have a character of their own that is pretty firmly fixed in the public mind. The attitude of Wall street, if it had any attitude, was that of every other conservative element in the Union. Henry Clews' *Financial Review* contains some significant statements that are worthy of consideration. It says that although the chances of peace have ceased to be an appreciable factor in prices, yet there are few sellers either on speculation or investment account, and almost no stock is coming here from Europe.

"This latter fact," says the *Review*, "coupled with the absence of any further advance in the Bank of England rate of discount, is a significant matter; for it implies that, at the foreign financial centers, there is no expectation of further serious action by the European powers in our relations with Spain, which in some quarters has been regarded as a possibility calling for precautions."

The article proceeds to draw the conclusion from these facts that if action by the Six Powers were contemplated, forecastings would have been shown in the higher circles of finance in London and on the continent. English and German investors are not parting with our securities, while Spanish bonds have lost nearly half their market value. As an immediate effect of the declaration of war, a sudden shock causing a partial decline in prices is anticipated, but a rapid recovery is expected.

An interesting phase of the war question is Spain's financial standing. The *Review* goes over this ground and throws some new light upon the subject. It says:

The point raised that Spain is bankrupt and is in consequence a weak foe, is not well taken. In the event of Spain going to war with this country it will certainly be impossible for her to raise money by the sale of her bonds, as they have already gone down to 42½, and in the event of hostilities they will go down to probably 25 or less. She will, therefore, naturally abandon ambition to keep up her national credit, and hence interest on her outstanding obligations will be sure to be defaulted on. This amounts to about $100,000,000 a year which she will have for war purposes. Contributions and forced revenue from the people will be one of the processes resorted to to carry on the war. Spain will be in a position similar to that of a bankrupt railroad, which makes a bad foe for a solvent competitor. A railroad in the hands of a receiver pays out nothing except to keep the road in repair, and can make forced loans besides through receiver's certificates authorized by court, which become a first claim against the road, to provide for pay-rolls and expenses to keep the road in fighting condition—ostensibly to be in a safe condition to prevent sacrifice of life. A weak railroad can, therefore, cut rates so low as to inflict serious injury to a strong competitor if it continues the fight long enough. While Spanish 4s at present price (42½) yield 9½ per cent interest, United States 4s (at 121) yield only 2⅞ per cent interest, and, notwithstanding the wide difference in the market price of the two securities, United States bonds are infinitely the cheapest and most desirable for an investment, because the principal and interest are absolutely secure under any circumstances, whereas, in the event of war, Spanish bonds will certainly be made absolutely insecure, if not worthless.

The other point of view that has given rise to some speculation is purely political. Unfortunately, considerations wholly political have moved some of our public men in this Cuban affair. The have shouted lustily for "war" and the "defense of American honor" from motives no higher than their own personal popularity. One of these wretches, despicable and debased beyond expression, openly declared that he favored war "because it was good Democratic politics"; others among them, while lacking this species of brutal frankness, have 'voted" that way consistently.

War with Spain may not prove "good democratic politics," after all. True it will result in postponing the day of prosperity promised by the Republican party, but responsibility for it will not rest upon the administration. The country will understand that. One cannot but be impressed with the fine spirit of loyalty and patriotism that is being manifested south of Mason and Dixon's line during the crisis. At the first mention of war, the cavaliers who wore the grey announced their eagerness to do battle for the nation. When the call for volunteers is issued probably no section of the Union will furnish better or more willing fighting material than that which will come from the South. Their guardsmen will be better equipped to withstand hardships in a semi-tropic climate than will those from the North; their fighting qualities have been proven in many an unequal struggle, and should the Man of the Hour come up from the land of cotton the whole nation would gladly do him honor.

If our war with Spain continues for any length of time it [illegible] sectional dif[illegible] dicate [illegible] than would ye[illegible] educa- [illegible] and a comm[illegible] terate the last vestige of ancient animositi[illegible] that contest will emerge a more united people than the past has known for half a century. They will fight like tigers, will these people from the South. And when the war is over, and peace again prevails, there will disappear forever the only living evidence of unpleasant memories, *i. e.*, the Solid South. It will be a thing of the past, and political issues will be determined, not by the past history of a party, but by its present purpose.

OUR MERCANTILE ENTERPRISE (?)

The *Call* publishes an interview with two "well-known Boston citizens" who are on their way to Klondike, both of whom declare that the merchants of this city "are not alive to the business opportunities that their rivals in Seattle have discovered" in the Alaska rush. Mr. Miles, one of the gentlemen from Boston, stated that "he was surprised that the merchants of this city have not displayed more energy in advertising their wares, allowing Seattle merchants to get all the cream of the Klondike traffic." Mr. Miles should have been here a month earlier and studied the peculiar efforts of the local merchant to secure that trade. The gentleman would have been greatly interested and instructed, no doubt. It was then proposed, not that the merchants should make any sacrifices of their own, but that the transportation companies should cut their rates to the point of loss, and so play the part of a "whipper-in," and drive the Klondiker into our city and compel him to purchase of local stores, where sits the fat and comfortable merchant, waiting for the customer to come, but seldom willing to risk aught to secure him. Mr. Miles says he came west in search of the best place to outfit the Mutual Mining and Trading Company, a Boston concern, organized for the purpose of prosecuting operations in Alaska. He had heard and read that Seattle was the best place to "buy things," and went there. Unable to charter a vessel at a reasonable figure, he came down to San Francisco, and was surprised to find that he could purchase here a higher quality of goods at a lower figure than were obtainible in Seattle.

"The Seattle merchants," says Mr. Miles, "have men in Boston with placards on their backs, dressed in Klondike outfits, parading the streets and advertising Seattle,"

Until the gentleman from Boston arrived in San Francisco he had not heard of our "Bureau of Information," so cleverly had its advertising operations been concealed. The gentleman further says: "Then, again, there is very little advertising done in your local papers, and if a person desires to order an outfit he has to walk the streets until he finds a big sign informing him that goods can be purchased there." It is a ridiculous state of affairs, but it is true. The daily papers of Seattle, however, are literally crowded with solid pages of Klondike advertisements—not colums, but solid pages.

The only Eastern advertising San Francisco has secured for its Klondike trade came gratis through The Wave. The photographic views of the departure of the Excelsior, Humboldt and other steamers, with the pictures of the crowds at the docks, which were taken by The Wave photographer and printed in this journal, were copied by *Harper's Weekly*, *Leslie's Weekly*, the New York *Tribune*, the London *Sketch* and many other Eastern and English papers. They served to advertise this city as the port of departure for Alaska, and doubtless influenced many gold-hunters to turn this way.

"There are still many thousands of New England people who are going to visit the Alaska region," says Mr. Miles, "and the sooner your local merchants awaken to the situation the better it will be for them." That it should be possible for a stranger, a customer with money in search of goods, to come into a city that ranks eighth in population in the United States, and truthfully make this criticism of our energy and enterprise, is a little short of shameful.

Mr. Gladstone's habit, as everybody knows, is to let the wines which are served in the course of dinner mobilize at his elbow, and during a pause in the conversation seize the glass that happens to be nearest. It is related that on one occasion the statesman, who had refreshed himself as usual in this haphazard way, inveighed against the practice of mixing wines. It was respectfully pointed out to him that he had been guilty of this very act; but he explained to the satisfaction of the company that to mix wines was to fill up half a glass of champagne from the port decanter.

The firm of Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co. are now able to turn out a battleship complete—guns, armour and everything else—without seeking the aid of any outside manufacturer. The firm originally made guns only, but bought up an adjacent shipbuilding firm, and have now amalgamated with Messrs. Whitworth, the great armour-makers. None of the Royal Dockyards are able to turn out a battleship complete for sea without the assistance of private armour-making or engineering firms.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

The extension of the department store idea threatens to become a serious factor in the economy of San Francisco. Now that the new management has solved the problem of the Emporium, it is attracting to itself a large custom, which, as the town has not grown larger, must be at the expense of other dealers. For a long time it was said that Weinstock & Lubin would take charge of the great establishment, but now it seems they are to come here on their own basis, and already have leased the premies vacated by the Maze. Their house in Sacramento is one of the largest and most successful in California. It is a huge structure, entirely devoted to the firm's necessities. and their business system is both shrewd and generous, for the entire staff share in the profits. The success of Weinstock & Lubin seems to have been due to cultivating a country order trade. By mail every day they receive hundreds of orders from distant parts of this State, Oregon and Utah. These are made up from their catalogues of which they print and distribute thousand- In his especial field they have begun to experience conside- e competition of late, and in coming to San Francisco are doubtless following the example of Hale Bros., whose local establishment has proved profitable. The Hales now have stores in Stockton, Sacramento, San Jose and Petaluma, and are able to buy goods in such large quantities as to command the lowest figures. However, there is not sufficient accommodation in the Maze to conduct as varied an institution as that of the Emporium, but Weinstock & Lubin may be depended upon to prove an active competitor to existing concerns. The situation will come to this, finally, that the several big firms will be advertising one against the other, and with their resources they cannot fail to gather the greatest proportion of the floating trade, and, as I have said, their gain will be someone else's loss. The department store may be the logical conclusion of modern systems of business, but it will not be accepted without objection on the part of those who are thereby deprived of a livelihood.

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These are days of profit and big sales for the newspapers. In New York, where the war feeling is more intense than in San Francisco, extras containing the wildest rumors are eagerly purchased, and under the circumstances it is not surprising that the supply is manufactuaed for the demand. Here there has been a great increase in paper sales. The consumption is some forty tons a week greater than before, but this is nothing to the advance in the big Eastern cities. There the managers of conservative journals have had their patience tested in the ruclest way imaginable. They have seen rival sheets sold by the tens of thousands, the public fighting for copies containing what they knew to be rumors and lies. They have had to bear the stigma of being called unpatriotic by these irresponsible rivals. The *Chap Book* says that one Chicago journal saw its circulation fall off 30,000 in a week, because it was defending the President's deliberate policy. It tells also of an eminent New York editor telegraphing to his Washington correspondent, "D—— the truth; send us something that will sell the paper."

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In spite of the ebullient *Examiner*; the combative *Call* and the belligerent *Bulletin*, the war sentiment in California is slight. There is excitement in plenty, but no frantic desire for battle. The thinking classes are a unit against the policy of Congress. On Wednesday last, as the infantry marched down Market street, I heard the strongest expressions of disapproval of the affair. Senator White struck a responsive chord in many a breast in his allusion to a "damn fool war." It is quite the best thing he has said since he has been in the Senate. Between war news and the departing army San Francisco this week is in a feverish condition. The streets are alive with people. The crowds on Market street remind one of Christmas. Round the newspaper offices great throngs are collected day and night, and the slightest morsel of rumor is eagerly seized. What will it be, though, when hostilities really commence?

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The recent meeting of the Democratic State Committee sealed the doom of Raineyism. A committee was appointed consisting of nine members, including the Governor, in whom authority is vested to dispose absolutely of the differences which have arisen in San Francisco. There will be no hesitation about meeting conditions. The situation is thoroughly understood and a new face will at once be put on Democratic affairs. In this reorganization it would really be best to pass over all existing combinations in order to reconstitute the local committee on an entirely new basis. The Sullivan combination has thus far made a fine stand for decency, but in such contests hostile feeling is inevitable, and for the good of the party it is best that new men have the reorganization in hand. To recognize the Sullivan element would leave the opposition irreconcilable which is the error that has been made so frequently in the past. A plan of campaign will soon be announced, and it may be stated here with proper approval that this proceeding which has for its object the termination of Raineyism and the enforcement of decency has the approval of the Governor who is now aiding the movement in every way.

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Such a happy condition of affairs could hardly have been consummated without friction, and it was a decidedly lively meeting of the Democratic State Committee at which this momentous matter was disposed of. The whole subject was pretty well thrashed out and the proceeding was distinguished by a single *bon mot*. There had been plain speaking from certain members of the committee in regard to conditions in San Francisco. To this Governor Budd objected, declaring he did not want to see the dirty linen of the party washed in the State Committee rooms. Mr. McNab responded that is was a good deal better to wash the linen than to wear it, a retort that brought down the house and amused the Governor vastly.

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The Rainey Enrollment, to which some of the dailies have given space, is unworthy of serious consideration. Again, Rainey shows himself but a blind follower of others' schemes. This is an old device, orginated by Buckley, and is intended to impress the public and the State Committee with the idea that the boss represents something or other that he does not represent. The whole performance is programmed in advance, and an assortment of "Jim the Penmans" fix up the rolls, writing in the required number of names. When this is concluded and recorded in the papers it constitutes an ostensible organization, which serves as a basis for future operation. The business deceives no one but the uninitiated.

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Gradually the disasters wrought by the drought are coming to be realized. Even in Santa Clara county the apricot crop is a failure. Those districts which have thus far escaped injury will succumb in turn, it is feared, unless there is rain in the early future. In the Sacramento valley, where there is still a prospect of a grain crop, they are praying as vigorously for rain as in the San Joaquin, where hope has been virtually abandoned. What makes the situation sadder is that war would have made a market for all our products, and now we will have nothing to sell. One fact borne home is the necessity of irrigation throughout the San Joaquin. Had the disaster occurred a year hence, in certain sections of the valley the ranchers could have defied the drought, for several of the big irrigation districts had nearly completed their system of ditches, and would readily have supplied the moisture essential to make a crop. Undoubtedly at the next meeting of the Legislature a strong effort will be made to pass a constitutional irrigation law, which is badly needed at the present junctnre.

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Among those who invested heavily in ship charters for the Klondike there is little jubilance these days. The excitement has susided; the rush seems to be almost over. Those whose eyes are still fixed on the North will go by the river route, which has many advantages over Chilcoot.

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The Portrait Exhibition at the Hopkins Art Institute has brought together a very interesting collection of pictures. The sole standard of comparison we have is the exhibition some two years ago, which included two striking pictures by Carolus Duran and, on the whole, rather excelled the present display. It is evident from the number of new canvases in this show that quite a number of well known people have, of late, indulged in the luxury of being painted. This, however, is the first opportunity the public has had to see what connection there exists between the physical facts and the canvas. I am told that a man or a woman who applies to an eminent artist for a portrait has no right or reason to expect a likeness. The painter only owes to his sitter the production of a picture which may or may not resemble the subject—for likenesses there are photographic galleries. I am old-fashioned enough to imagine that a successful portrait should be a reasonably accurate presentment of the original, and am apt to consider this in my estimate of the canvas. For instance, there are several pictures by Hubert Vos of ladies who are well known in society. They bear the most distant resemblance to their subjects. One might forgive this if the portraits were either beautiful or charming as we have decreed the sitters to be. They are not, alas. In fact, the canvases by this artist are failures. He came here with a great reputation, was heralded by the newspapers as an eminent personage who was touring the world making a collection of pictures of pretty women for the mere pleasure of painting. He deigns to transfer to canvas certain of our beauties for a liberal consideration, and, lo, there are dozens of pictures by local artists which far excel the productions of this genius.

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The utter flatness of these paintings is obvious even to the unskilled eye, and the graceless manner in which the figures are sprawled over the canvas is apparent to any amateur. It is interesting to note that there are other artists who come here and do really good work without any especial exploitation. A series of portraits by Miss Brackenbury are good in color and handling, Nos. 76 and 78 being especially so. They have also the virtue of being excellent likenesses. In the same room with these is a portrait of Miss Mary Belle Gwin that has attracted considerable attention. It is a smart piece of work, and rather taking, though the general effect of it is pinky and the pose angular. Here, too, is a clever study by Blanche Letcher (No. 137)—a capital composition. Except for the Scott portrait the paintings of Fred Yates do not appear to advantage. There is a decided lack of firmness of treatment and the coloring lacks quality. The picture of Mayor Phelan is especially loose and flabby. David Neal's canvases belong to the grade of commercial portraits. They are crude and commonplace, the best of them being that of M. H. de Young. A charming head by Mrs. Richardson is well worth attention, also a most picturesque portrait bf Mrs. James Nash Brown by William Keith, which is really beautiful in color. Arthur Matthews is represented by one portrait—a sincere a solid piece of painting, and Joseph D. Strong shows some very creditable canvases.

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Among the works of foreign artists there is a fine picture of Mrs. J. F. Swift by Boutet de Monvel—perhaps the most notable painting in the exhibition. The Denner is an admirable study. Miss Crocker, by Boldini, strikes one as a fancy sketch, smart and tricky, rather than as a serious work of art. The canvas by Kaulbach is a charming picture, conventional in style and undeniably well handled. There is also a Romney (No. 35), which is a beauty and an excellent example. Much might be written about the score of other canvases, contributed by the McCloskeys, Miss Crittenden, Mr. Greenbaum and Mr. Partington, but I shall have to reserve them for another occasion. The exhibition is well worth several visits.

BOSWELL JR

The *Times*, in its annual statement, says the drink bill of the United Kingdom is nearly £3,500,000 in excess of that in 1896, averaging £3 16s. 5¾d (about $19.12) for each man, woman and child.

The recent bitter winter in England has produced a new fashion, the smartest "Johnnies" appearing in short fur capes over their overcoats, thereby causing much amusement and chaffing.

PERSONNEL OF THE ARMY

Volunteer Officers at the Head of Affairs — Advantages of Military Training.

Now that war is inevitable and the chances favor an early outbreak of hostilities, it is interesting to consider the personnel of the military department of the government. We are about to undertake a campaign against an active enemy. On the ability of the men in charge of operations depends our success or failure. War is not an easy game to play—it is called an art. While inclination and bent of mind are important factors in soldier-making, a love of fighting is about as effective in the composition of a general as a love of color in the development of a painter. Education is essential. There have arisen at critical times in the history of nations leaders who learned their tactics in actual battle, but the brunt and burden of warfare has ever been borne by trained men.

In the Civil War the value of military education was strikingly demonstrated. The men who brought reputations out of battle were, for the most part, graduates of West Point. There were thousands of volunteer officers who fought throughout the conflict, but how few really distinguished themselves as leaders. Campaigns on both sides were directed and won by West Pointers. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, McPherson and Schofield had passed through the Academy. So, too, had Lee, Jackson, Longstreet and other brilliant Confederates. That institution demonstrated for all time its own usefulness and the advantage of training. When the guns at Fort Sumpter signalled the beginning of hostilities not one of these officers, save Lee, had attained a grade higher than that of captain. Indeed, the successes of the war were all achieved by young men. The soldiers who had grown old in the service, who had attained promotion in time of peace by virtue of seniority, soon dropped out of the race when actual fighting began. Sheridan at Appomatox was but 33 years of age; Custer and Merritt were little more than 27.

After a truce of thirty-four years the nation is again about to enter upon war. The generals who distinguished themselves in the late conflict are either dead or retired. In their places are officers of the volunteer service who obtained commissions in the regular army and have been promoted by time to the highest rank. There is not a graduate of West Point actively engaged in the new campaign. The Secretary of War, Russel A. Alger, was a colonel of volunteers in 1864 and it seems was court-martialed by General Merritt for leaving his command in the face of the enemy. The charge was not sustained, however, but it is notable that Merritt, who is now Major-General commanding the Eastern department—an able officer and a West Point man—has not been placed in charge of any of the active movements in the operations against Spain. In his capacity as Commander-in-Chief of the Army, it is proper, of course, that General Miles should control the campaign. He, however, is a volunteer officer, having entered the army in the war, rising to be commander of a corps, but never having an independent command. Brooke, the third Major-General, was also a volunteer, but did not especially distinguish himself. Of the Brigadier-Generals who are to lead the hostilities, all have seen service but Graham and Elmer Otis, alone are West Pointers. Coppinger had served in the Papal Zouaves and enlisted in our army at the beginning of the war. He is active and gallant, but is not a leader. He is married to a daughter of the late James G. Blaine. General Wade, a son of the abolitionist Congressman, is also a volunteer. He is an able man, however, who does credit to his ancestry. General Merriam commanded a brigade of negro troops in the war. General Graham never had an independent command. Shafter is also a volunteer, and like Merriam, first smelt powder at the head of a colored regiment. He is very energetic, and his courage is indisputable. So there are our leaders—with two exceptions, natural rather than trained soldiers. It remains to be seen what account they will be able to give of themselves in the trouble at hand.

There is not shown thus far a disposition on the part of the Administration to avail itself of the experience and knowledge of such men as Schofield, Ruger or Forsyth, who did see service and won distinction in war. To-day Schofield is the only General living who had an independent command on the Northern side and actually fought a battle. Ample time, however, will be vouchsafed to develop the virtue of our natural soldiers, and it does seem as though opportunity would not be lacking in plenty.

A similar condition exists in the navy, though circumstances there are different. To command a modern battleship requires the highest training. No man who has not been thoroughly educated can control the complicated machinery of these floating fortresses. All the responsibility rests on the captain, who in the conning tower, directs every manevver and broadside. At his order the guns are aimed and fired. On his judgment depends everything. It is difficult to accept seriously the publications of the press in these days of yellow journalism, but if Commander Schley and "Fighting Bob" Evans really do talk to correspondents in the manner they are reported to, the deduction is obvious that their intelligence and discretion are at fault. However, it is not a habit of navy men to submit to interviews, and we prefer to believe the conversations are imaginary.

Moriz Rosenthal, the pianist, is pursued by ill-luck. He was engaged to play at the Philharmonic Concert in London and accidentally cut the middle finger of his right hand with a razor. He appeared in Edinburgh recently, and afterwards he appeared at Manchester, using the nail of his finger as much as possible, with the result that he split it, and has been obliged to postpone his London appearance. After leaving England Rosenthal goes to Italy and Switzerland, and thence to the United States in the autumn.

Miss Ethel Barrymore's engagement with Mr. Lawrence Irving is broken. She is said to be responsible for the rupture. It must have been embarrassing for her and Sir Henry Irving during the last few performances of "Peter the Great," as the play obliges both to harp on the subject of Euphrosine's marriage with Peter's son. Sir Henry asks, "Would you like to be my daughter-in-law?" As Miss Barrymore played Euphrosine, the result may be imagined.

PICTURES FROM THE PORTRAIT EXHIBITION

An exhibition of portraits in aid of the Womans' Hospital is now on at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art.

1. Mrs. George Pope, by Brackenbury. 2. Miss Ethel Crocker, by Boldini. 3. Miss Mary Belle Gwin, by Clawson. 4. Miss Lucia Kittle, by Fred Yates. 5. Miss Rose Neustadter, by Kulbach. 6. Mrs. Henry T. Scott, by Brackenbury.

THE WAR'S PROBLEMS

Are Our Sailors Loyal? — Protecting Fortifications From Spies — Privateering.

Washington, April 5th.—War is the one subject talked about here just now. Though the wise delare that our trouble with Spain will stop short of actual hostilities, still the most elaborate preparations are being made by both the Army and the Navy for trouble. It is no longer easy to gather any information about the movements or whereabouts of the fleet, for all the precautions to hide our designs from the enemy are in force, and you are politely requested not to talk to officers about their duty. It would be interesting to learn, however, in what manner Spain proposes to keep track of affairs in this country. There is no doubt that Minister de Lome spent the coin of his government to considerable advantage in organizing a secret service, and, it is said, kept the War office at Madrid especially well posted as to schemes of coast defense and other military bulwarks. Strange as it may seem, there is no law on our statute books providing for traitorous conduct. Suppose an officer should catch a suspicious-looking fellow with sketches or photographs of a fortification in his pocket; he might arrest him, but would have the trouble for his reward. The prisoner could not legally be detained, though his crime should manifestly be that most dastardly of offences—treason. When war is once declared, however, the situation is different. Then, of course, he would be hanged at once. In all other countries special legislation is enforced for spying. A man caught with a camera making views of fortifications in England or France or Germany wonld obtain short shrift. Another interesting question, if war breaks out, will be as to the manner of procedure to be followed against citizen found conveying information to Spain. Of course, if the offender be captured within the territory of the Army, he is at once court-martialed, but if in a city, it is doubtful if the offence would come within the scope of the military tribunals. It might be dealt with by the President decreeing a suspension of the Habeas Corpus act in the specific instance. This President Lincoln did during the Civil War in the instance of certain citizens of the North who were known to be conveying intelligence to the Confederate Government. Still, such a procedure is cumbersome, and it behooves Congress to make a law which would properly punish this offense.

I was discussing with a Navy man the question of privateering. This practice has fallen into disuse, though the compact of nations which agreed to abandon it did not include Spain. Privateering is a species of licensed piracy utilized in war times. Vessels were fitted up by private parties as warships and what is known as a letter of marque was granted, authorizing them to attack and plunder merchant shipping belonging to the enemy. A small percentage of the loot went to the government, but the owner of the boat and his crew were entitled to the balance. All sorts of excesses and crimes were committed in this way, and it is not an unwarrantable assumption that should Spain carry her threat into execution and fit out a fleet of privateers, that England would treat them as she did the slave ships, and open fire upon them. It may be remembered that at the outset of the Civil War Lincoln issued a proclamation declaring that Southern privateers captured by Northern cruisers would be treated as pirates. However, the Confederacy never issued any letters of marque, its cruisers being commissioned war vessels.

It is presumed that the Atlantic liners which our government has purchased will be utilized in driving the enemy's commerce from the seas. These vessels, when put into commission, are to all intents and purposes cruisers, being commanded by naval officers and amenable to naval discipline. With their great speed, they would prove most effective in overhauling hostile vessels, and while not strong enough to engage a real warship, could easily run away from all but the fleetest of them.

Another question of prime importance in these stirring times concerns the loyalty of our sailors. The American Navy is largely manned by men of foreign birth. Of course they have sworn allegiance to our flag, and, to all intents and purposes, are of our own people, but racial prejudices and inherited feeling are factors more binding often than oaths. With a prominent Navy officer I was discussing this uncomfortable suspicion and was partially re-assured. Most of our foreign sailors, he told me, have put in one or more enlistments in the navies of their own countries before entering the American sea service, and when they contrast the treatment accorded by us with that they had previously endured, the question of allegiance is at once settled. Most of them are just waiting for the war to show their gratitude. They long to fight for America. At the various recruiting stations applicants are put through the severest cross-examination on this particular point. They are asked if, in case of war between the United States and the country of their birth, whether they would fight unhesitatingly and zealously for the United States. Unless an answer in the affirmative is given the candidate is rejected. There is a great deal of chaffing among the blue jackets on this subject. I was told of an English quartermaster serving on an American cruiser in drydock at the Brooklyn Navy Yard when the Venezuelan excitement was at its height.

"Well, you blasted lime juicer," said one of the Englishman's American shipmates to him one day. "I suppose you'll be lumpin' back to England on a cattle packet, now that we're about to drub you."

The Englishman, a quiet, middle-aged sailor-man, pulled up the sleeve of his mustering shirt and showed, tattooed on the inner side of his forearm, a recumbent lion.

"When that washes off, mate," said he, "I'll go back to England; not before. I'm an old enough man to have been in the British Navy when the cat screeched through the air up for'ard. For that reason, I've got more to get even for than you have, for I felt the cat more than once."

Of course, there are exceptions. A presumptuous young Englishman was shipped on an American cruiser at Honolulu as mess attendant, some four years ago. He had not been abroad more than a few days before he began making unfavorable reflections on the service of his adopted country, and to prophesy that if ever the English and American navies met in combat our ships would be wiped off the ocean. Well, he took several lickings, but though these rows were reported, the cause was not explained, for sailors never tell anything at the mast, even to clear themselves. After this cockney had made a nuisance of himself for a couple of weeks he went ashore one day. On the same cruiser were six ex-British sailors—staid, loyal men. They followed their countryman ashore, and met him in an English saloon on Beretania street. The eldest Englishman of the lot, a deep-voiced gunner's mate, took the cockney mess attendant by the ear, screwed the ear a couple of times, and said:

"We 'ave decided, ye dirty little cove, that ye're not to return to the ship. Ye're to stay ashore and keep on being the crawling little beachcomber that ye was when ye were taken on board a Hamerican man-o'-war and fed and treated like a white man, which you are not. Ye're a foul-tongued little tripper, and ye're not gime to live among men. If you come off to the ship it'll be the worse for ye. Ye won't be taken as a deserter. We'll fix that. But don't ye come back to the ship."

The cockney did't return to the ship, being in fear of his hide, and the Englishmen serving on the cruiser went to the skipper in a body and told him about what they had done and the cockney mess attendant was not picked up as a deserter.

DRAYTON.

SPAIN'S ARMY

Superiority of the Military to the Naval Service — Corruption Rampant.

Paris, April 1st.—I have just returned from a reception at the American Embassy, where no one talked of anything but the forthcoming trouble between the United States and Spain. Among the guests were several diplomats of standing, but I was especially interested in a clever young man, the secretary of a South American country, who had spent some years in Madrid. Like most of his compatriots, and diplomats I have conversed with, his sympathy is with Spain against America. There is no reason why there should be war, he declared. Spain had conceded everything. It is too much to ask that she retire from Cuba after Sagasta had complied with McKinley's demands, even to granting autonomy and withdrawing the reconcentrado order. "Still, if there must be war"—he shrugged his shoulders—"poor Spain."

"Then you entertain no doubt as to the result?" I asked.

"Not a doubt," he replied. "Living in Madrid, I grew familiar with the politics of the country, and I don't believe that even the army will satisfactorily account for itself. As for the navy, it is the inferior service. No officer of any ambition will enter the Spanish navy if he can get into the army. There are many ships well manned and well armed, but the sailors have no confidence in their commanders. I fear," he continued, "owing to internal jealousies and lack of discipline, they will make a wretched showing, and succumb early in the contest to your countrymen."

The tales this secretary told of political intrigues in Madrid surprised me. It seems to be a center of conspiracies and cabals in which the titled ladies and the officers of the army scheme for power and control. There are dozens of political salons. Policies are drafted in boudoirs and pronunciamentos drawn up at mother of pearl desks by dainty fingers. The army is the service which all men of ambition seek. For the sons of the hidalgos it is the only occupation open. They cannot enter the professions or trades and be worthy of their ancestry, and so, perforce, become soldiers. This is the cause of the extraordinary surplus of officers. They form one-fifth of the standing army—the proportion is one officer to every four men. In addition there are the non-commissioned officers, who owe their promotion from the ranks to being able to write and cipher. Their influence is not due alone to their superior rank, but to the dependence on their epistolary skill of the common soldier, who trusts to them to answer his letters to the old people at home and to his sweetheart. They live in the barracks with their men, whereas the commissioned officers do not, but are constantly shifted from corps to corps. All orders and rewards filter through them, so the power they obtained over their subordinates is not extraordinary. Unfortunately, the system does not make for discipline. Political intrigue affects the entire organization. The officers discuss the motions and methods of the generals, and every order is scrutinized and analyzed by the sergeants and corporals before being sent to the men. The assumption ever is that a plot is on foot, that some general or other is about to announce a pronunciamento, and that there will be a chance of promotion or loot.

In addition to this instability of conditions, payment for service is most irregular. For months the soldiers have to go without money. The pecuniary necessities of the government account also for the wretched equipment of the organization. These several causes have operated to precipitate the failure of Spanish arms in Cuba. There are no other reasons why the 200,000 men sent there failed to suppress the insurrection. It could readily have been crushed at the start by a well disciplined force, but rebellion has been fostered by the inability of the troops to subdue it and the incapacity of their officers to lead them. The Spaniard makes a formidable soldier under proper conditions. He is a good fighter, not afraid of getting hurt, nor hampered by scruples as to hurting others. His worst fault is a tendency to savagery attributable to his Moorish ancestors. This strain leads him to commit the atrocities with which the papers are ringing, and to mutilate the dying much as the Moors and the Dervishes do. Yet this, after all, is but another phase of the insubordination of the organization seeing that their officers are unable to control them in peace, it would be extraordinary if they could restrain them when the din and excitement of battle have roused their latent savagery.

Remembering all this, the prominence of the Army in Spain is comprehensible. Save the ministerial crisis of last autumn, for which the Queen Regent was responsible, all changes of administration for the last half century have been brought about by intrigues hatched in the Army. These military pronunciamentos have indeed constituted the principal political factor in Spain and with few exceptions all the prizes of the profession are in possession of generals who have won them rather by disloyalty to the government than by honest service in the field. Not since the beginning of the century have Spanish troops measured swords with the trained army of any great power, and there is reason to believe that if fate brings about war with the States, they will make as poor a showing as when the French defeated them in every battle. The Duke of Wellington used to say that Spaniards were only fit for guerilla warfare and their support was really a hindrance rather than an assistance throughout the Peninsular Campaign.

As for the Navy—though Spain has always had fine ships manned by hardy and experienced sailors, recruited from the seafaring population of her Atlantic Coast—with the exception of Admiral Topete, no one in this service has achieved celebrity. On the contrary, she has often been defeated. The difficulty seems to be with the officers. No man of ambition joins the Navy, because if he has brains he can get to the front in the Army in half the time. The result is inferior men alone go to sea and general inefficiency is the result. In spite of what we have heard of the drill and discipline of the torpedo service, I should not be surprised if at the outbreak of hostilities, the Spanish fleet should find itself handicapped by lack of fuel and war material. Indeed, I was assured by another eminent diplomat, who apparently spoke with a full knowledge of the facts, that there is not a first-class man in charge of the Navy Yard or of the departments of Marine.

It is reassuring in the present crisis to be told such facts, yet it is always dangerous to under-estimate one's enemy. I sincerely hope we may wipe them off the face of the waters at the first encounter—yet there has never been a great naval engagement to test the value of modern theories of warship construction. The torpedo boat may be the thing, in spite of all our battleships.

ETIENNE MARCEL.

Considering the quantity of wine, beer and spirits consumed in this country, it is surprising to learn the absolute igorance of the average person on the quality of the different liquors and their effect on the constitution. The most wholesome and least harmful of wines is claret, which may be safely taken in moderation by any person. With port it is probably the only wine that is beneficial to the man of sedentary habits, and while it may not be so palatable as other wines, it produces no injurious effects on the health, save when used to excess, and even then it takes a large quantity to do serious mischief. A half-bottle of claret is the average amount that a sedentary man ought to drink a day, and that should be taken with food. All writers on wine condemn claret partly from affectation, or perhaps because they prefer something stronger, but the experience of millions is against them, as the sober majority of France and Italy drink claret every day, and are more healthful and stronger than the Bavarians, who drink beer, and the Hibernians, whose most frequent beverage is whisky.

Many people prefer white wine to claret, and believe it innocuous. Statistics, however, prove the contrary. White wine should be taken only in the strictest moderation, should be treated as a heavy wine, for the effect on the constitution is almost as deleterious as is that of spirits. White wine is insiduous, as it never quite satisfies the palate, and the temptation to take still another glass is almost irresistible. A habit thus started is almost incurable, and it destroys the nerves and lowers the physical tone at a suprisingly rapidly rate. This is the case of all sauternes, save the fine Rhine wine, which, however, the German doctors recognize as dangerous, in the fact that the drinker is unconscious of the quantity he takes. Champagne is generally recognized as a harmful beverage, but as its price puts it outside the means of the average drinker, the serious consequences of a two great indulgence are not understood. Beer, which is so frequently regarded as a tonic, is only so in the case of people whose lives are active. For men who work it is the best possible beverage, but for those of sedentary habits it is unwholesome, because it over-stimulates the liver and causes irritability and a dyspeptic kind of sleepiness which takes the edge off mental power.

Of all spirits brandy is, however, the greatest foe to health and beyond a tablespoonful of liqueur brandy taken once a week, no man who exercises his brain rather than his hands should indulge in it. It is useful as a tonic in some affections of the heart, but otherwise it ruins the constitution and develops a tendency to renal diseases. As brandy is the worst of all alcoholic drinks, port is the most healthful and is recommended instead of either sherry or beer to those who feel they need some stimulus. It is not gouty, though it has that reputation, and being rather sweet a little of it goes a long way. Three glasses a day is an ample sufficiency for a thin man, but to one af the florid type two only should be taken. Sherry is as dangerous as beer and acts on the liver; it should never be drunk save with solid food, as it causes heart-burn and indigestion.

The important question—What to wear a-wheeling—has been illuminated by interviews with a number of actresses, who have spread forth in one of the yellow journals their ideas. Jessie Bartlett Davis, for instance, does not consider bloomers modest, while Olga Nethersole has no such prejudice. She never rides in the city, however, but on country roads, and thinks the bicycle the best thing in the world for the sex and bloomers the best thing to wheel in. She proposes to give her nieces American machines when she she returns to England, which shows her possessed of a kind heart. Camille D'Arville is demure, as we who have seen her know, and authoritatively states that "what may be worn at the seaside *canniot* be shown on the boulevard on society's Sunday morning." This is true, but does not place Camille on the bloomer question. Viola Allen is not enthusiastic, though she admits cycling is exhilirating. A well cut skirt is her ideal, but she has never been sufficiently impessed with her appearance on wheel-back to be photographed. Virginia Harned, who is now Mrs. Sothern, quite likes cycling, but says herhusband has absolutely forbidden her to wheel in town. He thinks it dangerous and she, dutiful woman, agrees. Her exercise is ladylike in the extreme, however, and the idea of bloomers never enters her head. Anna Held prefers bloomers, but while in America respects our prejudices to the degree of wearing a skirt. How tender of our modest susceptibilities she is, to be sure! Grace Kimball, alone of the profession denounces cycling. This bold young lady declares that all women look ugly a-wheel and that the prevailing costume is odious. However she is in such a decided minority that her opinion cuts no figure whatever.

The portrait of a "Mysterious Woman in the Carter Case," which Hearst's *Journal* published, is a picture of Miss Lemp of St. Louis, who does not know Captain Carter and has never been in Savannah, where the scandal occurred.

Colonel Evan Miles of the First Infantry

A Cheerful Leave-taking

Emerging from the Presidio

Waiting to Cheer the Soldiers

Infantry Climbing the Presidio Hill

Equipped for the March

The Regimental Colors

A Light Battery

Men and Guns

OFF TO THE WAR

Scenes incidental to the departure of the Regular Troops from the Presidio.

STOCKTON

CHARACTERISTICS AND ADVANTAGES OF THE CAPITAL OF SAN JOAQUIN COUNTY

Size considered, Stockton is the most prosperous city on the Pacific Coast. Its prosperity is not of an occasional or ephemeral character, but obtains year after year, as evidenced by a steady, healthy, substantial, and gratifying growth, both in population and in wealth. That it will continue in this good repute indefinitely is warranted by its record in the past.

It has the advantage of an extremely favorable location in that it is practically at the head of tidewater of the San Joaquin River, and, as a consequence, the commerce of the valley lying beyond, as well as the rich mining regions of Calaveras, Amador, Tuolumne and Mariposa, must pay tribute to her. Her communication with tidewater gives her the advantage of competitive transportation rates — so very essential to the growth of an inland city and such a dominant factor in inducing the location of manufacturing enterprises.

The reasons for Stockton's prosperity, besides that of her location, are various. Her laboring men and mechanics are employed almost continuously, and upon this sure and stable foundation does her prosperity rest. A prosperous people make a prosperous community. The regular employment of laboring men and mechanics is the surest indication of the solidity of the foundation upon which a city's greatness may rest.

Here are located three large, and one small, flouring mill, whose product is marketed throughout the length of the Pacific Coast, as far south as the Isthmus of Panama and a great portion of it finds its way to Japan, China, Singapore, and other points in the far east.

Here is located the largest woolen mill on the Coast, giving constant employment to between one hundred and fifty and two hundred operatives, turning out fabrics which find a ready sale where good woolens are in demand.

Here are located the immense shops where are constructed the harvesting appliances which take the grain standing in the field, and, by a series of continuous processes, deliver it threshed, in the sack.

Here is also located a large factory devoted to the making of wheels and wagon material of all kinds, which gives steady employment to a large force of men, and turns out a product which competes with the best manufactured east of the Rockies—both in quality and price.

Here, too, is located one of the largest plants on the Pacific Coast for the building of fresh water vessels, in which is employed, during the entire year, a large force of carpenters, joiners, caulkers and iron-workers.

Here, too, are located large foundaries and machine shops, together with a large boiler shop, where machinery of all kinds is constructed, to meet the local demand, and to supply a portion of the consumption of the mines along the Mother Lode.

Here are enormous grain warehouses, equipped with all modern appliances for cleaning, grading and smutting grain, in which are stored immense quantities of cereals — the product of the territory lying south of the city.

These various enterprises are in constant operation, and give employment to an immense number of operatives, the payment of whose wages regularly each week sets in circulation a sum of money which finds its way into the various arteries of trade, and brings prosperity to those who cater to the wants of the laboring man and mechanic.

Two lines of steamers make daily trips between Stockton and San Francisco, carrying freight and passengers with a cheapness unexcelled in the country.

Here is located the largest brandy manufactory on the coast, which consumes not only a large proportion of the grapes grown in this immediate vicinity, but which causes the shipment of immense quantities from other sections.

The facility for quick transportation has led to the planting of immense tracts adjacent to the city in garden truck, fruits, berries and vines, until now, for miles around, the country is one continuous garden. These gardens, subdivided into small tracts, employ an immense number of men, help to swell the population and aid materially in the general prosperity.

The agricultural section about Stockton, which is not devoted to the products before mentioned, is given over to the cultivation of cereals, of which abundant yields are vouchsafed year after year, without apparent diminution in the producing power of the soil. The reclaimed lands lying to the south and west of Stockton surpass in fertility the delta of the Nile, and are capable of producing a range of products almost beyond belief. A large acreage of this land is, this year, being planted to sugar beets, of which it is expected that this county will produce in the neighborhood of 75,000 tons, of a quality unexcelled for percentage of saccharine matter and purity of juice.

The San Joaquin river is navigable to a point near Fresno during about six months in the year, and on this river steamboats ply carrying freight between this city and the lands lying along the San Joaquin, Tuolumne, Stanislaus and Merced rivers. From this point are distributed the lumber and most of the other supplies consumed by a large proportion of the San Joaquin valley, and in this city large quantities of the product of the valley are purchased or stored.

Stockton has in her favor the differential on the freight rate between this city and San Francisco, which enables her to supply the territory south of her on advantageous terms, and makes it profitable for the grower to ship the product of his farm to this city, where it finds a ready and an active market.

From this point are shipped thousands of carloads of potatoes to supply the wants of the people of Southern California, Arizona, Texas, New Mexico, Indian Territory, and, in certain times, far east and south as Louisiana and Georgia.

The farmers of the Sacramento and Mokelumne River delta find this the most advantageous place to store and market their beans, and in consequence, immense quantities of this product are warehoused here, and are shipped directly to all points. The handling of all this product contributes to the employment of an army of men whose occupation is constant, and whose pay is regular.

The city is blessed with an abundant supply of pure, sweet, wholesome water, which can be had by boring a short distance below the surface of the ground, or which is supplied by the local water company, by being pumped from wells into distributing tanks. Natural gas is found, in unlimited quanties, in all sections of the city where experimental wells have been put down, and is used very largely, by our citizens, for illuminating and for fuel.

For surface transportation, she has the best equipped and best maintained street railroad, outside the Bay cities, to be found on the Coast. The principal streets are adorned with splendid and costly business blocks, and the County Court House is, architecturally, one of the most beautiful, and, structurally, one of the finest buildings on the Coast.

Her streets are well paved and well kept; the cost of living is moderate; the opportunity for constant and profitable employment is good, and the chances for recreation ample.

Splendid driveways lead from the city in different directions, upon which the people can drive or ride bicycles, as their taste dictates; and at one of the termini of the street-car systems is a splendid park, while at the other is found a magnificent sheet of water, suitable for bathing purposes, which comes from an artesian well, some sixteen hundred feet in depth, and is of so pleasant a temperature that bathing in it can be enjoyed throughout the year.

From this city has been built the Valley Road which has done so much for California generally, and, particularly, for the San Joaquin Valley, and which promises so much that is good for the future. Since the inauguration of this enterprise there has been a large population added, by reason of the employment afforded in the construction of the road and the handling of its traffic.

The city is also the terminus of the Stockton and Copperopolis Road, which penetrates the mining belt along the Mother Lode. Here, too, the people who live in the mountains, and in the valley beyond, pause on their way to the bay, and do a great portion of their trading. This has brought about a degree of prosperity among the retailers of the city, almost unrivalled. Business failures are rare. The Stockton and Tuolumne Railroad is now being surveyed and will, without a doubt, be shortly built.

The city is equipped with one of the best of fire departments, has an excellent police department, and a school department which is a source of credit and advantage to her

THE REGIMENTAL MASCOT

citizens. To the studiously inclined, is afforded the opportunity of delving into the treasures of one of the largest and best-equipped libraries in the country, housed in a building, which, for architectural beauty and elegance of finish, has no superior in California.

There has been nothing extraordinary or phenomenal about Stockton's growth nor is there likely to be. Her citizens are enterprising, public-spirited and industrious people and merit the prosperity which has come to them, and which is certain to continue.

Stockton has an excellent sewer system, and is one of the healthiest cities in the United States, the death rate here being lower than in any other city, save one. This is attributable to the fact that her water supply is of the purest, that her sewer system works to perfection, and that, during the summer months, trade winds from the bay, blowing into the San Joaquin valley, keep the atmosphere clear, pure and wholesome, besides serving to keep the city cool. Malaria, that ailment so common in cities situated upon water courses, is almost unknown.

There are in Stockton five large banking institutions—two of which are savings banks—all in a prosperous condition, and yielding regular dividends to their stockholders. The interest of the public in general affairs is satisfied by a number of newspapers, both daily and weekly, which compare favorably with more pretentious journals published in much larger cities.

Within twenty-six miles of the city, and connected with it by rail, are the inexhaustible coal fields of Corral Hollow basin, whose product is sold in the markets of the city at prices which render competition by other fuels impossible.

THE YOSEMITE BLOCK, STOCKTON

The dowager Countess of Limerick is a gay old lady. She married the late Earl eleven months after his wife's death. He had then one son, the present Earl. She presented him with another son and two daughters, the elder of whom is twenty. In 1896 her husband died. The other day she was quietly married to Major Eliot. This proceeding amazed her friends, for her hair is white, and she looks every inch a dowager.

Like many another successful man, Sir John Gordon Sprigg went to the Cape in his youth because he was to delicate to live comfortably in England. His occupation was at first that of a shorthand writer, but he quickly found his talent in the direction of politics serviceable, and has been Premier no fewer than three times in the Cape Parliament.

Princess Marie of Roumania, wife of the Crown Prince, has an unusual hobby—the collection of perfumery bottles. In this she resembles her grandmother, the late Empress of Russia, who left a collection of beautiful perfumery bottles valued at $35,000.

Miss Belle Berry of Jeffersonville, Ind., who has been successively book agent, reporter and grass widow, is giving the Mayor of the town a close run for the mayoralty nomination in the coming Jeffersonville Republican municipal convention.

The Daughters of the American Revolution have rejected Dr. Mary Walker on account of her clothes. Dr. Walker wears the radical garments, and always appears in trowsers, coat and man's derby hat, and has her hair clipped short.

J. Sterling Morton, formerly Secretary of Agriculture, says in a letter protesting against the cutting down of evergreens for Christmas decorations, that last year more than twenty million Christmas trees were put on the market.

The Ladies Dorothea and Estella Hope, sisters of the Earl of Hopetoun, have established a successful breeding farm of ponies and Jersey cows at Edinbridge. They made the whole thing themselves.

Agnes Sorma, the German actress, refuses to be photographed. She has given a negative answer every time she has been asked to sit.

THE CITY O

A SERIES OF VIEWS SHOWING THE METROPOLIS OF THE SAN

Photos by

STOCKTON

AQUIN VALLEY, ITS FINEST STREETS AND MOST NOTABLE BUILDINGS

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COLONEL EVAN MILES AND THE OFFICERS OF THE FIRST INFANTRY REGIMENT
Photographed at the Presidio as they were about to start for New Orleans.

A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

It is war and rumors of war that have spoiled this week for me, Diary my own. I have been desperately unhappy even though it be "only the sorrows of others which cast their shadows over me." I am sure Niobe weeping over her children could not have beaten Leila when Harry broke the news of his departure and she has positively watered our home with her tears ever since. It is awfully hard on the rest of us who find it wearing to live in the house with a perpetual funeral. I tried to comfort her, and for her solace repeated all the trite sayings I knew about the nobility of self-sacrifice, the selfishness of grief, and then finished by saying there were as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, but without avail. She simply let fly the vials of her wrath and said I was heartless, that I had never appreciated Harry and so on. Life became a hideous blank and, I assure you, I made things hum myself on the strength of it.

All of us, though, are heartbroken at losing our best friends. I positively broke down myself on Monday when I drove out to the Presidio to bid them farewell. Dear old Gardiner. I never knew how much I liked him, and Mr. Wilcox and Mr. England, and, then the most precious of all, Mr. Noble. It *was* hard. It seemed strange to see Jacky Haines, who is the very pink of neatness, going off to fight. Somehow he looks as if he could not hurt a fly—without apologizing. He had a Saratoga trunk filled with ducks and some fetching patent leathers. He hated to go, especially to leave golf links where he was one of the chief attractions and where his stockings seemed indispensable to the landscape. I hope we shall have him back and that soon, as the Presidio without Jacky—well, it is no longer the Presidio. Arthur says as soon as war is declared he will join the militia, and I am going to pick lint. I think I shall be a Red Cross nurse as they always go in the wake of the army and—well, it sounds very romantic, does it not? Still we may not have much of a war, if any, and it may only be a question of a few months at the most. Mamma is most excited over it, as she has one brother on the Texas which, if we have war, will be in the first engagement, and another on the Brooklyn.

Van Ness avenue had quite a martial air on Tuesday and Wednesday, and really it would have made your heart ache to see the poor fellows going off. Many of them, too, leave their girls behind them, others their wives, and Mr. Bent his tiny daughter, who is barely three weeks old.

War, however, is much too sad a subject to discuss, so let us be hilarious and think of the baseball game of Saturday last. There were crowds of men, a number of college girls and a sprinkling of our own crowd. The enthusiasm was tremendous. Such shouting and hallooing I have never heard—it was intense! It was a great disappointment to us that the Berkeley boys were defeated, as they are all our especial friends. The Oakland girls were particularly enthusiastic; they were armed with silk flags, which they waved in the air and encouraged the boys. I saw Pauline, Ione and Genevieve Fore, Marietta Havens, Agnes Duff and a number of others. Marie Messer was there, looking ever so sweet. In the evening I went to the Portrait Exhibition, and had a capital time. May Belle Gwin, Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. Henry Scott and Miss Kittle particularly impressed me. I thought Voss' portrait of Mrs. Spreckels a regular failure. It is not quarter as good looking as the original. The miniatures were really beautiful, and there was some very handsome old silver. I was disappointed in the china. Aunt Sybil has a much better collection, but is altogether too careful of it to let it leave her own house, and, I might say, its own especial cabinet. Everyone was there. I saw Mrs. Salisbury, the Gwins, Maynards, Carrolls, Mrs. Crocker, the Morgans and hordes of others. It was more like a big reception than anything else.

On Sunday papa and I spent the day with the Dibblees in Ross Valley. They are all so pleased about Harry's engagement to Della Davidson, of whom they are very, very fond. You know they have been engaged some time, but did not announce it. I wonder why they did so now, as the marriage is not to take place for a year, and an engaged girl does not have a gay time as a rule. In the first place, none of the other fellows call on her, and she is left for all her amusement to her fiance. However, Della may reverse all this, as she is a particularly nice girl, exceedingly attractive and jolly, and with character as well as charm, and Harry Dibblee is one of the pleasantest, brighest and most popular men in his set. However, I shall not announce my engagement until I send out my wedding invitations, and if B——well, I was about to tell his name, but I shan't, not even to you, Diary dear. On the boat home we met Julia Buckbee and the other members of the Crocker clan, the Jolliffes, Mr. and Mrs. Lyman and a number of San Franciscans of a lesser or greater degree of interest.

On Monday there was nothing of importance so we drove to the Presidio and in the evening went to the Pleasanton to congratulate John Perry Jr. on the occasion of his eighty-third birthday. The parlors were so pretty and just massed in flowers, which had been sent Mr. Perry. It was such a pretty sight—the bright lights, the girls in their pretty frocks and venerable Mr. Perry, who is a gentleman of the old school now rapidly passing away. He wears the stock one rarely sees, save in the portraits of one's grandfathers, and brushes his hair in the old-fashioned way. All the Unitarian Church people were there. The pillars—I believe Mr. Perry is one of the firmest and most cherished of them.

On Tuesday, Mamma went to the luncheon given by Mrs. John D. Spreckels, which she says surpassed any event of this season. The table was decorated to represent a flower garden with paths and plots. It was walled in Royal Worcester, banked in maiden hair. At each entrance vases of maiden hair were arranged to represent pots, and, dotted here and there, were vases filled with baby roses. In the center was a handsome piece of Royal Worchester and pretty figures of Dresden china were set in the paths. Mamma says the scheme was unique and excellently carried out. There were a number of guests—Mrs. Darling, Mrs. Dean, Mrs. Dodge, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Winslow, Mrs. Oxnard and many others. There were courses innumerable and Mamma says she has rarely eaten a more dexterously cooked or better served luncheon. But, then, Mrs. Spreckels' china would make even prison fare delectable, I believe.

Aunt Sybil went to the luncheon given by the Sequoia Chapter of the Revolutionary Daughters and said it a was very chic affair. They had speeches and the luncheon was great in every particular. The decorations were in baby blue eyes. The luncheon was held in the private dining-room of the Occidental Hotel. Aunt Sybil always enjoys those affairs, as she is an important personage, you know, and all the Daughters kow-tow to her. She says we young people don't realize what a privilege we have in being related to her, and cant't understand how Papa, who is the least pretentious and most simple of men, can be her brother. I suggested that probably she is like her father, the Admiral, while Papa was probably like her mother (for which I am devoutly thankful). Leila and I went to the Needlework Guild reception at Mrs. Easton's and met a number of the girls, and in the evening went to Melba—but not in the seven dollar seats. No, indeed. Aunt Caroline chaperoned a party of us up in the gallery and we had a great time, and afterwards had supper in the 'Varsity Club. I saw all the very nicest people in town there—the real old aristocratic element, you know, who are not of the gilded order.

On Wednesday papa went to a big luncheon at the Pacific Union Club, given by Mr. Jim Phelan to Colonel Shafter as a farewell. It was a regular banquet, papa said, with all the essentials and was altogether smart. About thirty-six gentlemen participated. In the evening we went to Oakland to the "Skull and Keys" play.

The Skull and Keys play was great fun, and the boys who played girls' parts were capital. The manner in which Mr. Palmer (who, by the way, made a very pretty girl) walked evoked considerable mirth, in fact all the boys lacked grace and seem cumbered with their petticoats. Fred Knight, in the role of Guy Warriner, an English army officer, had the leading role and carried off the laurels. He looked the part and was very swagger indeed. Mr. Wedemeyer was the only one whom I thought rather exaggerated his part. Mr. Cheeseborough took our fancy as a hot headed old Englishman. The manner in which Mr. Brizard was dressed in the last act was excellent, and he carried his bouquet and manipulated his gown as if to the manner born. The dresses were really beautiful and the play went well. It was a farcial comedy adapted from the German by Henry Hamilton.

Mamma and Aunt Sybil are having the good times now, and Leila and I are trying the "shelving" process. They went to the big card party on Thursday at Mrs. Pond's, another on Friday and on Tuesday next are to go to an exceptionally smart affair to be given by Mrs. Downey Harvey in honor of her mother, Mrs. Cutter. It is to be progressive euchre and the prizes are well worth winning. We are all going to Burlingame to spend the week end with Aunt Caroline. There is to be a big polo match on Saturday, which she says will be capital. She has a house party on and we are to be driven to the affair in the tally-ho coach. The Russ Wilsons, you know, have taken the Jarboe Cottage for the summer. Aunt Caroline will miss Paul and Eleanor.

We are very lucky to have engaged our rooms at the Rafael so early, as you can no longer obtain any of the most desirable suites. The season there is to be tremendously gay, and we anticipate a perfectly gorgeous time.

Now that the officers are gone, we girls are all agog to know if the engagements we expected are to come to anything or not. It is hard to say, and absence has a remarkable effect on soldiers as well as on debutantes. I fear most of us, when far from the lips we love, find it best to make love to the lips we're near. In any case, an unannounced engagement is tantamount to no engagement and one can always find a loophole when a more desirable parti turns up. The girls who cultivated the civilians will now have the advantage, for they, like the poor, are always with us.

Well, Diary dear, I must be off, for in spite of war and leave-takings, sleep comes, and like time, proves a healer of sorrows. Adieu!

Your woful-eyed
MISS CRICKET.

* *

D. O. Mills returned East on Wednesday night accompanied by Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. Mr. Reid preceded his wife ten days ago, being called to New York by the war crisis. The course of the *Tribune*, like that of our own *Chronicle*, has been eminently conservative throughout the scare.

There is to be a polo match at Burlingame on Saturday, which will surely draw a crowd. The players have been practicing very industriously of late and a good game should be seen. By the way, the Country Club has quite recovered its old prestige and is regaining members at a great rate. The directors promise to keep the members interested and amused throughout the season.

In spite of wars and rumors this will easily be the brightest season in the history of San Mateo. Most of the available cottages in the burg are already taken and all of the Burlingame villas will be occupied, so one may look forward to lots of social activity. Several new houses are under way. That of Charles Green in San Mateo is being built after a design of Mr. Tharp's, who is also making the plans for the Poniatowski house, which is to be erected within the Reddington grounds. A villa is also going up for the George Shreves, and the Russ Wilsons have taken the Jarboe place.

Herman Olerichs is back in town presumably to superintend further Fair litigation. His shadow has certainly not grown any less and he looks as healthy and happy as ever.

The new Martin House out on Broadway has a very fine interior. There was a big dinner up there the other night at which the guests had an opportunity of inspecting the mansion. The effect is really very fine. I believe Mrs. Martin and her sons were to be hosts at several other dinner parties before the season closes.

The Pierre Lorrillards were out here recently at the Palace Hotel on a flying visit, though little was seen of them by any one. I was amused at coming across an evidence of the plan whith now obtains in New York of distinguishing between the successive generations of a family. A small boy, the son of the younger Lorrillard, accompanied the party, and his visiting card bore the inscription Pierre Lorrillard the Third. This is quite a regal method of denoting a succession.

* *

The event of last week in Oakland was the dance given on Friday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Letts Oliver in honor of Miss Carrie and Mr. Roland Oliver. The dance took place in Reeds's Hall, which was decked in palms and branches of eucalyptus. The stage was massed in ferns and potted plants, and a cosy corner was arranged by placing a high-backed lounge which was concealed completely behind high palms and bamboo. Mr. and Mrs. Oliver were assisted in receiving by Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Brown, Miss Floriune Brown and Mrs. Everts. It was a particularly lively affair, the young people being especially keen dancers and this lent an added dash and snap to the event. Mr. Roland Oliver made an indefatigable host, and managed so cleverly that even the lest attractive of the maids had a full programme. The supper was capital and the daucing did not stop till past one o'clock. Some of the gowning was noticeably pretty. Mrs. Oliver was stunning in heliotrope silk trimmed in black lace and finished in green velvet; the low cut corsage had reveres of velvet. She is an unusually handsome, stately-looking matron. Mrs. Barton was also handsomely gowned in pink silk embroidered in pearls and passemenetrie; Miss Florinne Brown was in yellow silk; Miss Oliver wore white organdie trimmed in white; Miss Anita Oliver wore a soft yellow organdie over yellow silk; Miss Jean Howard was charming in yellow silk; Miss Baldwin in pale plue organdie; Miss Mary Randall looked very striking in black and white organdie trimmed with lace snd velvet ribbons; Miss Cordie Bishop was in blue; Miss Marion Randall was sweet in pnre white.

A smart affair was the entertainment given by Mrs. Arthur Goodfellow to the members of the Cosmos Whist Club on Tuesday last. Mrs. F. M. Smith carried off the prize—an exquisite piece of embroidery. Another interesting card party was given by Mrs. Tom Prather on Thursday afternoon. Mrs Frank Watson gave a card party on Saturday in honor of her cousins, Misses Mae and Gertrude MacCrae of Los Angeles who are at present visiting her.

The last two weeks of April are full of weddings. On Tuesday, Miss Margaret Cameron and Mr. Benjamin Smith were married in the Unitarian Church. The wedding of Miss Blix Smith and Mr. George Hammer occurred on the same day. It was quite the swell wedding of the spring. Miss Smith made an unusually handsome bride—tall, finely proportioned and with warm Southern coloring. Miss Janet Watt and Mr. Chris Miller were quietly married on Thursday at mid-day; and Miss May Whitney and Mr. Henry on April 27th, at St. Paul's Church. Miss Whitney's is to be an evening wedding—the decorations are to be green and white. Miss Ethel Whitney is to be maid of honor, and Misses Louise Simmons and Lillie Downey the bridesmaids. Mr. Chas. Field, George Ffoulkes, Owen McMurray, etc., are the ushers. There are a number of invitations to the church, but the house reception will be quite a family affair. Miss Whitney is a pretty and attractive girl, very popular with the younger set in Oakland. Her sister, Miss Violet Whitney, is wintering in Rome with her aunt, Mrs. McCreery.

A very pretty tea was given by Mrs. Jack Hays in honor of her sister, Mrs. Melvin, who has recently returned from Europe. The Hays house was charming in its decorations of La France roses and ferns. Mrs. Hays was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Milton Latham, Mrs. Belvin, Mrs. Colonel Hays and Miss Mamie McMullin.

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THE THEATRES

A Fascinating Comedienne Who Fails to Fascinate—The Others.

Marie Jansen, the "fascinating comedienne," fails to fascinate. She has a style that rather reminds you of "dainty" Fanny Rice. We are a most peculiar people out here. Traditions, gaudy posters, flattering press notices and the little fakes that go to make up the life of the theatrical press agent, some how or other do not affect us. We do not applaud because New York has done so. As a rule we will not tolerate the feminine star whose only claim upon us is her face or her figure—our colony of "chappies" is not large enough to sustain such an attraction. Yet it is true beauty has its full quota of admirers out here, but the exhibitor must be content with a secondary role. Marie Jansen, star, in "Delmonico's at Six," failed to move a hand to applause in her first song on Tuesday night, while Estelle, "the pearl of parlor maids" (Jessie Bradbury), who stood last on the bills, was compelled to respond to an encore. To fail in appreciation of the young lady at the head of the show bills and yield vociferous applause to the "obsure person" who comes up at the tail end of the list either argues that our tastes are perverted or the show bills inverted in their order of presenting talent.

The responsibility for "Delmonico's at Six" does not appear on the programme. The story told is neither unpleasant nor vulgar, although decidedly Parisian. It would not surprise me to learn that the play was a modest version of some French success, for there is every evidence of skillful dramatic work in the bringing about and handling of amusing situations which occur in quick succession. The company is small, but well balanced.

* *

The musical ability of little Pauline Schramm while remarkable in so young a child hardly deserves the extravagant enconiums which it has received at the pens of some of the critics. T t the girl has talent in a marked degree th e is no doubt, but when she is rated as a ge. ius, that is quite another matter. She plays delightfully, has a nice understanding and appreciation, but frequently forgets the text and puts in chords of her own inven tion. Her compositions were simple modulations and did not excite wonder, for any clever child who had been taught the rudiments of harmony might have done equally well. She played Mendlessohn's "Spinning Song" particularly well, and the graceful attitude, the manner in which she fingers the notes and coquets with the piano are really fascinating.

* *

DRAMATIC NOTES

"Sinbad the Sailor" continues to attract large audiences to the Tivoli. Carrie Roma quite surpasses herself in her take off of Anna Held. In next week's production a new edition has been prepared in which Edwin Stevens, Carrie Roma, T. C. Leary, Georgie Cooper, etc., will have new dances and some novelty in song. The "Star Spangied Banner" is to be given by the whole company at the close of the second act. After "Sinbad" "Wang" will be put on for a short time.

"The Purser," Ferris Hartman's play which is to be produced at the Baldwin Theatre on Monday night, is said to be more than ordinarily amusing. It is a three act comedy, and the title role is especially adapted to Mr. Hartman's individuality. Of the other members of the cast Miss Lena Merville is known in San Francisco, having played the widow in Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown," and little Gertie Carlisle the clever child who recently played the leading part in "The Brownies" in New York.

Miss Fanuy Gillette has undertaken the role of "Trilby" in Du Maurier's drama at the California Theatre on Sunday, April 24th. Miss Gillette will be remembered in San Francisco as leading lady with the Frederick Warde and Louis James troupes. She is an excellent actress. The prices will be 15, 25 and 50 cents for reserved seats.

The Orpheum offers an unusually attractive programme next week. The opening matinee takes place on Sunday, when Kerner's famous Tableaux Vivants will be produced. The other other interesting items are the work of Lizzie Raymond, Reno and Richards, Tony Wilson, Clown Robetts and Doret, etc.

The Pilar Morin engagement at the Baldwin will be quite an event. It requires an immense orchestra to render Lachaume's music, which has been especially written for the pantomime "In Old Japan." There are some seventy people in the troupe, which is expected to arrive here shortly to begin rehearsals.

"Nancy Hanks," the farce comedy which is to be produced at the Columbia Theatre next week by Marie Jansen, is said to be immensely funny. Incidental to the play are several musical features by Marie Jansen, Jessie Bradbury and Harry Beresford.

The "Gay Parisians" will make the walls of the Alcazar ring with merriment next week. The comedy is decidedly French in tone and one which is bouud to amuse. The next production at this theatre is, "The Magistrate."

"The First Born" will again be put on at the Alcazar early in June. To-night Huntington is to return from Los Angeles, where he has been playing with the Belasco-Thall Company and to appear in the next production.

Mary Elizabeth Lease, the heroine of all Kansas, and the most notable feminine statesman in the republic, is announced to give a series of Lectures at the California next month.

Among the forthcoming attractions at the Columbia is Robert Mantell in his play "Mombars." This, with "By Secret Warrant," are his roles for this season.

Louis Morrison is to present the "Master of Ceremonies" and "Frederick the Great" at the Alcazar. His season will open May 23d.

Gerhardy will appear at the Baldwin with Ysaye. It is expected that he will divide honors with the great violinist.

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"Rags"

She was sitting on a Welsh wall, swinging her feet. They were slim, well-shod feet. She spent a fortune on her shoes—there was also a liberal display of ankle.

The man beside her was smart, and well set up. Soldier was writ large all over him.

The rain had begun, and though neither of them had an umbrella, they neither of them moved.

"It rains alike upon the just and upon the unjust," murmured the man.

"Oh no, it doesn't! the hair of of the unjust generally curls naturally; that of the just becomes limp and hideous. I am one of the unjust."

"You certainly are, always—to me."

"Don't preach, Jim! Give me a cigarette; it would be comforting."

"No, I shan't!" answered the man with decision, "for I'm going to kiss you!"

She cuddled her head down on his shoulder. After a few minutes, he lifted his face from hers, to look at her. Her eyes were closed, and she had the look of a placid kitten basking in the sunshine.

"Are you happy, dear?" he whispered.

"Very."

"Why will you marry that horrible man?"

Rags opened her eyes, sat up, shook the raindrops from her hair, and put a small, cold hand over his mouth.

"I have told you, over and over again, that my mind is made up. He is the third richest commoner in England, and will be Master Cutler next year."

"You'd far better marry me; we should't be so awfully poor!"

"My good young man," said Rags, in a weary voice, "he has got more thousands than we should have shillings, and I shall have frocks as the sands on the seashore."

"When you deal in metaphors you get mixed; the sand on the seashore has no frocks!"

"Don't try to be superior, Jim; it doesn't suit you. You're only a good-looking, stupid, honest 'orficer boy,' but I'm fond of you."

"When you are Mistress Cutler, may I come and see you?"

Rags turned herself and looked slowly at him. She narrowed her grey eyes and shook her head.

"I think——not. You see when I have married that cutling beast I shall spend his money—heaps of his money. I don't like him; I don't respect him; but I won't make him a laughing-stock, and a—what's the word? It comes from Shakespeare."

"It's an ugly word, and you musn't use it!"

"I shall use just whatever words I please. You needn't pretend that you think me an innocent, blush-rose sort of a maiden, for I'm nothing of the sort. I know this, that if some day you came to see me, and I was miserable, as I shall be miserable sometimes, and you held out your hand, I should take it, and we should both race downhill to the devil, just as we raced down Cymfre, the other evening, when we were late for dinner."

Jim was silent for a minute, then he said slowly: "You are the only woman I ever heard confess to the smallest possibility of going to the Devil."

"My dear boy, what's the use of humbugging? If it wasn't that I am such a coward I might have gone long ago. But somehow, just when I think I am going, the Afterwards gets up and mocks me and I turn meekly back. I can't face that Afterwards."

"But, dearest! might not the Afterwards sometimes be kind?"

"Never to women. To women it always comes in the garb of a London street arab 'ya-aing' and making a long nose. I don't know how it comes to men, perhaps in the shape of a pretty Hallelujah lassie singing, 'Dilly! Dilly! Dilly! Dilly! come and be saved!' There, don't look grieved, you kind, foolish boy. Kiss me again! I like you to kiss me best of any man I know."

"Rags!"

"Oh, you needn't think you're the only man who has kissed me—lots of them have. There's no Afterwards to that. It's like sneezing, one of the few simple pleasures left to us. However, whatever the Afterwards may be, the present is uncommonly damp, and we'd best go home." —*London Outlook.*

Dr. C. W. Decker. Dentist. 806 Market Street

MELBA

A Critical Analysis of the Vocal Ability of the Australian Prima Donna.

The appearance of Melba has evoked a spirited revival of that much vexed question—the superiority of the singing of the past over that of our time. Old opera-goers are lingering enthusiastically over memories of Parepa, Patti, Nilsson, Albani, and singers of an older time. Still, contrasting the impressions of the moment with the recollections of former times, is a process as often as not, liable to provoke error, particularly where sentiment and personal enthusiasm are allowed to enter. As far as the majority of people are concerned, having neither practical nor theoretic knowledge to utilize, in drawing conclusions, they are necessarily bound to fall back upon memory. The impressions and memories of only the very few are to be taken as representing anything of value, because where music is concerned there are but few persons possessed of real sensibility as to perfection of pitch and fewer still with the absolute sense of pure tone. This is speaking of professional and amateur musicians alike, just as it is rare among musicians to find individuals with the instinct of pitch so exact that they can name intervals by ear alone. So, it is almost more rare to find musicians who instinctively know whether or not a sound is absolutely pure. Madame Patti is credited with saying that in her esteem the reason we have so few singers of pure tone, is because so few singers possess a perfect ear.

Appearing in "La Traviata" Madame Melba challenged comparison with Adelina Patti, who sang in that opera for the last time here at a memorable matinee some years since at the Grand Opera House. Dramatically, it may be said at once that the Australian prima donna was in every way the superior. At the end of the performance it was impossible to be unaware that there was a clear and ably executed idea of the character of Violetta, and an original conception such as is seldom attempted by operatic artists. Camille, or in the opera, Violetta, one has grown accustomed to think of as a creature of the clinging kind, with a character all mottled over with impossible impulses cocottish, selfish and ludicrously angelic in the same breath, and draining the sympathies with a consumptive cough to aggravate matters. Madame Melba omitted the cough, made Violetta a creature strong in one thing—the love of life—and suggested throughout by many apparently spontaneous touches that La Traviata was a woman with a desire to shine, and above all. be brilliant. Patti had no idea of a character in her mind, to judge from her conventional, mechanical and rythmic gesture and absolute absence of facial expression. She was Patti, bound up in traditions, and having a care for the vocal side of the performance alone. Madame Melba never forgot to suit the action to the word, and, considering the unfavorable criticisms of her dramatic talent in her early career, her facial expression and lifelike action were remarkable. But in the dramatic side only lay her superiority.

Coming with the acclamations of all the great cities and an unrivaled reputation as a queen of song, expectation was at an enormous pitch. Candor compels the admission that the first impression was one of keen disappointment in the voice and the singing. Taking the lack of applause during the progress of the first scene as evidence, the public experienced a somewhat similar feeling. In the opening measures the voice was both small and colorless, and it appeared as though some change had been made in the cast, but with the progress of the act came the certainty that this was really the most celebrated signer of her time, in proper person. At the conclusion of the performance, when the full extent of her resources had been called upon, it had been manifested that the singer, despite a remarkable facility of voice and musical gift, did not belong to the same school as Patti, Albani, and the lyric queens of Italian vocalism. In the face of statements in the dailies to the contrary, the intonation in the ensemble during the first act fell considerably short of perfection. The type of the tone belonged not at all to that pure floating quality associated with *il bel canto.* It was small, brilliant, sometimes wiry, occasionally sharp, and seldom to be associated with the terms liquid or limpid. In the main there was a consciousness of a phenomenal pair of vocal cords, but not of phenomenal singing. That still fullness of tone characteristic of Patti in her prime, and of the singers of her calibre, finds no point of similarity in this singing.

Madame Melba's coloratura is remarkable in point of rapidity, and especially so her trill, but the beauty of richness or fullness of vibration is denied it. In the death scene came the simplest, most telling tones heard from this prima donna, and some beautiful pianissimo effects. Great singing is never divorced from complete power in the *mesa da voce*, and here Madame Melba made no impression. Being an example of the Marchesi school there were the inevitable three registers, of course, without the breaks. No argument can be found convincing enough to excuse the very wide opening of the month in singing the high tones to such an extent as Madame Nordica indulged herself to and to which habit Madame Melba likewise gives some apparent countenance.

In point of agility, perhaps no singer has ever surpassed Madame Melba, and there is an individual timbre belonging more to her vocal chords than her delivery of tone which has a peculiar distinction of its own, and which is heard only from the throats of the phenomenally endowed, But this is a personal characteristic and has little to do with art. Nilsson had something of the same quality, it is said, which was to some ears a special defect and to others a great fascination. From the published accounts of Madame Melba's career and personality, somewhat heavy characteristics were expected of her, but the actuality proved her to be a woman of undeniable force, with great adroitness in accepting the ovation offered her, and unmistakable feminine tact and dignity in defining her attitude toward the public. Owing very little, according to her own statements, to the study of her art with great teachers, Madame Melba's position in connection with the art of song is more that of a phenomenally endowed individual than of an indomitably willed artist, and probably is one of the many attractions she possesses for the public.

Space does not permit of commenting on the qualities of the tenor and baritone; they were quite overshadowed by the prima donna, however. Special interest is felt in Madame Melba's performance of "Lucia." The mad scene as she has done it has gone far to making here so exceptionally famous.

LESLEY MARTIN.

Dr. G. A. Danziger. Dentist. 22 Geary street

Little Paloma Schramm, the clever child pianiste, is to give four more concerts at the Sherman & Clay Hall on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and Friday and Saturday afternoons. The child is well worth seeing for she really plays charmingly and is full of talent. Popular prices will rule.

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WAYS OF WORLDLINGS

Society in Honolulu—Good-Bye to Bloomers—An Apartment-House for Women.

Moderation in dress and gait marks the bicyclist of 1898. The bloomer girl has become a nightmare of the past, and, although bloomers in themselves may not be vulgar, the manner in which they were worn was inherently so. This season, skirts are longer and a rational spirit appears to have suggested that bicycling is a pleasure, not a breakneck rush. With the disappearance of the bloomer scorching has also gone out, and now wheelwomen ride quietly along at their leisure.

A novel idea is an apartment house solely for women, to be built in New York and run on a strictly business basis. Mrs. Charles Barney, Mrs. R. Irvin, Mrs. Minturn and Mrs. W. C. Whitney are the originators, and propose commencing operations at once. They do not intend hampering the women who become their tenants in any way. The house will be run as if it were a bachelor establishment—no house-mother or chaperon will be required. There is to be continuous elevator service and a restaurant for those who desire to use it. The building is to be eleven stories high, on a lot twenty-five by a hundred feet. It is to be on the French renaissance style of architecture. The rental will be extremely low, and a woman desirous of obtaining a room has simply to go to the office of the building, select, and give two references. If these be satisfactory, she gets the room. The originators say that if a woman be bright enough to support herself she is certainly well able to take care of her character. There is to be a lounging room in the rear, where tenants can receive friends and have tea served. There will also be a bathroom between every two bedrooms.

Contrary to expectations, Miss Katherine Duer has determined to have as quiet a wedding as is possible. The trousseau will be complete, but there will be no attempt to dazzle. Miss Duer is a conservative, and the youngest member of the Colonial Dames. She hates ostentation, and considers the parade of wealth vulgar. The Duers are descended from the Earls of Sterling, and Miss Katherine is said to be strangely like her ancestor, Lady Kitty Duer, who was a belle in early colonial days. She is tall and dark. Her greatest charm is unusual vivacity, tempered with graciousness. She has a keen wit, and her *bon mots* are quoted in New York society. Mr. Mackay, her fiancee, is a native of San Francisco, and was educated abroad—in France and England. Miss May Goelet, Miss Virginia Fair, Miss Mabel Gerry and Miss Evelyn Burden are to be Miss Duer's bridemaids—a strange selection for one who cares so little for wealth, one might think. The young people will spend their honeymoon as the guests of Mrs. John W. Mackay, in Carleton Terrace, London.

It is strange to see what a fascination Monte Carlo, or, rather, that small portion of it occupied by the tables, exercises over the acutest intellects of the day. Year after year sees Mr. Sam Lewis and Mrs. Langtry punting away industriously, and it may be truthfully said that any system not familiar to these two individuals is not worth knowing. People talk a great deal about the charm of gambling, but no one who has spent any time at Monte Carlo can doubt that all the more heavy players never dream of gambling, pure and simple. They each and all work on the most elaborate systems, and the illusive riddle has sometimes been very nearly solved. Some five years ago the Administration found it worth their while to strictly prohibit the sale of *permanances*, the curious lists purporting to give an accurate record of the order in which the numbers had turned up at roulette the previous day. On these the more professional players used to base their calculations. Now they are reduced to taking down their own records, a long and tedious process, or of hiring some one to do it for them.

Silver is no longer the correct thing for bridal gifts. It has been completely superseded by china, glass and etchings. This is especially so in the case of such articles as loving cups, bowls, tea and coffee sets, china or glass being preferred. The reason for this radical change is that society has at last realized that young couples have neither the means nor the servants to take care of their silver, and are usuallly obliged to send it to the Safe Deposit. Etchings are really the proper thing just now, and some of the new brides are receiving exquisite bits to decorate their walls and lend their apartments an air of cosiness. Tea and coffee sets are especially desirable. Cut glass vases, very tall and graceful in shape, are also among the novelties.

An interesting article on Hawaiian society appears in a recent *Harper's Bazar*. Hospitality is dispensed there in the most agreeable fashion and the most popular entertainer is President Dole. "At the remotest end of a lovely road, under the graceful algerobas, and around the bold promotory known as Diamond Head, is President Dole's summer home. One enters a lanai as large as a house. The lanai plays an important part in social life. It is an enclosed porch. That of President Dole is bounded by native wood but pierced by great openings screened by solid shutters held at an upward angle. These look seaward on lines of breakers, white caps and dancing waves. The effect is so strikingly like that of a picture that one cries out with delight. This vast space is simply treated with palms, a few hangings, richer furniture, a bold painting of ripe bananas on the tree, from Mrs. Dole's brush, and a hospitable table served by a deft Japanese maid, while visitors come and go. Mrs. Dole is an accomplished hostess. It is a sufficient test of her capabilities, thus receiving visitors from all quarters of the globe, with no more formality than if she were the mistress of a quiet American home. But everybody loves the Doles, and in a place of strong political jealousies, as well as of political feeling, one hears but kindliness for the President and his wife.

"The Princess Kaiulani, like Mrs. Dole, expects the first visit. She has a reception day for the foreigners, and another for the natives. This reception, I am told, is quite formal. I have not attended, although many people do go. I have, however, met her out, and the other day met her informally. She is a graceful, self-possessed girl, on this occasion wearing a blue foulard, and a lei of royal yellow plumage around her native hat. She looks less Hawaiian than any one I have seen, and in speech and manner resembles a well-bred English girl. Her half-sisters, on the contrary, disclose their native blood both in color and figure. The Princess, among the whites, with whom she mingles freely, carries herself modestly and with great wisdom. At the same time she is alert to see that she has the place to which her claims entitle her. Two opposing regimes within the narrow confines of Honolulu inevitably result in occasional contretemps, and these are amusing enough. I have seen the Princess among her own people, and there she receives all the honors of a hereditary heir to the throne. There is no color-line here. Numbers of Americans and English are married to natives or half-whites, and their wives and children are prominent in society. Liliuokalani, the ex-Queen, everyone knows, was Mrs. John Dominis, and her big two-storied white home on Berentania street, opposite the Central Union Church, was inherited from old Mrs. Dominis, who called it, as it is still known, Washington Place. No one is more frequently seen than the Ah-Fong girls, dainty-looking, skimming around town on their wheels or dancing at naval balls, and they are Chinese-Hawaiian. Equally popular, but very unlike, are the dusky and statuesque Misses Parker, whose father was the ex-Queen's Minister of State, and pretty Miss Widerman, who is German-Hawaiian. The hospitalities of the part-Hawaiians, as they prefer to be called, if not as hearty as before the late little unpleasantness, are still generous, and greatly prized by the whites."

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Little Totsy's Tragedy.

By Gelett Burgess.

The little Totsy Toddledrop was but three years old when her widowed mother died, leaving her to the mercies of the bitter world. Though her father had been an accomplished Gonoff, vice, intemperance or sin had left no mark upon the youthful face of the tiny Totsy, for she was as innocent as a new-laid egg and unskilled in infamy. In spite of her years and hardships Totsy's life had been horribly

sweet and pure, and great men, stooping to kiss this little waif of the streets, burst into tears at her youth, her beauty, and her sad tale of misfortunes, called her "angel"—and passed on.

But Totsy could not live on kisses of indulgent old gentlemen; her three years had taught her that they were indigestible and innutrious; they were sweet and hearty, but they did not sustain. And little Totsy grew more frail upon these delicacies, longing for death.

It was many, many weeks since she had tasted food, when, one day, while sitting upon the steps of the police station, Totsy saw a man brought in, held by two, three, four, five policemen. He struggled fiercely in their embraces, and talked a strange language polysyllabic, guttural—so strange that the little child could not understand its import.

"Ah, he is hungry, too!" thought the little Totsy, as she place a wan, thin hand upon her little empty stomach. And her eyes filled.

Timidly she followed the hullabaloo as it swept up to the magistrate's desk. With eyes of wonder she heard the case discussed, but when the sentence was given—two months in the workhouse—she broke down and wept uncomfortably.

"Two months!" she cried to the officer by the door, "and do they eat there—at the workhouse?"

"Well, I guess yes," said the copper.

But little Totsy Toodledrop had fainted.

When she came to, with a pronounced brunette taste of whisky in her mouth, (and, indeed, as far down as her little worn belt), she staggered up to the judge.

"Oh, Mister Man," she wailed, "send me, too, to the workhouse!"

"But you have committed no crime," cried the magistrate.

"A crime? What is that, which it is, which it is what?" appealed the child, whose great-great-grandfather had been a St. Louis Frenchman. So she, too, had 8½ per cent of Creole blood.

"Go, little girl, and commit a felony."

"But I am so weak, so weak!" cried the

indulgently. "Now run away and try to be bad."

"Oh, sir, you are so kind to me," wept the miserable baby, "might not a misdemeanor suffice?"

"Well, we'll see, we'll see," said the old man, cunning child; "may I not call you papa? It will not cost you a cent," she added.

The magistrate, remembering his six little daughters at home, and that he had promised to buy them theatre tickets for that night, left hurriedly.

"What it is?" cried Totsy, very wildly. "What it is—which is crime? Oh, I am too young for murder!"

But the little Totsy would try; she would be brave and attempt at least to slaughter a man, for murder was all she knew of crime.

A man and a woman passed. Which should she try?

She decided on the man. Men had always been kind to her, and he would be kind now. Women had always told her that her face was dirty.

She boldly attacked the man.

But what could a young child (only three years of age and unused to mayhem of any kind), do to a stock-brocker, trained in the wheat pit?

She swung her tiny fist against his kneecap, but she never touched him. With her little feeble jaw she bit him in the leg.

He did not even notice it.

"My God!" she cried aloud.

The man, who was a nice man, stopped.

"Excuse me, sir," said the Totsy, "but have you a pocket knife?"

"Yes, my child," replied the gentleman; "why do you ask?"

By this time the infant was weeping again. She always wept in an emergency. She was very young, but she had learned so much.

"Boo hoo!" she cried. "Oh, Mister Man, for the love of dinner, let me murder you. It is my only hope," she added, thinking he was about to give in.

"But the man only laughed and passed on. "Certainly not," he whispered.

"Not to oblige a lady?" implored Totsy.

"Not on my life!" he said, rudely. "It is absurd."

Little Totsy crept forlornly back to the

police station. The magistrate had returned to borrow a cigar.

"What hope is there for such as I? No one will let me murder him or her!" and again she turned on the battery of her tears.

"Try again, said the officer, kindly; "there is always burglary."

"Oh, indeed, I can learn to burgle—I will try so hard," said the little one. She went home and hunted the sidewalks for some chance gumdrop to sustain life till she should have sinned. Her search was at last rewarded, and she lived for ten days upon the morsel, till at last it dissolved, and sank mucilaginously past her epiglottis.

Meanwhile she had borrowed a jimmy from a young gentleman friend, proceeded up Madison Avenue and selected a fit theatre for her little act.

She stopped at No. XXVY and rang the bell. It was now about 3:23 a. m. It was dark, but not too dark.

It was the beautiful but exclusive Mrs. de Goldbrick van Pastenbury that protruded her yellow head from a third story window and cried down to Totsy what did she want?

"Please let me in, for I have come to burgle your house," pleaded the little innocent orphan, who in her childish heart thought she was carrying out her part with immense verve and consummate tact.

The lady seemed much touched. But she only smiled, threw a kiss to the child, drew down the window sash and resumed her task. She was a swagger spy and was making paragraphs to be butchered into shape by the society editor of a great daily.

Little Totsy beat against the front door with her jimmy. Her efforts dented the varnish, but were otherwise inadequate.

Had she only thought to attack the plate glass, she would by now have been a little sister of the workhouse. So near success lies to failure. But she had failed.

Why narrate her further attempts at infamy. Try as she might she could not be felonious. Her innocent face betrayed her every time she tried to appear depraved. Paying tellers only laughed at her when she asked them to cash forged checks. She tried her Liliputian hand at arson, but without avail, for her matches would go out. She was too little for shoplifting.

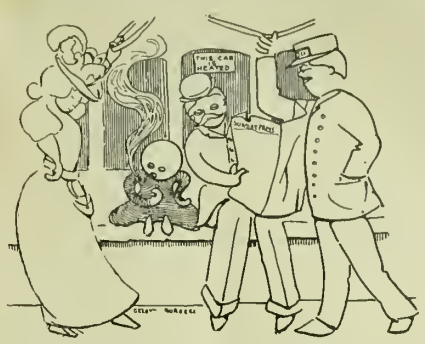
Step by step she fell to lower levels of vice and did not recoil at even an ordinary misdemeanor. She rode her little bicycle at night without a light and the policemen only guyed her. Was the whole world against her?

She smoked cigarettes in the elevated trains and horny-handed, leathern-lunged guards went forward and back, met one another and nudged elbows and said: "How cunning! So like my darling little one at home!"

She refused to pay her fare upon the cable cars, and was allowed to ride upon the front platform. She learned to swear in dialect, but it was no use!

The rest is too awful!

One day the end came! Totsy was desperate. Two months without food had driven her to virtue. No little girl, though she be a fiend in shape, can long withstand the temptations of hunger, cold and misery. A beautiful shop-lady came to her one and painted to little Totsy the seductions of a life as a cash girl in a department store, and in despair of ever attaining the blessed shelter of the workhouse, Totsy accepted a position at $1.00 a week at



Wandermere's, where, clad in black cambric and brass side-combs, and with a pencil stuck in her hair, she may still be found at the scented soap department, "third aisle to the to the right, opposite the elevator, near the entrance on the 1245th street side."

Let us not judge little Totsy too harshly. Though she is shunned and despised by petty larcenists and shop-lifters, as well as by the most exclusive crooks in the profession, may it not be that in spite of the virtuous life with which she is surrounded, there may be still some small spark of vice slumbering in her little rosy soul that may sometime wake and make her interesting, if not famous.

We've Been Thinking.

[Horatio Rubens counsel of the Cuban Junta, declares that if the United States intervenes in Cuba without recognizing the Insurgent government, said Insurgents will attack American soldiers.]

Rubens Rubens, we've been thinking
What a fine thing it would be
If this country took its orders
From your island in the sea.
Rubens, once more we've been thinking,
If that thing should come to pass,
Wouldn't all the other nations
Think this nation was an ass?

Rubens, Rubens, we've been thinking
(With this thought you will accord)
Your committee must be reckoned
A mighty Junta before the Lord.
Rubens, on a second thinking,
In our minds this thought has stuck,
On wrong scents the mightiest Juntas
Sometimes have the puniest luck.

Rubens, Rubens, we've been thinking
That you have a mighty name;
Rubens was a great old master,
Painted hell and brimstone flame.
Rubens, Rubens, we've been thinking:
While you're young, do what you're told:
Since old Rubens was a master,
You may be one when you're old.

—*New York Tribune.*

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TURF TOPICS

By Benedict.

The last fortnight but one at Oakland came to an end last Saturday and was the most interesting to the race-going public of any meeting across the bay that we have had this season.

As regards the two-year-old division it may be noted that in a selling race at 3½ furlongs for maiden two-year-olds a good-looking colt named Juggler, by imp. Friar Tuck out of Zarina, making his first appearance, won under circumstances that showed him to be a fairly promising youngster, and was secured by W. H. Timmons for $1100.

For the Gebhardt Stakes, $2000, a race for two-year-olds at five furlongs, eight youngsters faced the starter. Of the number the two fillies Humidity 107 lbs., and Sevens 115 lbs., led the field all the way, the former eventually winning by four lengths in easy fashion, Sevens taking second place a couple of lengths or so in advance of Olinthus 123 lbs. Time, 1:02. The winner, who is by Hindoo out of imp. Calphurnia, has shown speed in most of her races, but this is the first important win she has scored. She is a rather leggy, light-boned animal, but should pay her way well, and is so far the best of her age that the Burns & Waferhouse stable has produced this season.

On the final day of the Oakland meeting the Candelaria Handicap, $1500, five furlongs, for two-year-olds, brought only five runners to the post, Humidity 110 lbs., being made favorite at prohibitive odds. The only other that was deemed to have any chance was Sevens 120 lbs., though her impost was decidedly against success. The race was between the two until half way down the stretch, when the lightly-weighted Rainier 95 lbs., cleverly handled by Gray, stole up on the rail and running strong to the winning post landed first with a length to sparc, Humidity beating Sevens a couple of lengths for second place. It was in every way a lucky win and a piece of good fortune for Dr. I. W. O'Rourke, who has had the winner entered in nearly every stake race of the season.

The chief event of the same afternoon was the Palace Hotel Handicap, $2000, 1⅛ miles, for all ages. The field was made up for the most part of animals that had taken part in the Burns Handicap, $10,000, a week previous. The nine runners that went to the post were as follows: Buck Massie 116 lbs., 'Ostler Joe 115 lbs., Buckwa 110 lbs., Judge Denny 110 lbs., Traverser 107 lbs., Fonsovannah 105 lbs., Candelaria 100 lbs., Wheel of Fortune 97 lbs., and Linstock 90 lbs. Buckwa was troublesome at the post and when the barrier finally rose was the only one that failed to get away on even terms with the field. Thorpe took Traverser to the front from the outset and when round the first turn had secured a lead of a couple of lengths, the order following him down the back stretch being Fonsovannah, Ostler Joe, Buck Massie and Candelaria, the remainder tailing off. After landing in the stretch Traverser came back to his attendants and as they passed the paddock his stable companion Candelaria was catching him fast. He lasted long enough, however, to secure the judges' verdict by half a length, with Candelaria a couple of lengths in front of Fonsovannah; Buck Massie and Ostler Joe being pretty close on the heels of the last-named. Time, 1:53¼.

This race closed the career of Traverser on this coast. He was leased last fall from his owner, Mr. Bradley, by Burns & Waterhouse, on terms of 60 per cent of the colt's winnings to the former. He has won about $12,000 here, so that the transaction has been mutually profitable. I have alluded so frequently to Traverser's qualities as a racehorse that there is now little more to be said. Like many other really good animals, his natural advantages have evidently been discounted by excessive demands on his courage, with the result that he is nothing like the horse he otherwise would have been. In shape, make and galloping ability he is as good a specimen of a thoroughbred as we have seen on this coast since winter racing began, and his future doings in the East will be watched with much interest on this side of the country. He was shipped from here at the beginning of this week.

On Tuesday last an attractive card was provided at Ingleside, the event of the afternoon being a $500 purse at one mile. The field was composed of seven horses of good reputation, and Joe Ullman, 108 lbs., was the most fancied. He was unlucky at the start, however, and was never dangerous in the running. Satsuma, 115 lbs., once more proved his prowess and won in his usual impressive style. Newsgatherer, 103 lbs., Cabrillo, 110 lbs., and Grady, 115 lbs., finished immediately behind him in the order named, only heads apart. Buckwa, carrying 107 lbs., only, seems to have lost all form, and no longer the good horse he was, could not do better than run last.

The two-year-old race the same day, over four furlongs for maiden two-year-olds, was a close thing between Owyhee by Iroquois, out of Toribera, and Gold Fin, by imp. Goldfinch, out of Poesy, and the former won by Piggott's good riding.

Mr Corrigan's mare Won't Dance, who disguised herself in the Burns handicap, performed poorly in a mile race on Wednesday last won by Rubicon 115 lbs. in 1.41¼. The Longfellow mare appeared unable to extend herself and as she pulled up lame there was evident reason for her failure.

Matt Storns' game and clever little three-year-old filly Morinel won a mile race very creditably this week and with anything under 110 lbs. on her back looks like beiug very handy in any company.

By dint of a fierce ride on the part of Henry Shields, Galen Brown's colt Olinthus captured the Schrieber stakes $1000—five furlongs for two-year-olds—in 1.02¼. This is the third valuable stake this youngster has annexed by his determined way of hanging on rather than by any racing quality. Shields struck Clawson on Mossbrae deliherately with his whip in the run in and was suspended for the rest of the meeting in consequence.

The greatest satisfaction is felt by racing men with the extensive prospect of good sport at Chicago this summer. Altogether the turf outlook, both East and West, is greatly improved and blood stock should recover its value, so greatly depreciated hy the uncertainty which has surrounded the racing situation during the last three seasons.

The stable of Mr. H. L. Frank, of Montana, has been prominent recently and it is hoped that it may become a regular addition to the local forces each winter. Amongst its representatives is the powerful and fairly speedy three-year-old imp. Bitter Root by Royal Hampton out of imp. Buttermere. If well cared for this is a horse that should be able to give a good account of himself in handicaps with weight up. He has breeding, weight carrying power, a fine allowance of speed and apparently good courage to fall back upon.

The Board of Supervisors have thrown out the proposal to liuit racing within the City and County of San Francisco, and though their action seems final for the time being there is very little doubt that other efforts will be made to place legal restrictions in the way of the Ingleside track. If the management continues to cater to sport of high class, however, they should in the end defeat these attemptss to interfere with the legitimate and reasonable amusements of the people.

The California Jockey Club has abandoned the intention of conducting a series of summer meetings in the interior towns. On further consideration the outlook was not thought to be sufficiently p romising, and consequently there will be no racing in Sacramento until the annual State Fair in September.

In all cases of physical or mental exhaustion the use of a little Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey will be found invaluable as a stimulant.

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"What is that horrid noise I hear?" cried Kansas on parade,
"It's Mr. Lease imploring peace," the giddy public said;
"And the children, too, are yelling out, and hustling one another.
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Then if from women's rights this row will rudely blow the foam,
With open arms we'll greet the war that drives the strong minds home.

—*Louisville Times.*

At the Society of Arts, Dr. Linde's machine for turning air into liquid works in the same business-like way as a machine that converts meat into sausages. Dr. Linde's process takes the air from the room and turns it out in liquid form that looks like water with snow in it, and when this snow, which is frozen carbonic acid gas, is strained away, the pure liquefied air looks exactly like water. But it is a strange liquid. Exposed to the air it boils furiously, and the steam that comes from it feels ice-cold, and instead of rising it descends, while, mixed with powdered charcoal, the liquid forms an explosive that for some purposes promises to become a formidable rival to dynamite, and costs infinitely less.

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He had less to carry on hunting day,
He had less to guard when he stood at bay,
He was really better so!

Now, he was a fine altruistical fox,
With the good of his race at heart;
And he ran to his people with tailess speed,
To tell of the change they all must need,
And recommend as a righteous deed
That they and their tails should part.

Plain was the gain as plain could be,
But his words did not avail;
For they all replied, "We perceive your case!
You do not speak for the good of the race,
But only to cover your own disgrace,
Because you have lost your tail!"

Then another fox of a liberal mind
And a tail of splendid size
Became convinced that the tailless state
Was better for all of them soon or late—
Said he, "I will let my own tail wait,
And so I can open their eyes!"

Plain was the gain as plain could be,
But his words did not avail;
For they all made answer, "My plausible friend,
You talk wisely and well, but you talk to no end,
We know you're dishonest and only pretend,
For you have not lost your tail!"

—*Charlotte Perkins Stetson in the Chap Book.*

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Office, room 11, 331 Pine street, San Francisco, California.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF HENRY STEWARDT, DECEASED:

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Henry Stewardt, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Henry Stewardt, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, March 11, 1898.

J. D. SULLIVAN,
Attorney for Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

ESTATE OF CHARLES DIERKS, DECEASED:

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of Charles Dierks, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator, at the office of Gavin McNab, Esq., room 47, seventh floor, Mills Building, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transactiou of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

HENRY DIERKS,
Administrator of the Estate of Charles Dierks, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, April 15th, 1898.

GAVIN MCNAB,
Attorney for Administrator.

FRANKLIN K. LANE G. WHITFIELD LANE

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Jame
his namesa ction,
being a writer of sketches and a lover of books. He was arguing a case before Judge Gary, and came to a point which turned on the construction of a sentence. Mr. Allen was satisfied his reading of the sentence was right, and was amazed when Judge Gary held against him. "But, if the court please——" said Mr. Allen, "it may be the court knows more law than I do, but I really think I am the better judge of English language." "That may be," said Judge Gary mildly; "but I do not see what bearing it has on this case. I am on the bench, and you are not."

A physician, called to attend the wife of a miser in her last illness, declined to continue his visits unless guaranteed payment. After much haggling, the slippery husband drew up a paper promising to pay Dr. Soandso the sum of $50 "for attendance on my wife, kill or cure." The patient died, but when the bill came the widower declined to pay it. Suit was at once brought on the contract and the miser defended himself. He read the document aloud before the court: "And *did* you cure my wife, sir?" he asked, glancing over his spectacles at the defendant. "No; that was impossible." "Did you kill her?" Verdict for the defendant.

The Ameer of Afghanistan takes great pride in his gun factory at Kabul, over which Sir Salters Pyne presides. He insists on his Khans visiting it. Amra Khan, who controls a distant mountain region, came in one day and, after seeing the works, asked Sir Salters: "Now tell me in words just how you make guns." "It is quite easy," replied Pyne. "You make a hole first and then wrap some iron around it." "Ah," he said, sorrowfully, "there is lots of air for the hole in my country; only no one there knows how to wrap the iron around it."

When Mr. and Mrs. Le Gallienne arrived in New York they had to undergo the usual ordeal at the Custom House. Mrs. Le Gallienne had but one hat, she said, and was sure there was no need of examining it. The Inspector insisted in the politest way possible on seeing it. "I'm sure, Miss," he said, "you're just longing for a sight of it yourself, after all this time and your terrible passage across."

A negro in a Southern court of law was being examined as to the character of a certain person. "Is he not, to your knowledge, a thief?" "I dunno about his being a thief, exactly," answered the witness cautiously; "but if I were a chicken I should roost high when he was around."

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THE WAVE

VOL. XVII. No. 21 SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 21, 1898 PRICE 10 CTS

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CRUISER "PHILADELPHIA" IN THE DRY-DOCK AT MARE ISLAND

STORES FOR MANILA

A scene outside the Commissary Tent at the Presidio

THE WAVE

is published every Saturday at The Wave Building, 24 Montgomery street, San Francisco.

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PROPRIETORS

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IS MR. GAGE A CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR?

With a shrill and unpleasant emphasis, Rumor is declaring that Mr Henry T. Gage of Los Angeles—a few weeks ago candidate for the United States Senate—has occupied his time in San Francisco figuring on a campaign for the Governorship. If Rumor lies; if some malicious enemy has invented this tale of treachery to bring discredit to the name of Gage, then indeed has that gentleman been slandered most outrageously, and then does he owe it to himself and to his party to make hot denial of all participation in a conspiracy which has for its purpose the plain betrayal and defrauding of his own home-people. But if Rumor speaks the truth; if this gentleman from the South-land has unwisely permitted vanity and selfish office-hunger to blot out every sacred sense of the political obligations that a public man owes to his environment; if he has strangled the protests of his conscience, put honor away and compromised with the political enemies of his people; if he has encouraged himself in the humor that the South "don't want a Senator very bad, anyhow," then is he more contemptible than his most unforgiving enemy would have painted him, and as utterly unworthy and unfit as he must be purely selfish.

Perhaps the generous tender of gratuitous political support from Northern politicians, whose intimacy with his cause he would not dare confess in public, has flattered Mr. Gage. Perhaps he hugs the pleasant delusion that his selection is exclusive, and springs from some peculiar and irresistible popularity that is his. If this be so, he need not feel the slightest sense of gratification, but rather should he be overcome with confusing shame. There is scarcely a public man living south of Tehachapi who has not been quietly approached and "sounded" on this very proposition. The performance has been going on for months. The Northern political tricksters are not searching for an independent man of honor or ability—they have been eagerly scouring the South for some conceited ass possessing a modicum of popularity, whom they can by cheap flattery render into a willing traitor. This has been the common property of local politics for months, and for months we have been speculating as to who would prove traitor to the South. So far, to their credit be it said, every public man from beyond Tehachapi has promptly refused the insulting offer. Danger hovers near when the Greeks bear gifts. The villages, the woods, the canyons of the South were combed with a political fine-tooth comb, without developing a pliable Judas. Runners, familiar with and having the confidence of the Southern people, were hurried Southward to tamper with its political powder magazines. Their visits South had "nothing to do with politics," but they bore gilded tales of opportunities for office, and sought to awaken local ambitious with implausible romances of a desire among Northern politicians to "give everything to the South this time." Now Rumor declares that the man of the hour has been found and the program is in a fair way toward completion. The cajoling tricksters with whom this gentleman is now reported to be consorting were ready and willing to flatter a dozen Southerners before him but the character of Judas being absent, their plans failed. Their support, which is tendered with such generous freedom, confers no honor, no glory, no popularity. It does bring shame—deep, heavy, damning and everlasting shame. It taints honor, takes the keen edge off honesty, inducts its recipient into the secrets of duplicity, and sets him scampering down the dismal and well-worn highway that leads to inevitable disgrace and hopeless ruin. The political graveyard is crowded with buried hopes and high ambitions that have died under the hot breath of public scorn.

If Mr. Gage be cursed with the Republican nomination for Governor at the coming State Convention, then will he, with premeditated zeal, have conspired to his own political destruction: then, so sure as the sun rises on election morn, the next Legislature will be Democratic and the next United States Senator a Democrat. The people of the South have given unmistakable voice to one earnest political wish—*they want a Senator!*—and they want it with a strength and with a fervor that will not tolerate compromise nor brook defeat. If the Republican nomination for Governor goes to Mr. Gage or any other Southern man, the people down there will not fail to read the message of treachery emblazoned on the wall; they are wise enough, forehanded enough, determined enough, are these people of the South, not to be bound and gagged and violently robbed in broad daylight without making resistance; they will bolt the ticket that has been guilty of the treachery, and send their indignant protest in the shape of a solid, enthusiastic Democratic legislative delegation, united and determined upon one issue — a Senator from the South. And what will become of Mr. Gage, ask you? He will be overtaken by the same unhappy and inglorious fate that confronted Mr. Estee. His name will go ringing down the corridors of political history as that of an open, flagrant traitor to his party and a betrayer of his people, and richly, too, will he deserve it if he has permitted this thing.

Is Mr. Gage a candidate for Governor, and if he is, what do his home-people think of it? The wool of deceit cannot be easily pulled over their eyes. They have too much political sagacity for that, and long ago learned the value of united action. The lying and transparent promise that the South "can have both of the offices" (the Governor and the Senator) deceives no one who is not eagerly searching for an excuse to be deceived. The unheard of and absurd statement that a Southern Governor "will be good for fifteen votes" on the Senatorial question is merely a cheap bait that appeals to the greediness of mankind and affects no man whose brains are divorced from his political stomach. There are some human types that always hold "informers" and traitors. No man can be a traitor to-day and a patriot to-morrow, and to this type we will give consideration later.

It is highly creditable to the South that among its public men there has not developed a man to whose name has attached the slightest taint of suspicion until now. The question we would have answered is: Does Rumor lie or speak the truth concerning Mr. Gage? Has he stood transfigured on the desert waste of political corruption, admiring a mirage of political glory rising out of its unfruitful sands? If so, it is time for a strong fight and a hard fight within party lines to prevent the commission of the crime.

AN AMERICAN COLONIAL POLICY.

What would it profit San Francisco if the United States should enter upon a colonial policy, retain the Phillipines and take Hawaii under its protection? This question, born of Dewey's brilliant victory at Manila, has had the consideration of thoughtful men throughout the State and there seems to be but one answer. It would vastly benefit the entire Pacific Coast. In the face of the present, the ancient argument that such a policy once fixed upon our nation would make it imperative to maintain a larger standing army and a vastly increased navy, is swept aside. The delays, the halting, the hesitancy this great nation was compelled to resort to in a threatened conflict with a sixth-rate power has opened the eyes of America. Had our present difficulties involved us with one of the greater European powers, had our original quarrel been with France or Italy, or Russia or England, the numerical strength of our Army and Navy would have been so inferior as to be painful.

The policy of this nation must now make toward a larger standing army and a navy second to none in the world. It is necessary even though the country does not enter upon the proposed colonial policy, while the acquisition and control of the Philipines and Hawaii should not increase our real naval necessities above that which the present situation has made so apparent.

Viewed from a local and selfish point of view, the Americanizing of these colonies would be vastly beneficial. It would instil new life into our manufactures, would double, treble and quadruple our exports and imports, would build up a great shipping and ship building industry, and would awaken our mercantile life to a realizing sense of the value of our seaward commerce, not only with these colonies, but with the consuming millions who inhabit countries bordering on the Pacific. Seattle and the ports to the north would be our rivals for this trade, and doubtless Los Angeles also when its harbor is completed, would actively enter the field for its share. There is trade enough in the Pacific to enrich every Western American port, and nothing but bad management can deprive San Francisco of the lion's share. Indeed, it is only lack of proper enterprise that now denies us our portion of the immense trade springing from these Pacific countries now monopolized by the Germans and the English.

THE SCRAP-BOOK AND THE CHARTER.

The following communication concerning the charter is gladly printed in full:

Editor Wave:—I have in my scrap-book some Wave editorials which I value quite highly, among them are some which deal with the question of conferring on the Mayor large appointive powers, in which you take the stand that it is better to confer this power upon the chief magistrate of a city, than to permit it to remain in the hands of the Bosses and the distribution of places to be made in the back rooms of saloons. Am I to regard these past expressions as worthless? Have you changed your mind? If not, why do you oppose the thing you formerly advocated so warmly and so intelligently, too? You will relieve my mind by giving this letter and these questions a frank answer.

Our correspondent has not read our recent articles closely. We firmly adhere to any and every intelligent plan that has for its purpose the thorough and total destruction of Bossism. We do not mean by this the strangling of a Democratic boss for the purpose of injecting renewed life under the ribs of his equally disreputable Republican prototype. We favor the complete and everlasting annihilation of all Bossism, as it is known to-day. Perhaps it will be impossible to fully accomplish this; perhaps religious differences, personal spites, selfish ambitions, personal prejudices and favoritism, coupled with a species of hard-headed ignorance that obtains even among people who pass for intelligent, will so divide the forces that should make for decency, as to insure victories to the enemies of good government. This has been the case before now, and it will in all likehood be repeated.

Time and again we have laid down some of the primary principles of politics, to which we give adherence, and in repeating them we hope only to fix their meaning firmly in the minds of our readers. Among these are:

Patronage makes the boss. The distribution of appointive offices, such as clerkships, positions in the Fire, Police and Street Departments, is what gives the boss his influence and strength. We are in favor of any plan that will strip this power from the machine politician, and have, for that reason, regarded with favor the conferring of large appointive powers upon the Mayor, believing that, as such a plan would fix the responsibility for bad appointments, possibility of improper selections would be diminished. If this plan worked well, we would quite as strongly favor the abolishing of all municipal elections, except one for a Mayor, whose duty it should be to appoint every municipal officer in the city, subject, of course, to rational civil service rules. We do not say this plan is practical, but if it would result in good government, we would favor it. True, it would completely upset all of the traditional practices and policies in vogue for the government of American municipalities, but we are not so enamored of policies as to stick to those that are bad merely because they are venerable with age. What is needed is good government, and the people are entitled to it, without regard to ancient and obselete governmental landmarks. We still favor the responsible head of municipal government. But here enters another and a most important, indeed a controlling, factor for consideration. The *time* is not ripe. It is not difficult to understand that a wise or necessary change, if attempted at an inopportune time, may work greater and more lasting harm than no change at all. The clever surgeon may recognize that an important member must be operated upon, perhaps severed entirely from a patient's body, but he does not dash pell-mell into the operation without taking due precautions. By undue haste he may sacrifice life in performing a very necessary operation, where caution and care and waiting on the proper hour might have brought more happy results.

The time is not ripe for the governmental surgical operation proposed by the new charter. Let us get down to the A. B. C. of this matter.

"How is Jones, Smith or Brown to become Mayor of San Francisco?"

The natural answer that suggests itself is: "He would be elected by the people." This is not technically so, but accept that which is not true, as true, and admit that he would be elected by the people.

"How would he obtain the place on the Democratic or Republican ticket?"

The answer is: "He would receive his nomination at the hands of his party convention."

"And who creates the party convention?"

Ask yourself this question, repeat it and repeat it with every possible variation. There can be but one answer.

"The political boss controls the primaries. Control of the primaries gives control of the nominating convention. Control of the nominating convention carries with it control of the nominee, and if elected to office, under all the rules of the game of politics, the boss controls the patronage, distributing it among his followers, who have secretly and fraudulently conspired to defeat the people, and make the successful candidate's nomination and election possible."

With tainted and corrupt primaries the people are denie

honesty or even fairness in politics. The first performance lays the foundation stone of corruption upon which is built the farcical superstructure known as the regular election. If our correspondent has kept a scrap-book, let him turn back and read of the frauds and outrages committed at the last primaries and at all of its predecessors. Let him go to any public library in the city, and from the files of the daily papers learn the lesson he has evidently forgotten. Even though the people turn out en masse, they cannot control these primary elections in the absence of laws. The fountain head is impure. Primaries are not governed by law or by precedent. Even though the people should elect their own delegates to nominating conventions, there is no law that insures these delegates a seat in the convention. The defeated ticket, which received only half as many votes, if it be the ticket of the clique that controls the machinery of the central committees, would be seated. The defeated minority raises before the convention a question of "regularity." A reference is made to the political powers—not to laws and courts—and the victorious ticket is promptly declared "irregular," and the bosses delegates are seated. This is not a new device; it is as old as politics, and is practiced repeatedly. With this lawless, unregulated, unrestricted, loose and digraceful primary system in full swing, it would be supreme folly to adopt a charter which would give to the successful candidate for Mayor a patronage that would control the fire, police and police departments with their thousands of employs, as well as the parks with their large pay rolls. Such patronage cunningly manipulated would perpetuate the dynasty of whatever clique of politicians first sneaked into power. The danger is too apparent, the hazard too great. Give us a pure primary law, and we will be willing to take chances, but not without.

SOME CHARTER DONT'S.

Don't vote for a new charter simply for the sake of a change. That is the most stupid reason anyone can give.

Don't imagine that a new charter means we we will have better government. Good government depends upon the character of the public officer, and so long as the people are unprotected in their primary election against the frauds of bossism just so long will we have bad government—no longer.

Don't imagine the new charter affects our election laws—it does not. It increases the patronage at the disposal of the victor, and increasing the "spoils" of office it likewise increases the strength of bossism.

Don't vote on the charter at all unless you have read the document. If you read it understandingly you will vote against it. If you vote for it without reading you will commit a crime.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

The fate of the new charter now hangs in the balance and will be decided on Thursday of next week. It advocates declare if there is no war news that day they will win, hands down. However, if something happens in the Carribean Sea to distract the community's attention, then the chances of defeat are excellent. In the meautime, it is rather a flaccid campaign they are putting up. Outside of the *Examiner*, but little affirmative work is being done. The *Chronicle* is fighting the measure and so are the *Call* and the *Post;* the *Bulletin's* advocacy is not strenuous. However, the composition of the charter itself is extremely adroit, and it makes bids for a variety of interests that may rally to its support. It will also have the aid of the great body of citizens who, not knowing what it is about, are ready to welcome any change in conditions as an improvement. Thinking men all over town, however, have made up their minds against the measure as too violent an innovation and too dangerous an experiment. Admitting that Mr. Phelan will be Mayor next time—who will succeed him, and what certainty is there of the honesty of successive executive? Apart from the virtues or drawbacks of the measure, it is obvious the reform party, so called, lacks leadership. There is no head to its fight, and if the charter wins it will be by force of gravity rather than through able leadership.

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The extraordinary management of the Phillipine enterprise is beginning to excite criticism of the War Department at Washington. There is a curious backing and filling which no one pretends to understand. At first the administration was red hot for an expedition to relieve Dewey, then its purpose faltered. There are now in San Francisco some 10,000 soldiers, yet transports to convey but 3,000 have as yet been chartered, and no activity is being shown at hiring the others. The impression in army circles is that the second thought of the President was to abandon the business, but that criticisms in Congress brought about this later development of activity which is being expressed in the detachments of troops that are arriving here daily. If the Government actually intends to send 15,000 men to the Phillipines, the sooner it sets about the task the better. There are ships enough here to take them, thanks to the Klondike excitement, but certain preliminaries are essential and no one seems to be attending to them. In commencing hostilities under the conditions in which this nation went to war, Secretary Alger was confronted with difficulties that might well have staggered a stronger man. Successful though he may have been in business, he is in no sense an able executive, and to grapple with the enormous problems of the moment demands the genius of a Huntington. To direct armies military training is a prerequisite, just as training is necessary to run a lumber mill. Alger fought in the Civil War, but the experience he gathered there was certainly not such as to fit him for this tremendous obligation. His assistant, Adjutant-General Corbin, is not a West Point man either, and on his shoulders rests the responsibility for the mismanagement of the call for volunteers, which has been criticized all over the country. Congress is to blame, of course, for the lack of munitions of war and military equipment, but we are into the fight now and there is a need of executive genius to meet the problems our necessities have developed, No one need be surprised if in the course of a month or two Alger should follow Sherman and the Strategy Board, though perhaps the President may find him an assistant who will conceal his deficiencies.

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The possibilities of a fusion between the Democrats, the Populists and the Silver Republicans grow more remote every day, and the former is to be congratulated on the fact. The party has been Popularized to death, and it is indeed time it was restored to the Democracy. Early in the campaign the State Central Committee appointed a fusion committee. Instead of accepting this invitation to do likewise the Executive Committee of the Populists met and decided to hold their convention in Sacramento in July, quite regardless of what the Democracy or the Silverites might want to do. So the Democrats must go their own way, which is much the better plan. This independent spirit is being expressed throughout the State. In the counties where elections have been held the two parties are runniug opposition tickets, aud as between them the Democrats are having the better of it. We all know that since its organization, Populism in California has been under the control of Wardell and Cator, who run the machine to suit their own purposes. It is true that they cannot do the voting themselves, but they furnish the things upon which the party votes, and this privilege they don't intend to let slip unless a similar prominence is assured them under a new regime.

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Without doubt Judge Campbell was the most popular man in San Francisco. The basis of his favor seems to have been familiarity. He and his whiskers were known from one end of town to the other. Whenever he entered an assemblage, be it a theatre, church or prize fight, there was a general murmur of recognition and a chuckle of laughter—the tribute paid to a man who is both a humorous and kindly figure. Men smiled at the man and voted for him. Not because he was a great jurist, but because he was an amusing character and because you could depend on him if he was your friend to help you in an emergency. The Judge was not au old citizen of San Francisco. Some years ago he came here from Kansas. He was poor but industrious, and at first it was the hardest work in the world for him to pick up a living. He gradually found a clientele among the habitués of the police courts, and being an effective and industrious advocate, was soon at the head of a following. He came to be known among the "boys" who do "steam beer politics" in San Francisco—the kind of politics that count in a primary, and became a figure among them. His whiskers were a trade mark. Then he became a judge, and he remembered his clients. During the Seamen's Union strike, when disturbances were plenty, no convictions were recorded in Campbell's court. The shipowners' lawyer printed a circular calling attention to his partiality, and it endeared him to the masses. He thanked that lawyer subsequently for his assistance. The newspapers attacked him, but he did not mind. It was all advertising; it kept him before the community. In his court the form of justice dispensed was primitive, but very effective for the class of people with whom he had to deal. He had his own idea of rewards and punishments, and a shrewd knowledge of human nature prevented him erring very far.

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No sooner had the death of Judge Campbell been whispered around town than the campaign for the vacancy begun. First into the breach was "Doc" Gavigan, a somewhat notorious person, whose restless aspirations have kept him constantly before the public off and on for years back. His first step was to secure a cab, and then, accompanied by a couple of friends, Mr. McGovern was one of them and a connection of Dr. Ragan's the other, he hurried to the home of the Democratic Boss, Sam Rainey, and ruthlessly awoke him from his slumbers. The discussion, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, was long and loud and resulted finally in a pledge of Rainey's support. However, it requires more than that to elect Gavigan, even though his record as a collector of taxes may endear him to the bold spirit of Dr. Ragan and the other myrmidons of the boss.

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The dramatic contributions of Professor Du Pont Syle give weight to the Sunday *Examiner*. He is a veritable battleship among critics and it is a shame to have him firing his 13-inch batteries at mere farce comedy or vaudeville. It is a privilege, of course, to have such an authority enlightening us of a Sabbath, but one may be forgiven for regretting the absence in his style of that brightness and polish which he finds missing in our theatrical performances. One feels it is a condecension for a gentleman, who might be writing essays, to turn out critiques for a mere newspaper—but one is also conscious that his English is not nearly as admirable as his information. Of course, it is a mark of the lower order of intellect, but I would sacrifice several columns of the Professor's melancholy superiority for a few paragraphs of witty comment or trenchant correction.

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Among the uninitiated the impression was general some years ago that Remenyi was one of the great violinists of the world. The truth is that he was an exceedingly shrewd and clever Hungarian Jew, who understood his audiences perfectly and was a master of all the tricks of the instrument. Of course he assumed all the airs of the *Maestro*, but when with men who knew the difference he made no pretensions to being a serious artist. He could evolve a deep tone and could accomplish innumerable gymnastics, but he knew what trumpery it all was and did it because his audiences liked it better than the real thing. Remenyi had traveled the world over and must have made a great deal of money in his time. He was a great collector and never hesitated to ask for anything he saw, using his prestige to obtain it. If he happened to notice on the watch-chain of an acquaintance a coin which his museum did not contain, he would promptly beg for it and as often as not get it. His death though sudden was not unexpected. For some years Remenyi had been a sufferer from Bright's disease, and was especially warned to give up playing. A year ago his doctor in New York gave him five days to live, so on arriving in San Francisco and being ordered to bed he laughed at the warning and went to the Orpheum. He declared that he would die playing, and that is exactly what happened.

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During the week the city has been kept alive by the gathering at this port of the troops to be formed into the expedition to the Phillipines. The encampment at the Presidio has now been added to by the arrival of the 1st Battalion of the First Regiment of the Washington State National Guard and the 1st, 2d and 3d Battalions of Oregon Volunteer Infantry, all of whom have created a most favorable impression by their appearance, discipline and military ardor. Amongst other important arrivals have been General H. C. Merriam, commanding the Departments of California and Columbia and Major-General Elwell S. Otis, second to General Wesley Merritt, in command of the Phillipine expedition, accompanied by a large staff of officers. No less than fifteen special military trains, with volunteers from Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas and Colorado passed Ogden on the 18th instant, bound for San Francisco, and will be arriving shortly after this is written. Arrangements have been made to utilize the site of the old Bay District race-track, now graded and reserved for building lots, as a camping ground.

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Major General Merritt, who is to be the military governor of the Phillipines, is expected at any moment. General Otis has already arrived and, as commander of the expedition, has his headquarters at the Phelan Building, where he devotes his time to arranging for the transportation of the troops and the enormous number of details which that problem presents. General Merriam takes charge of the regiments as they arrive and has control of them while they are in California. Both men are grappling their problems vigorously and are showing a rare capacity for affairs. Colonel Baldwin and Captain Long have certainly done wonders so far as the Quartermaster's department is concerned. It is being abundantly demonstrated that we have the best form of ability and knowledge in our army. Let us hope the minds at Washimgton will be equally effective.

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The sudden demand upon the resources of San Francisco in the way of provisions for the encampments and for the requirements of the expeditionary force has effected a considerable clearance of the stocks on hand in stores and warehouses. The packing houses have been doing an enormous business, and in a number of directions the trade of the city has been greatly stimulated by the needs of the war. Of course, on the other hand, investors and capitalists are exercising unusual caution in their commitments, and if hostilities should be prolonged over a considerable period, involving exceptional taxation, this feature would become accentuated. The Klondyke trade, for which bait has been set, seems for the moment to be almost forgotten in the desire to catch the order for military supplies. When the Government indents for one million rations, as lately, there is lively scurrying to get a share of its custom.

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Observation of the ways and doings of the soldiers assembled here creates the gratifying impression that they may be depended upon to do their duty, even under the most disadvantageous circumstances. So far, their lot can hardly be described as an enviable one, for no sooner had they spread their tents in the military reservation than unseasonable rain brought them a thorough soaking, with the attendant discomforts of cold and mud, that they could hardly have looked for in the merry month of May. An unexpected weakness in the structure of the old woollen mills at North Beach, the property of Fontana & Co., where some of the artillery regiments were quartered, compelled their officers to remove most of the men one cold, damp night, and leave them to shift in the open. The call upon the volunteers in way of drills are very exacting and at first, of course, unaccustomed. The public knowing this, and appreciating their loyalty, would be glad to feel that they were being kept in all reasonable comfort. In order to give practical proof of this, several generous citizens have made voluntary contributions of special supplies, for which the men have been extremely grateful. The universal spirit is a desire to be actively furthering Admiral Dewey's great work at Manila, and the sooner they get to the scene of action the happier they expect to be.

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A letter from Frank Norris, who is now special war correspondent for *McClure's Magazine* and syndicate, is dated on board the New York *World's* dispatch boat "Three Friends," two miles off Matanzas. The opportunities which the war will afford Mr. Norris of becoming a prominent personage are many, and there is no doubt in the minds of those who are acquainted with his abilities that if he ever gets half a chance at describing a sea fight he will be equal to the occasion.

BOSWELL, JR.

Target practice is the great requisite in naval engagements. In the recent manoeuvres off Toulon a species of sham battle was arranged, and a wooden dispatch boat, the Petrel, was sent steaming full speed ahead. A half dozen battleships advanced upon her in line of attack and opened fire, first at a mile range and then closing in upon her. Of the first twenty shots not one struck the vessel, and it was over an hour from the time the first shot struck the Petrel before she was iunk, and this after a terrific cannonading.

In Chicago vaudeville has almost ceased to pay. Only the very greatest stars in that sort of entertainment suffice to fill houses which a short time ago ran enormous bills of "olio." Even these houses now find it necessary to make use of sketches calling for three or more people, instead of single or double "turns" of recent times. In this way the entertainments resemble the old-time triple bill of stock company days, and in this some pretend to see a gradual return to that venerated system.

Assistants of the Quartermaster

Telegraphic Headquarters

Sentry Duty in the Fog

The Seventh Regiment Marching

The Oregon Troops Drilling

SCENES AT THE VOLUNTEER ENCAMPMENT

A BATTLESHIP IN ACTION

The Story of a Naval Encounter in Mid-Ocean.

She was painted all grey, from her two huge funnels to the water-line; with her long hull, and her tangle of upper works piled together amidships, and descending forward upon the round turret, from which projected the long barrels of the twin great guns, she was like a castle set afloat upon a decked ship. The white ensign flew at the stern, the pendant, like a whiplash, streamed at the peak, and the Jack flew at the bows. Trailing a brown canopy of smoke, the battleship was steaming leisurely, with a slight rolling motion, across an empty sea.

A tiny blur appeared between the seaward verge and the white sky; then a faint blot broke the sharp and delicate continuity of the sea-line; and the telescope revealed the four funnels, all streaming smoke, of a first-class cruiser. As she grew gradually larger, the watch on the battleship descried the enemy's flag — a twinkling, vivid atom that lighted, like a match, the smouldering energies of the nine hundred men who manued the battleship. The captain entered the barbette forward — the circular revolviug steel turret from which protruded the long snouts of the two sixty-seven ton guns. The conning-tower — a squat hood of case-hardened armor, slit horizontally — projects above the roof of the barbette. Here the captain took his place. Below him, the guus' crew stood at their stations; and below the turret, deep in the belly of the ship, two men worked the hydraulic lift, which gently hoists the great projectile (six men could scarce move it by themselves) and the two great cartridges from the magazine directly to the breech of the gun. The captain gave an order; it was echoed on the instant by the captain of the gun; the barbette swung slowly round to the long sucking hiss of the hydraulic machinery; there came a little string of rapid orders as the great gun was laid to its sights, and the word was given. A catastrophic detonation, a spout of fire, and the shot struck the water into a leaping column three miles from the battleship, and, with a long *richochet*, just missed the bows of the cruiser. Instantly the second gun was sighted and fired, and the men in the tops, who could see beyond the smoke, saw a great flash — saw the distant ship stagger and heel over, showing all the cumber of her crowded decks, tiny and distinct like a toy — and the sound of a rending explosion floated across the dancing water. And the captain, staring through his slit, saw, as the smoke drifted aside, a black hulk whose sharp bows were pointed skyward; and, as he looked, the mass settled swiftly downward and was gone.

But, by this time, three black dots all plumed with smoke have risen over the rim of the sea. The battleship, altering her course, steers straight for them, and her broad keel shadows for a moment the deep sea grave of the sunken ship. Two hostile cruisers begin to converge upon the battleship; and behind the swifter vessels follow a battleship of the enemy's.

The captain in his conning-tower, with signal-buttons under his hand and speaking tubes close to his head, communicating with every part of the ship, has concentrated his whole being into a white-hot needle-point of vigilance. At a range of four miles the twin great guns of our battleship open fire on the cruiser approaching on her bows; the second strikes from a *ricochet* at a sharp angle, and explodes with a flash and a crash. The cruiser stops with a ragged hole in her side, darkness and raging disaster within her. Meanwhile the second cruiser has opened fire with her twelve-pounders, but the shells fall short and wide; and meanwhile the enemy's battleship maneuvres herself steadily nearer. She opens fire with her big guns and fires three shots, which all drop wide. "The Frenchy," thinks the bluejacket (to the bluejacket, all foreigners, as foreigners, are French), "the Frenchy is sorry now he never took no trouble with his drill."

In our battleship, down in the armored casemates which open off the mess-deck, the guns' crews are standing at their stations, awaiting orders, alert and cool as on parade. Below them, the torpedo lieutenant with his crew are waiting in the torpedo chamber beside the shining steel array of deadly fishes. Now came the order to fire from the port casemates; and the gunner, deliberate and steady, fitted his shoulder into the indiarubber shoulder-piece, with the electric trigger in his right hand, and pressed the trigger as the roll of the ship brings the sight on the gun smoothly down. To the expert gunner, these tremendous engines are easier to train than a rifle; and shot after shot of conical, case-hardened steel gets home on the cruiser. From the barbette the big guns have replied to the enemy's battleship. On such a target they work such destruction that, after much maneuvring, the enemy's guns fall silent, and smoke issues from yawning rents in her.

Aboard our battleship all went forward as steadily as drill went forward every day. Down in the swaying stoke-holds the stokers hove coal into the glowing furnaces, the engineer officer of the watch kept a wary eye on the jumping water in the gauge-glasses which are attached to each boiler and walked in the engine-room in and out the pounding machinery, feeling the bearings with his fingers, lest they be overheated. At the guns the men jumped back and forward, smart and steady on the word, loading and unloading, each man perfectly acquainted with the others' duties, as well as with his own.

Suddenly, a last projectile from the other battleship struck our battleship amidships, exploding upon the terrific impact. Fragments of steel and red-hot splinters flew aloft to descend upon the splinter nets that cover the upper deck. The shell tore a chasm in the ship's side; one of the stoke-holds was instantly filled with superheated steam and boiling water; and those stokers who could not escape from the manhole were scalded to death. A great part of the ship was plunged into darkness, for the electric wires were broken. From the darkness issue the dreadful noise of wounded men, mingled with the thudding detonation of the guns, with orders and the shrilling of bugle and boatswain's pipe. Lights, which were all set in readiness, were brought by running bluejackets, and the wounded were swiftly removed. The water-tight doors shutting off each compartment were already closed.

The guns had never ceased from firing; and, by this time, the second cruiser, a good deal battered, was sheering off at full steam ahead. She was outside the range of a torpedo; and our battleship bore up towards the crippled battleship of the enemy. As the distance lessened between the two battleships, the torpedo lieutenant, in his deep chamber, was momentarily expecting his order from the upper deck. It came — and on the instant, the smooth, swift torpedo was discharged from its tube; starting from the ship's side upon its little voyage some twenty feet below the sea level. A line of bubbles on the surface of the sea marked the track of the torpedo; at the same moment, the watch upon our battleship descried the fatal line of bubbles swiftly lengthening towards them from the other battleship. There was a rapid maneuvre, followed by a few moments of unimaginable suspense. From our battleship, the chain of bubbles was seen to pass safely astern of her; and, at the same moment, to the straining ears of the torpedo lieutenant, there came the enormous sound of a shattering explosion. From the upper deck, the ship's company of our battleship beheld a fountain of foam leap high and fall about the other vessel, as she slowly turned over, exposing her long back, red-painted below the line. She plunged sideways and downwards, and, with a mighty swirl, the insatiable sea swallowed her up.

Some hours later, the battleship was steaming upon her appointed coure, trailing her canopy of smoke alone upon the vasty circle of the sea. Far behind her, a prize crew was working the captured cruiser, which had been at first disabled, towards the nearest haven.

—*L. Cope Cornford in The Outlook.*

A "FIGARO" TEA

Impressions of an American in Paris — A Purse-Proud Millionaire.

Paris, April 30th.—The news that the United States and Spain had actually gone to war created a real sensation in the American colony here. I suppose the idea of conflict and Cuba are so familiar by this time to you at home that both have lost their novelty, but I can assure you we in Luetitia drew long breaths when we knew for a certainty the Spanish Ambassador had really taken his departure. Since then rumor has contradicted rumor. One day the story is that the *Paris* has been captured by the enemy—later that it is not true. Next we hear Havana is being bombarded and, later, that story is denied. So it is hard to know what to believe, and the safest method is to be blissfully incredulous about everything. It is unnecessary to say I have not permitted the disturbance to interfere with such festivities as present themselves at this dull period of the year.

For instance, I was at the last *Figaro* tea, which you must know, is a very smart affair and extremely exclusive. Invitations are by no means to be had for the asking—in fact, must be intrigued for. We put in an appearance at the office of *Le Figaro* at five o'clock in the afternoon, at which time the festivities are under way. Last year the quarters were rather cramped, and one was apt to have one's clothes crushed, but all that has been changed. We were ushered into the entertainment hall which has just been finished and is a delightful place; beyond is an extensive gallery and a bijou theatre. We were especially fortunate, as M. Massenet, the composer, played several tunes on the piano, as well as accompanying M. Garoute, the new tenor, in the air from "Nanon," and M. Hollmann, the 'cellist. Massenet's manner at the instrument does not resemble any of his contemporaries. On this occasion we had the opportunity of comparing him with M. Harold Bauer, Paderewski's favorite pupil. The composer has an extremely delicate fashion of manipulating the keyboard, and his interpretation of his own music is delicate and exquisite. Bauer, on the other hand, is a master of technique, and his manner reminded me of Paderewski. His hands are delicately shaped, but have marvellous power and he seems to draw every particle of sound possible from the piano. After the performance I had the pleasure of meeting Massenet, who struck me as particularly charming. He has a poetic temperament and a sort of dreamy expression that is very attractive. They say in Paris that his home life is idyllic and his wife adores him. She is evidently a superior women and above the petty jealousies. During the period of all that gossip about Massenet and Sybil Sanderson, Madame Massenet paid no attention to the rumors, but went on in the even tenor of her way.

Another affair at which there was good fun was the banquet of the American Art Association of Paris, given in honor of Thos. W. Cridler, the American representative for the World's Fair of 1900. With him were his associates, Gen. Horace Porter, Mr. Hamburger and Mr. W. A. Clark, the Montana money king. He is the gentleman who became notorious through paying $42,000 for a Fortuny at the Stewart sale in New York. Any number of great artists were there—Constant, Bougereau and Massenet also, and I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickman, of San Francisco, who were among the guests. When the time came for oratory Mr. Clark made an address on the power of money and what it should do for art, and closed by singing "The Star Spangled Banner," in which all joined, even Benjamin Constant. Between times there was lots of fun and Mrs. Dickman and I passed our menu cards round the table to obtain the autographs of the great men by way of a souvenir. Her card came back first and she invited Mr. Clark to sign likewise, saying she had the names of the great artists and should like his. He bowed, inscribed "W. A. Clark," and, turning to Mr. Dickman, who was standing beside his wife, said: "How much is it; I will pay the whole thing right now." Was not that genuine American dollarocracy?

I have been learning a great deal lately about that highly romantic personage, Prince Henri of Orleans. An American girl, who goes with the Faubourg de St. Germain set, and who often met him last season, told me some extraordinary tales of his achievements. Though he is decidedly fascinating, he is anything but an estimable young man. He goes the pace that kills at a gallop, and seems to want to excel the records of his ancestors, who could have easily given points to Bacchus and Silenus, as well as the more amorous of the deities. A few nights ago Prince Henri started for Abyssinia to join his friend Léontieff—and the Duc de Chartres is paying all the expenses of the excursion, his son's absence being in the nature of a great relief. Only for the Prince de Joinville, his uncle, this prodigal would feed on husks. The Prince is an ardent sportsman and, although over eighty years of age, still hunts the boar attired in sea boots reaching to his knees. He is deaf as a post, but as keen a sportsman as the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres, who hunt all year round. But to return to Prince Henri and his friend Léontieff, who keeps the young man well in hand. It seems King Menelek has granted this Russian adventurer a vast province, which Prince Henri is to help him to organize and govern. Léontieff has a history so strange that it might be fiction. Born of poor parents, at 19 years of age, when a simple soldier in a Cossack regiment, he was sentenced to death for having boxed the ears of a superior officer. On the eve of his execution he escaped and fled to Abyssinia. During the late war with Italy he made a fortune by introducing arms into that country from Birmingham. King Menelek appreciated his good qualities and as a reward sent him as Ambassador to Russia. The young Czar's counsellors wanted him to be shot, but Nicholas, who admired his courage and was sensible enough to appreciate the change in his position, accorded the Abyssinian Ambassador the fullest diplomatic immunity and has now charged him in behalf of the Russian Empire with a mission to Menelek. Léontieff stammers and speaks French with difficulty, but is a man of marvellous energy and grit.

We had our first trip to Versailles last week. You know this has been a rather backward year and the trees are just budding. Coaching is very popular with Americans visiting in Paris, and the road to Versailles is perfect. You go along the old historical route, past St. Cloud, with glimpses of the River Seine, past Ville de Avray and up hill and down dale to those wondrous terraces. Remembrances of the Franco-German war meet you everywhere; shells stuck in the facades of the houses until you reach Royal Versailles, with its great solemn looking buildings, its countless barracks, its *chateau*, which is charnel house and museum, and seems to hold all the glories of France. Then luncheon and a visit to the Trianon, and thence home in the cool of the evening. Every one is laughing just now over the Prince of Wales' visit to M. Faure at Nice. It appears that when the President of France called on Queen Victoria he wore white spats, so the Prince of Wales retaliated in kind when he returned President Faure's call by not wearing a top hat. The matter seems trivial enough, but the papers have taken it up, as have the clubs. And so the world wags on.

Our own true countrywoman, Princess Chimay, seems unwilling to escape notoriety. Her latest vagary has been to retire into private life. For this purpose she rented a house in a lovely place in Prussia, named Einemhof. The scenery is beautiful, being right in the midst of a forest some twelve kilometres from Luneberg. The roof is straw, the house deficient in every comfort. Rigo and the Princess went in for a life of absolute simplicity and wore the most primitive costumes. At dinner the lady was always robed in a decolleté costume, but at other times was to be seen in cottage gowns and minus a hat. The peasants in the neighborhood, however, soon learned about the couple, so they moved on. She is as ever, and he—he is a happy beast and declares: "I have everything I desire—fine clothes, good eating and the most beautiful woman in the world."

Apropos of artists, I encountered at a studio reception the other afternoon that marvelous person Boldini, who, I am told, was rather a failure in New York. No one who knows him is in the least surprised at this. His is a most eccentric and theatrical personality, and he accords himself the most extraordinary liberties with his subjects. If one is not prepared to at once assure him of your own intentions, he will find them out for himself, and a clash is certain. He was interviewed in *Figaro* about his impressions in the United States. They are not favorable. The only good things we have, he says, are those bought at exorbitant prices in Paris, and then the best of them lose their quality in "that country of tinsel and flashy decoration." He told the reporter about the generosity of New York to foreign artists, whom he says are overwhelmed with attentions. He adds, "I even saw Carolus Duran one evening walking about with all his decorations, and when a deliciously attractive young woman leaned towards me and asked who that noble foreigner was, I replied—Sagasta." There is a spice of jealousy, I fear, in all this comment. Boldini, you know, painted a portrait of Princess Poniatowski for Mrs. Crocker, but she refused it because it bore not the slightest resemblance to the subject. Indeed, it was an exceedingly smart study of no one in particular.

BABETTE.

ABOUT PERSONAGES

The Prince of Wales spent part of his holiday this year at Nice learning the bicycle. He rides a Coventry machine and managed to make good progress after a dozen lessons.

Pierre Loti, the French Acadamecian, who was recently retired from the French navy in order to devote himself to literary work, has offered his sword to the Queen Regent of Spain.

Sir Vivian Majendie, who died recently, was the expert of the English government on explosives. His book about bombs and his reports on the subjects of high explosives are authority all over Europe.

Captain Alfred T. Mahan, the eminent authority on naval affairs, has returned from England to take a position at Washington on the Board of Strategy. He traveled across the Atlantic under an assumed name to avoid unnecessary publicity.

The refusal of the Senate to confim the nomination of Henry Demas is sure to create trouble in the Republican party of Louisiana. Demas is a colored man, and quite the smartest and most unscrupulous of the New Orleans political manipulators.

Wilhelm Gericke is to wield the baton over the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He succeeds Emil Paur who it seems objected to the favoritism shown two members of the orchestra. He could not be made to understand why these two gentlemen, who were possessed of certain social pretensions, should not be subjected to the same discipline as the other members.

Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the colored poet, was recently married to Miss Alice Ruth Moore. The latter his herself a a poet and story writer and is authoress of a volume of verse, *Violets*, which quite excelled the most passionate outbursts of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's volcanic muse. Her mother is an Afro-American and her father a Louisiana Frenchman.

In the money lending inquiry conducted by a committee of the House of Commons, testimony was presented by a lender named Alfred Moore, who in 1888 began business with a capital of $40,000 and is now worth more than two two and a half million. His interest rates range from fifty to sixty per cent, his average being forty. This is better than a claim on the Klondyke.

Miss Adele Griswold Gardiner is the first of the New York heiresses to offer her services as nurse in the Cuban hospitals. She has joined the order of the Red Cross and leaves for Cuba as an assistant. Not being a trained nurse, on Miss Gardiner will pevolve the more menial duties. She is one of the most popular girls in New York society. Her father owns Gardiner's Island and at his death this property as well as a vast fortune will be hers. Miss Gardiner is twenty-three years of age, a handsome, bright, lovable girl, who has been brought up in the lap of luxury, but will leave all this to undertake what she considers her duty.

Cossack regiments are being drilled in crossing rivers on a novel sort of improvised bridge. Seven or eight lances are passed between the handles and tops of a dozen cooking-kettles and are held firmly in place by the handles, besides being tied together with forage ropes. A dozen such bundles tied together form one section of a raft or floating bridge and are capable of sustaining half a ton of weight. A section can be put together in twenty-five minutes.

WOMEN IN MEDICINE

Position of the Local Female Doctor Compared With That of Her Eastern Sister.

So much has been said of the breadth of Western opinion, as opposed to the narrow toleration of the East, that it may be interesting to contrast the career of the woman physician in both places. In California we have co-educational colleges, where the scholars study side by side without regard to sex. In these institutions the young women find the male student as a class most tolerant, and the question of sex is rarely introduced. With some of the professors, however, the female student has not a fair field. She is made to feel an interloper, and learns that in attempting to become a student of medicine she is stepping out of her sphere. In the East the undergraduates have separate colleges, and this plan has its advantages, as well as its disadvantages. The Eastern colleges are superior, in that their requirements are greater. The standard both for the entrance and final examinations is much higher and the professors more rigid, demanding, as they do, the fullest possible knowledge of the subject, and rejecting students who even show a *soupçon* of superficiality.

In California, on the contrary, any High School graduate of average intelligence may pass the entrance examinations without the slightest difficulty, and the professors as a class take much for granted in their examinations. The facilities for hospital practice are much greater in the East, and are eagerly seized by the students, whereas, in California, where the opportunity offered is meagre, the students seem to be indifferent, apparently preferring to trust to their text books. After graduation the East offers excellent opportunities for the female physician who may enter any of the big colleges—John Hopkins, Harvard or the University of Pennsylvania—for a post graduate course. In California, after graduation, the average physician puts out a sign and depends for practice on the emergency case. In former years young practitioners had a large number of charity patients, but since the free clinics have been so generally started this source of revenue, small though it might be, has been completely cut off.

The Children's Hospital in its earlier years was a great boon to the female physicians who had charge of all the wards and brought the institution far on the road to its present efficiency. Of late, however, the practice has been almost entirely given over to men and apparently without a justifiable reason. When any officer resigned from the staff there were plenty of women entitled by their rank in the profession to hold the positions and who applied, but they were ignored and the vacant places filled by men. This practice has been enforced to so great a degree that the only service in the hospital not encroached upon by the men is that of the medical and surgical wards under the direction of Dr. Merritt. In all the other branches the work is either under the entire charge of men or else divided between a man and a woman.

The female physician, as a rule, confines her practice to the diseases of women and children, but here the competition is so keen that she, as well as her fellowman, is obliged frequently to take any case she can get. There is little chance for original work here and when one compares the list of women who have attained eminence in the profession, the Eastern records completely overshadow those of California. In Chicago many of the women are called in consultation by the most capable of the men, and Dr. Robinovitch is considered by Dr. Koch the greatest authority on tuberculosis in this country. She assisted him for many years in his laboratory and has done exceedingly clever original work. In Pennsylvania and Ohio the female practitioners rank higher as a class than those of California. There is more generosity of treatment and women are very frequently consulted by the first-class male practitioners, which is certainly not the condition here save in exceptional cases, and then usually at the request of the family.

Even among the women themselves there is more friction and less co-ordination of purpose than in the East, and, although the older and more notable among them have held out a helping hand to the younger members of the profession, there is little sympathy. Women as a class are more conservative than men and Californian women are particularly slow in taking up new ideas. The prejudice against the female physicians as it exists here is almost unknown in the East.

In California, however, the County Medical Society is open to any graduate of the colleges without regard to attainments or sex, and in this respect we stand a unit. In other States women are rarely on the boards of these societies, and only after they have proven their ability to take the highest rank in their profession. We have in California some of the most able as well as the least proficient of women physicians, and some among them walk ahead of any of the men in their especial branch.

Last year the progress of railway enterprise in Japan was phenomenal. Since the pioneer railway was constructed between Tokio and Yokohama, a distance of 18 miles, in 1872, the system has been extended at an average rate of 100 miles a year, so that at the end of March, 1897, which concluded the twenty-ninth fiscal year, the total mileage had reached 2,446. At one leap, however, during 1897, no less than 530 miles approximately were added to the total, thus bringing it up to 3,000 miles in round numbers. Other lines are under construction or are projected, so that there will be no abatement in the Japanese railway development for some time to come.

There is a significant story told by the stock-ticker on the Bourses of the world. Just prior to the blowing up of the Maine Spanish four per cent bonds were quoted at 62½. To-day these bonds are offered at 30½, which places them on a basis of thirteen per cent per annum. During the first week of the current month the gold premium in Spain was 62, to-day it is 111. United States 4s are in demand at 121, ex-interest recently paid. The gold reserve in the United States sub-treasury amounts to $180,000,000 as against no gold reserve in the Spanish treasury.

Austria is about to increase her naval force and has laid aside fifty-five million florins to build ten battleships and seven second class cruisers, besides three monitors for the Danube flotilla.

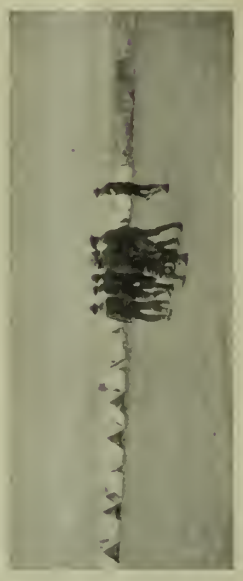
Guard Tent First Regiment: Guard with Prisoner

Supplies, First Regiment

Guard Duty

Commissary Department, First Regiment

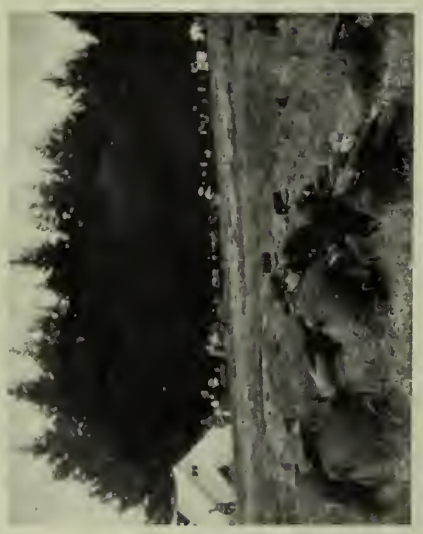
Seventh Regiment Cooks



Awkward Squad

Recruits of the Sixth at Drill

"A lady in camp"



Off Duty

Recruits Erecting Tent

Grading

After Drill

First Regiment at Target Practice

Mascot, Company G, First Regiment?

INCIDENTS OF THE ENCAMPMENT

Photographed by F. R.

PAUPER PLUTOCRATS

Millionaires for Whom Wealth is Possession Without Enjoyment.

In the sitting room of the Pacific-Union Club a group of millionaires sat arouud in comfortable armchairs, discussing politics and the war. Two lawyers and an Eastern newspaperman, who had inherited a fortune without losing any of his curiosity, were listening. Naturally enough the talk drifted to California, the drought, and then to individual instances of foresight.

"Take Henry Miller, for instance," said one man. "He has not been taken unawares—he has over 100,000 acres of alfalfa, besides having leased tule land all over the State for his stock. He's buying cattle, not selling them. That's genius."

"Miller is a genius anyway," observed another of the group. "Unless it is C. P. Huutington there is no one in California with half his grit and brains."

"But he leads a dog's life," interrupted one of the lawyers. "That man never stops; he works harder than any of his employees; he is satisfied to sleep in a cabin and dine off tough beef and bad coffee. What is the use of his wealth?"

"There is a greater satisfaction in power than in gratification," replied one of the millionaires. "No man grows rich or great save at the cost of resisted desires. Some are stronger than others and practice their economies more easily. Henry Miller is a dominant character, who loves his herds and broad acres not for the gold they represent, but because they are his own, because he acquired them. You care for a glass of good wine, sociability, and a comfortable home. Primarily these are nothing to Miller."

"You might tell us how he came to be what he is," invited the newspaper man.

"The story has been told ofteu enough," was the reply. "Like so many of us Miller came here poor. He is German by birth, was not much more than a boy when he landed here in '54, and I don't believe he has rested ever since. He went to making sausages with a Mexican butcher first, but you could not keep such an energy down. He learned to know about cattle; he bought cattle and land, and to-day the Miller & Lux Company owns 14,000 square miles of land in California, Oregon, Nevada and Arizona. He is 65 years of age now and is as indifferent to privation, as tireless and as vigorous as any vaquero on his ranges. Indeed, his greatest pleasure is to be out among these men, superintending their work, swearing at them when aught goes wrong. Though neither close nor parsimonious, he views extravagance as a crime. His business he knows thoroughly—no man in the world is a better judge of sheep or cattle—as a trader he is hard to beat; as far as his purpose with it goes, no man is better posted about land. A hundred stories are told of Miller out on the ranges—of his brusque frankness, his indifference to convention, his scorn of luxury."

"When it comes to a scorn of luxury, Miller is a sybarite beside Calvin Eastwood," interrupted another of the group.

"Never heard of him," said the retired newspaperman. "Who may he be, pray?"

"I know him," said the third millionaire, with a laugh. "A few years ago, I had a good piece of property in Los Angeles and was down there looking over my affairs. One morning I was sitting in the office at which my business is handled when a tramp entered—at least a fellow whose clothes bore evidence of extreme poverty, so ragged and weather-worn they were. Without any preface he walked up to me:

"'You are the man who owns the ——— property, aren't you?'" he said.

"I am."

"'Will you take $140,000 for it?'" he asked.

"I looked at the fellow in amazement and imagined myself the victim of a joke.

"'Oh,' I replied 'take your fun and your rags somewhere else. I've no time to fool with tramps.'

"He seemed rather pleased than otherwise at my remark and threw down on my desk a greasy card which bore the name 'Calvin Eastwood.' 'Ask the cashier up at Hellman's bank about me,' he said, taking up his hat.

"A few days later I met that official and said to him: 'Do you happen to know a ragged old cuss who calls himself Calvin Eastwood?'

"'Somewhat,' he replied· 'His check is worth half a million up at our bank anytime.'

"Next day I took a trap and chased him up, with many apologies for my mistake, but he only laughed. I sold him the land, anyway."

"Eastwood loves to pass as a pauper," commented the first speaker. "He is very rich—owns immense herds of sheep. His one purpose in life has been to increase his flock. Forty years ago he started as a shepherd boy for a Mexican, and to-day he must be worth one and a half millions. He was in court some time ago on the order of the County Assessor, for he has a trick of moving his flocks and herds around to avoid taxation. They got at his books and it was shown that in the twelve months of 1895-96, his income had been $97,000, and I presume with the Dingley tariff in force his revenue will come to $150,000 this year. Week after week this hardy Yankee sleeps on the ground, and lives on cheese and beans for days at a time. On occasions like Christmas or on his birthdays he will kill a sheep and have a feast, but at other times he only takes the ones that are ailing. His best fun is when visiting strangers warn his shepherds of the suspicious-looking tramp whom they have encountered.

"I once had a case for Louis Phillips, who is certainly one of the richest and closest men in Southern California," said one of the lawyers.

"I know him," nodded one of the group—"had business with him."

"Well, sir," continued the speaker, "that old chap has millions and yet drives the homliest plug ever seen in Los Angeles. He sets out every day from Spadra, a Mexican hamlet, to drive to Pomona, and there he spends his time playing pedro. If he wins a half dozen cigars he is happy. That is all he cares for in the world. Phillips has an income of $16,000 a month, and his family expenses are $2,000 a year. He owns some of the best business property in Los Angeles, besides numberless acres in the Pomona and San Gabriel valleys. He came to California from Bavaria when a lad and commenced life as a vaquero. When the Mexicans began to mortgage their property, Phillips lent them his hard-earned savings. Since he came to California he has never gone back, and when someone suggested that he go traveling, he said it would be an expensive bore and that he preferred pedro. He told me that his family did think of going to the World's Fair, but all they heard from the Pomona people made them realize that it was not worth while. Another time some friends of theirs teased the old people to go and see Booth and Barrett, who were at that time playing in Los Angeles. Phillips told me it was all humbug and merely a scheme to cheat folks of their money!"

"That may all be so, but Phillips is a spendthrift beside Daniel Watters," said a fourth member of the group, who has extensive interests down the San Joaquin Valley. "Watters," he continued, "boasts that he has not spent an unnecessary dime since the great year he contributed two dollars to a Fourth of July celebration. He never buys a newspaper or goes to an entertainment, but he is worth between two and three millions of dollars. I saw him first sitting in a barber's shop in Bakersfield—a little, dried-up man, with deep-set black eyes and shabby clothes. He has not been out of the place for twenty years, and yet is admirably posted about affairs the world over, and knows to a cent the price of stocks and bonds in the New York market. The story goes that Watters, who is a graduate of Yale, came to California in the early fifties to make his fortune, and amassed $20,000. He went home, spent every cent of it and returned, to find the good times over. For more than a decade he labored for a pittance and learned the value of every cent in a dollar. Then things changed; he discovered some quicksilver deposits in Santa Clara, invested in San Joaquin lands and a new fortune followed rapidly. Watters has a wife, several children and grandchildren, who have been brought up to work hard, and since they were seventeen have not received any help from the old man. Mrs. Watters did washing for her neighbors in order to earn money, and at this time old Daniel was buying land and mortgages at the rate of $15,000 per month. One story I heard about his parsimony is this: On a very hot day Watters offered his wife a quarter if she would go and see how the men were getting on in the barley field. The poor woman went some two miles over the hill to where the men were cutting grain. In two hours she returned and Daniel took a penny, divided it into four pieces and gave her a quarter!

"Glad I did not have to make *my* money," said the ex-newspaper man, getting up to go away.

"He never would have been rich, with such tastes as he has," commented one of the millionaires. And the conversation sagged back to the war. F. H. B.

THE KNEISEL QUARTETTE

Limited range of color, and a limit to the effects to be gained through the medium of the string quartette, make the appreciation accorded this form of musical presentation necessarily confined to a comparatively small cult of musicians and amateurs. But the proof that this type of performance is gaining ground with the public at large is attested by the tours of such players as the Kneisel Quartette. Up till recent times only the metropolitan cities could find a sufficiently large number of enthusiasts to support chamber music of this kind, and, a century since, the quartette of strings was a privilege certain princes and nobles took an exclusive pride in allowing themselves. Like etching, string quartette playing appeals to those who permit themselves time for the development of sensibilities to fine shades and a concentrated attention to simple things. Operatic music, combined with the inexhaustible riches of orchestral effect and color, imply a state of mind and emotion entirely the reverse from the calm and quiet necessary to the enjoyment of the pure and simple art of the quartette. Hence on leaving a chamber concert it is not to be wondered at that the ear is saluted by occasional phrases suggesting *ennui*, and remarks upon "there being nothing in a string quartette." Of course, a string quartette suggests nothing to personages enamored of the rant and fustian of opera and music drama, where the music is not as great as music where the drama is second-rate, and where the acting must necessarily be machine-made and where the singing must forever be made up of shouts and squalls fit, literally, "to beat the band." People who revel in the meretricious charms of Carmens and Mimis must expect to be disappointed in real music and real musical art.

Such a delightful novelty as Borodine's Quartette in D Major No. 2 is rarely to be heard. Such a freshness of invention and melodious charm as three of the movements contained came with the peculiarly Russian characteristic which has mercifully escaped the searchers after characteristique. When it is remembered that Borodine was a physician and chemist by profession, the spontaneity of ideas and grasp of musical expression he achieved are tokens of more than remarkable versatility. The final *vivace* fell from the general high level of romantic beauty of ideas of the other movements, and came nearly being unequivocally trivial. Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" variations served mainly to recall the alternate hootings and whisperings of local quartettes. The Schumann Quartette in A Major is not an example of inspired creation. An amount of laborious construction and rhythmic hide and seek in the Schumann manner were the main interest of this work without any of the great emotion and grotesque irony so deeply seated in this master's finest creations.

At once the superiority of a fine schooling showed in the playing of this quartette. An ensemble reaching a higher finish than anything our audiences are accustomed to, was sustained throughout all the playing—and in point of intonation this quartette maintains a good standard. Without being a leader of pronounced temperament, Mr. Kneisel is a musician of evident breadth and culture as well as energy. The 'cellist, Mr. Shroeder, in point of tone and subjective musical gift, has the highest endowment of the party. His sense of the contents of tone is complete and true—and his work is in a certain sense superior in ensemble to that of any 'cellist visiting here. Mr. Svecenski gave abundant signs of possessing the sensibility to tone and its possibilities. Without losing sight of the excellence of Mr. Kneisel's leadership, it must be remarked that his tone is by no means perfection—especially on the E string. When in the high position in strong passages, the quality has that squalling tension characteristic of a light soprano when they reach, what Rossini called, not the head but the hair register. Nevertheless, this is a minor defect, and the whole performance is one of taste, judgment and power and should be supported liberally, even more liberally than the two first concerts have been. LESLEY MARTIN.

THE RACING SEASON

A Shorter Term Would Benefit the Turf and Meet Public Approval.

To-day will bring to an end the sixth season of winter racing in California, and those who have had personal experience of the series of annual meetings will readily admit that on the whole local Turf administration has been prudent and progressive. At the same time there is still plenty of scope for improvement and much to be done in the way of elevating the sport so as to render it attractive to those who are possessed of something better than the sordid gambling instinct, which, it must be admitted, is at present too largely in evidence amongst the race-going section of the public here.

The great trouble with racing in the United States is that it is too much of a business and too little of a pleasure. Practically, nearly everybody engaged in it is absorbed in the pursuit of gain, and little of the sportsmanlike feeling which exists amongst followers of the Turf in other countries is to be found. This has not always been the case in America in general, nor in California in particular, but during the last decade or two there has been a visible shrinkage in the number of men who concern themselves with racing for the pleasure it is capable of affording, apart from the opportunities of making money. The fact remains, however, that the Turf interests of California have developed in a manner little short of amazing, when all the circumstances are considered, and it is sincerely to be hoped that they will go on and prosper. The natural advantages of the State offer every inducement to the breeder and racing man, and only require to be seconded by fair and enlightened management on the part of those who have charged themselves with catering to the public appetite for the pleasure and excitement, which horseracing alone of all forms of sport is capable of affording.

Upon the Pacific Coast Jockey Club, which operates the Ingleside track, and the California Jockey Club, holding its meetings at Oakland, rests the responsibility of maintaining clean and satisfactory sport, and, if the measure of support they receive from owners and the general public may be taken as the test of the manner in which the business of racing is conducted by both institutions, there is little left to be desired. The fact that an average of something like $3,000 is offered in the shape of prizes every weekday for six months in the year, and that both clubs are known to have been earning a handsome annual surplus, will suffice to show that there is an enormous revenue available for the support of racing. The great drawback to be contended with, however, not only here but throughout the country, is that the chief source of revenue for racing purposes is derived from taxing the layers of odds, and thus the undesirable but inevitable gambling attachment is depended upon to feed a sport that in the eyes of many people is thereby rendered not only totally unworthy of recognition but a mark for destruction. In consequence it becomes subject to periodical attacks, not always pure in intent or reasonable in character, but, nevertheless, unsettling in their nature and very damaging to the efforts of those who honestly strive to secure through racing some measure of genuine sport to brighten the life of the community.

During the season now closed outbreaks of this spirit were chronic and gave rise to threats on the part of the local municipal authority to restrict racing within the City and County of San Francisco. Fortunately the hands of the destroyers were stayed and, though the Ingleside track alone would have been affected, the movement had a weighty lessson, not only for race-course proprietors, but incidentally for breeders and owners of racing stock as well. So long as the racetrack authorities administer their affairs in a manner free from reproach, and do not lay themselves open to the charge of simply fostering gambling for the sake of the profits derivable therefrom, instead of upholding high class sport calculated to benefit the important local industry of horse-breeding, they may be sure of the support of the majority of sensible people, who will prefer to see the business of racing regulated by responsible and experienced men rather than by the fancies of faddists expressed in legislative and municipal enactments. Many of those most deeply interested in the welfare of the local Turf are inclined to the view that the racing season in California could be curtailed with advantage, and it certainly seems well worth the while of the two Jockey Clubs to consider the question, in view of the hostility that prevails in some some quarters against the prolonged term that has obtained since winter meetings were established. If they should see their way to make a change in this direction during the ensuing season they will do much to silence the opposition, and general sentiment will credit them with a desire to study the permanent interests of the breeding and racing fabric, rather than to grab every cent the tracks can earn for them at the earliest possible moment. In the end the policy suggested would redound to their advantage, for by showing themselves amenable to public opinion, without its enforcement by statute, they could safely count on being left in control of Turf affairs. It is not necessary to refer in detail to the experiences of recent years in other States in this particular direction. Suffice it to know that we have so far been gainers thereby. But, if restrictive or harassing legislation should take effect, or even be seriously promoted, and the control of racing pass from friendly into unfriendly hands, not only will the breeding and racing interests of this State be prejudicially affected, but the two fine race-courses near this city, which are the admiration of visitors and a just source of local pride, will be sadly impaired in value and utility.

It is a matter for congratulation that the relations between the California and Pacific Coast Jockey Clubs have so far been based upon friendly rivalry. So long as they remain united against outside interference, maintain their determination to provide the best sport their resources will allow, and show a proper deference to public sentiment, they are entitled to remain in control of racing affairs in this part of the world. In the wish that their continuance in that position may be assured the suggestion now made is submitted for their most careful consideration. That it will at least be received in the spirit in which it is meant is hoped from their salutary and effective action in discountenancing the proposal put forward a year ago for maintaining race meetings in this neighborhood throughout the summer.

The Cruiser "Charleston" Taber photo

A Group of Officers

Ensign Moffitt at the Breech of the Eight-Inch Guns

Wash Day

THE EXPEDITION TO MANILA

VIEWS ON THE CRUISER "CHARLESTON" AT MARE ISLAND PRIOR TO HER DEPARTURE WITH AMMUNITION AND SUPPLIES

Coaling at Mare Island

The Eight-Inch Rifle

ıkers at Work

OMIRAL DEWEY'S FLEET

WAR CORRESPONDENTS

Systems of Regulating Press Dispatches From the Front.

Washington, May 12th.—The accuracy of the war news that comes to our breakfast-table every morning is rather in question in these days of censored dispatches. It is understood that the facts presented do not represent the actual progress of events, but only such reflections thereof as may be published without benefit to the enemy. During his regime in Washington, Dupuy de Lome organized a secret service throughout the United States, and gathered much valuable information about our naval and military affairs. Polo y Bernabe, his successor, is administering this bureau from Montreal, and is a diligent reader of New York papers. The intelligence thus gathered is cabled to Spain at a cost of $1000 per day, and is doubtless used to the best advantage. There are no yellow journals in Madrid, fortunately for Spain, and our State Department neglected the obvious precaution the embroglio should have suggested. The consequence is that we have no way of obtaining secret information about Spanish dockyards or naval plans.

Our own dailies have told us at the top of their voices about the tremendous efforts they are making at the collection of news. We know that the New York *Herald* has organized a superb service in conjunction with the London *Times* and the Chicago *Times-Herald*, of which your own *Call* obtains the benefit locally. Special correspondents are on all the warships, and there are dispatch-boats with the Havana blockade and with the two fleets. The correspondents, however, are all compelled to submit their dispatches to the censor at Key West, and his judgment dictates what shall be made public. Non-compliance with these regulations forfeits the paper's privilege of newsgatherng. The Associated Press is elaborately provided with dispatch-boats, and the *World* and *Journal*, besides obtaining its news, have their own steamers plying along the Cuban coast. It is admitted at Press headquarters that Will Heaast has not shown himself equal to the emergency of the war, the *Journal's* service being undisciplined and ill-organized. It has been badly scooped a score of times since hostilities began, and by its own faking has discredited its real achievements. It is said that the high-salaried literateurs in the *Journal's* employ are all descriptive writers, not newsgatherers, and their value is in converting events occurring in their immediate vicinity into a stirring tale. Outside the range of their field-glasses, however, they refuse to be interested. In the journalistic world, the first blood, thus far, has been the *Herald's*. Its correspondent witnessed the battle of Manila standing beside Commodore Dewey on the bridge of the *Olympia*, and its account of the great affair was concise and graphic. Its rivals seem to have forgotten to provide agents with that fleet.

War correspondence in Europe, is a recognized specialty of journalism. Representatives of the great English papers follow all the field operations of the national armies. The information sent, however, is scrupulously censored, each writer being compelled to submit his report to the general in command of the expedition or to an officer specially detailed to receive it. Lord Wolseley has drafted a drastic code for the regulation of correspondents, by which they are under the absolute control of the commander of the force. Sir Arthur Kichner, leader of the Khartoum expedition, is especially averse to journalists and only permits two men—representing news agencies—to accompany his armies up the Nile. He limits messages to two hundred words and is strong in expressing his hatred of newspapers. The English policy is to control all the telegraphic facilities and in that way to restrict the transference of intelligence. No cipher messages are received. There are good reasons for these precautions. It is said that during the Afghan war of 1878-80, the Russians supplied the Afghans with valuable news about the British force operating against them, the information being obtained from the English newspapers. There is no doubt that the Russians obtained a knowledge of the fortification of Kars from the letter of a correspondent. In our own Civil War, information about army movements was frequently and plenteously supplied the South from Washington and New York papers.

During the recent war between Turkey and Greece messages from the front were frequently mutilated and indeed changed at the discretion of the Censor. One correpondent tells of having sent a dispatch saying: "The Crown Prince rode through the streets of Demoko uncheered," but, on reaching destination, it read that the Crown Prince had been "loudly cheered." In the Franco-Prussian war no correspondents were permitted to accompany the French armies, though a certain number of gentlemen connected with Parisian journals were allowed to be in the various army headquarters, the price of their stay being that their letters should be confined to glorifying the achievements of the armies. The result was that during the early part of the war the nation knew nothing of its reverses and learned them finally from English sources. The Germans, on the contrary, allowed correspondents to accompany all their armies and imposed no restrictions whatever. The field post was placed at their service for conveyance of letters to Belgium and Germany, and when the field telegraph was not being used for military purposes, it was at the disposal of the journalists, who had then to have their messages visèd. Whenever any event of great importance happened, however, the correspondents galloped to the nearest telegraph station on neutral territory and sent on their news with full details. In the Russo-Turkish war the press correspondents were treated with similar liberality. The representative of any respectable paper, who presented credentials from a Russian Embassador, was given a permit to accompany the Russian armies. It was a condition, however, that he respect the privilege, and every day a copy of his newspaper had to be sent to a certain polyglot officer, who saw that nothing dangerous or offensive had been published.

What these nations will do in the next great war is quite another story. The Kaiser is not too fond of journalistic criticism and the Czar is rather prone to a censorship of the press. The latest device of the British Government to protect its operations is to request newspapers to employ as correspondents retired army officers. Indeed, Winston Churchill, who represented one of the big English dailies in the Indian frontier campaign, is in the army and an excellent writer, as his book, recently published, attests. He was specially assigned for the service. The best work, however, is obtained from civilians such as Archibald Forbes, W. K. Rose or G. W. Stevens, who unite to a capacity to observe the ability to write brightly. Sir William Howard Russell, who was the first war correspondent, operated in the Crimean war with the greatest difficulty because he was denied subsistence or assistance from the army, and was compelled to obtain rations and a mount on his own account. It seems he was out one day on horseback watching an advance against the enemy when an officer rode out of a group and said: "General Pennefather wants to know who you are, sir, and what you are doing here?" Russell explained as succintly as possible, and was requested to state it to the General in person. He told the great man all he knew about himself. "By ——, sir," he replied, "I'd as soon see the devil. What on earth do you know about this kind of work, and what will you do when we get into action?" "Well, General," answered Russel, "it's true I know little about the business, but I suspect there are a great many here with no better knowledge of it than myself." Pennefather laughed. "Bedad, you're right," he said. "You're an Irishman, I'll be boun l."

The question—"Wh it do you know about this business?" is invariably asked the correspondent, but, really, the public from their daily papers do not seek information about strategy or tactics, bur desire, rather, a vivid impression of what is going on at the front. They want the thrilling episode, the pathetic incident—the glory, the disaster, and this the clever writer can give them to the best advantege.

In these days of rapid-firing guns and long range rifles, the duty of the war correspondent is apt to be perilous. A journalist's obligation is first to his paper, of course, and it is proper that he take all ordinary precautious against the stray bullet, but he must possess a high degree of absolute indifference to death if he would observe the varying phases of the struggle. Archibald Forbes declares that if a journalist desires a reputation he must endure more risks than fall to the lot of the ordinary soldier. Indeed, in recent English expeditions many correspondents have been slain, showing these men have not hesitated to take their share of the perils of the field. It is a matter of record that correspondents have never hesitated to render the side to which they happen to be attached a service, even at the risk of their lives. During the late war between Greece and Turkey the *Daily News* correspondent with the Greek army, describing a sharp artillery duel betweeu the opposing forces at Arta, stated that the Greek gunners were working well, but that there was" marked nervousness." He went on:

"As the feeling was apparent—and it was wholly justified—Mr. Knight and ——, who were about to write long telegrams, did not feel justified in availing themselves of the shelter of the fort for that purpose, but considered it our duty to get out our writing materials and do our work under fire. I think I am not exaggerating when I say that this decision produced excellent results. Certainly the action was appreciated. The officers thanked us most warmly; and when at length there came a long lull in the firing, all the officers and men available assembled and cheered us very heartily, an attention that we greatly appreciated."

That war is no picnic for the correspondent is abundantly illustrated by the misadventure of Charles Thrall and Haydon Jones in the present conflict. They landed in Cuba proposing to connect with Gomez's army, but were captured by the Spanish. Promptly they were lodged in Cabanas fortress, but General Blanco, at the intercession of the London *Times* correspondent, has agreed to their exchange. J. F. J. Archibald, who represents the San Francisco *Post* at the front, was in Captain Durst's expedition, which attempted to make a landing on Cuban soil. In a brush with the Spaniards he was shot in the arm. Before the war is over there will be many other casualities to record, but then by way of compensation certain men will emerge with great reputations. A war is a peerless opportunity for fine writing, and he who gives the best account of the first great naval battle will be a marked man for the rest of his life.

REUBEN FLAX.

Hugo Genthe, the German traveler, a brother of Arnold Genthe of this city, who recently visited the grave of Dr. Livingstone, under the old Mpundu tree, in Africa, found that an ornamental fence, apparently not many months old, had been erected around the tree. When Herr Genthe asked the natives who had done it he was told that "a white man and his donna," who had come from the northwest of the Luapula, had visited the grave and caused the fence to be made. This discovery has excited great interest among the European community at Zomba and Blantyre, and speculation is rife as to the identity of the mysterious and unknown couple from the other side of the Luapula who traveled so far in order to do honor to the memory of Livingstone.

The high medical authorities are not satisfied with Professor Schenk's book on the determination of sex. It is a small volume, and the theory set forth is that the more albumen the maternal organism contains the higher probability there is of male progeny. If the woman has not enough albumen, dieting should begin some weeks before conception and should be continued until the third month of pregnancy. Professor Schenk states he has observed that in years of bad crops more boys than girls are born, and says that the reason for this is that in those years the agricultural population kill and eat more cattle, and meat contains more albumen than the vegetable food consumed eaten by agriculturists.

The German Government has just published statistics showing the state of the export trade for the first quarter of 1898. It is shown that the exportations from most of the trading centers have declined as compared with those during a similar period of 1897. The most striking decrease is that of the consular district of Hamburg, which is $1,511,070, as against $3,490,990 in 1897; Annaberg, $154,590, against $190,661; Frankfort-onMain, $7,998,761, against $9,485,521; Eibenstock, $191,343, against $213,298; Breslau, $293,359, against $375,360; Plauen, $567,161, against $876,081; Berlin, $1,137,027, against $1,249,531. The district of Gera, in which woolen goods are the chief staple, shows an increase —1,455,628 marks, against 1,350,974 marks in 1897.

Richard Harding Davis has been tremendously guyed over a picture of himself which appeared in the *Critic*. It showed the novelist attired in high boots and vaquero hat for his labors as Cuban war correspondent, and made quite a striking picture. However, the photograph seems to have accentuated Mr. Davis' indisputable unpopularity

A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

Our house, dearest Diary, has been merely a resting place during the past week, for mamma, Leila and I have been [illegible] busy collecting funds and working for the Red Cross Society. It has been the end of fun, and I for one have enjoyed myself immeasurably. At first papa said I should not have anything to do with it, but when I got in my heavy work persuading, coaxing and promising to do all sorts and conditions of things for him, he was obliged to give in. He always does eventually, you know, but I have to use all my wiles first. I wonder why? He knows perfectly well what the end will be, and yet each time I have to go through the same amount of what I call "family red tape," and it is almost as bad as official.

We have besides collecting donations spent several days in making things for the soldiers. I have made every imaginable kind of pajamas for those on the sick list, and have spent all my pocket money on handkerchiefs and towels. All Wednesday afternoon we girls sewed at the Sorosis Club rooms. Nearly all the members turned up and had a busy time. The Century Club ladies also collected money, so, think, our soldiers will go off well equipped.

On Thursday evening Rose Hooper telephoned me to come down on Friday and bid her farewell, as she was to start for Europe on Saturday with her aunt, Mrs. John Tallant. There were about a dozen of her most intimate friends there — Leontine Blakeman, Ethel Keeney, Marie Wells, Marie Oge, Mamie Polhemus and some few others. Rose is to be away about a year and a half, part of that time she will spend in traveling, the remainder will be devoted to study. She is going to make her headquarters in Dresden. I believe several of the artists here have told her she has quite a decided talent for miniature painting. She will now have the opportunity of studying under the best masters. Is she not a fortunate girl? She left on Saturday; we all wished her bon voyage and hoped she would not marry some foreign nobleman.

On Saturday I went over to Berkeley, visited the various fraternities and had a capital time; the sole blot upon our pleasure was the fact that the weather was simply wretched. I looked long and lovingly at a gorgeous creation I intended wearing, but as the clouds seemed very threatening, finally decided on my tailor built gown—and did I not congratulate myself, as the heavens began telling in earnest. Our first visit was to the Sigma Chi house, which was really charming in its decorations of roses, magnolia leaves and sprays of hawthorn. There were but a half dozen boys there—Jack Barnes, who was, as usual, most gracious—he has a sort of impressive manner that I quite approve. Henry Roeding I also saw there, but there was such a number of girls surrounding each of the men that I could only get a mere glimpse of them. Of the girls some were exquisitely gowned. Agnes Duff's frock was particularly attractive; of purple and white silk trimmed in ribbons—a description cannot do justice to it, but it was really lovely. Marie Rose Deane was also very gorgeous in a pretty silk frock with lace and ribbons. Florence Green wore a delicate green organdie with sprays of flowers. From there we went to the ChiPhi house, and, as we were decidedly hungry, simply gorged on their good things. I noticed how attentive some of the boys were to others and asked the raison d'etre. It appears that they were "preps" who will enter college next year and they are being rushed just now. Of these the ones who struck me as being the nicest in every way were Bert Chandler and Hewitt Davenport. They are really fine fellows and would be an addition to any fraternity. They are handsome boys, too, and I, for one, enjoy good looks almost as much as good manners. All my best-beloveds were at the Chi Phi. Trifles light as Eyre, you know!—my ever-devoted Airy. Then dear Harry Holbrook, that least-susceptible and most constant of all my adorers. I have often asked Arthur to take note of the pretty manner in which he turns a compliment — it would win the heart of a Medusa. Then Ed Sessions, Harry Pringle, Will Denman and Ed Pringle were there, as well as their respective sisters. Of the Chi Phi chaps who worked particularly hard were the Chamberlain boys, Joe and Selah, and Fred Knight. The punch was excellent. I drank it fancying it was lemonade, as you know I have become strictly temperate since the war started. Quite a coating of girls was there. The Moores, Miriam and Frances, Idabelle Palmer, Marie Oge, pretty Frances Williams, who is a very attractive girl and has a charming cultivated voice. She reminds me of her grandmother, old Mrs. Williams, who even at eighty odd is still an exceptionally pretty old lady. Then in the rain we drove to the D. K. E. House, which was crowded with the merriest crowd and where we had a blissful time. I love the D. K. E.'s, anyway they are so full of original ideas, etc. Remember their luncheon, it was fun! The house was simply massed in flowers and so tastefully arranged. All the banisters were covered in pink hawthorn and great branches of syringa, roses and palms were everywhere. I had an excellent opportunity of examining girls and men as we remained there some time. A bevy of pretty Oakland girls, Marietta Havens and the Fores, arrived in the freshest and prettiest of organdies, which would have been lovely on a fine sunshiny day, but on Saturday looked like flowers the day after a party. Marietta's was white with black dots, Genevieve Fore was in lavender organdie trimmed with lace, Pauline in yellow. Susie Bixbee wore a pretty pink silk waist. The luncheon was also very good, and I hate to confess it, but I again went in for a heavy supply. Then on to the Betas, where we had an excellent time, and hearing that the exercises were postponed, we went to the Fiji's. There I met a number of my especial friends—dear Russell Selfridge (who saw that I was plentifully supplied, and the ice especially recommended itself, and was up-to-date). Mr. Durbrow, Mr. Hewston and several of the graduates. Then to the D. K. E.'s for dinner. About fifteen of us were there, Bernice Landers, Idabelle Palmer, Susie Bixbee, Florence Green and her pretty sister Lesley as well as dear Miss Cricket. Then home and to bed. I was slightly tired, and when I arrived in town, more than a little wet, but when I say that I had the time of my life with capitals, I am not exaggerating.

On Sunday I received in the afternoon. Clement Tobin was one of my visitors. I don't believe I have mentioned him before, dearest Diary, but I like him tremendously. He is in the first place so wonderfully patriotic in every way—insists that everything he wears must be American. I do love that quality in a man above all others, and it is rarer than you might think. Then Harry Poett, Gus Taylor, Ed Pringle and Harry Houghton dropped in and we had tea and discussed all the current affairs. A little later Louis Bruguiere, fresh from New York, joined us and described the latest points in etiquette and dress. It is marvelous what a fund of information that child possesses on all these minor topics. He advised Ed Pringle to remove his moustache or else cultivate a Vandyke beard, as in New York it is essential to be either Jacobite or else clean shaven. We had a capital time and I was in gales of internal merriment. I should not dare laugh outright before Louis lest he should send me a book of "Don'ts." He finds the Eastern girls much better bred than we are anyway, which is discouraging enough. I am going to have him give me regular lessons if he will, though I am sure he is too courteous to refuse.

On Monday I worked for the Red Cross. On Tuesday saw about entering my doggie in the Bench Show, where he, of course, took a first prize. Wednesday morning I was down at the Pavilion arranging and decorating his kennel.

On Wednesday evening Papa, Arthur and I went to the dog show and were in high feather when we learned our beauty had carried off a first prize. The dogs were great on the whole and seem tremendously excited, the big dogs, however, don't appear to like the admiration and have an air of dignified disgust that amused me. However, the people were of more interest than the canines, as quite a number of the fashionables turned out. I saw the Ed Schmiedells, Webster Jones, Mrs. Gus Spreckels and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, who were gorgeously attired in light silk ealling toilettes; Alice and May Hoffmann, Mrs. Wm. Hooper—whose dog carried off a first prize—Mr. and Mrs. Jouett, Marie Wells, Marie Oge, Frances Williams, the George Boyds and a host of others. All wore tailor gowns save half a dozen, and the hats were on the flower garden order. I did not see any of the Tea crowd, but suppose none of them are interested in men's most familiar friends. They are evidently quite unlike a prominent member of the San Francisco Riding School, who says: "The more I see of men the better I like horses and dogs."

Another surprise awaited me on Thursday, when Marie Wells left on a four months' trip to Alaska, British Columbia and a wind-up at Banff, the fashionable watering place of the north. Marie was in the gayest spirits starting, and had oceans of flowers, which filled her drawing room in the Pullman? Is she not the luckiest of mortals?

Everyone is talking of departing in the summer. Del Monte is to be unusually gay, as the Eastern Annex has been already engaged by people from the New England and Southern States who usually go to Europe at this season, but on account of the war are coming here. The Blakemans, Bruguieres and Keeneys have engaged rooms there for July. The golf grounds were wretched last year, but I hear that they will be remodeled and put in condition for playing. I may go there after, I am tired of San Rafael; that is, if the war does not cripple dear papa. The Davidsons have gone to San Rafael for good, and Dr. Richter has taken their house on Fillmore street.

I forgot to tell you that I went to the California Theatre to see "Moths" on Monday. A great crowd of us were there, chiefly to see Miss Young, who made her debut on that occasion. She is the daughter of Colonel Young, you know, and looks every inch a thoroughbred. She is a tall, slight blonde, has auburn hair and a very pleasing stage presence. I should really like to resemble her, which is a great deal for Miss Cricket to say, for, as you know, I am pretty well satisfied with myself. There was a very fashionable house. Mr. and Mrs. Homer King, Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey, Aleck Rutherford, Mrs. Eleanor Martin and Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill were there. I suppose you have learned that Walter Martin was groomsman to Clarence Mackay. I like Walter best of all that family—he is bright and lively, and is such a gentleman in every way that he is respected by the men and all the girls like him.

The Bruguieres have returned from New York and met their new daughter-in-law, Madeleine, who has quite won their hearts. You know she is just as sweet as possible and her hair is something to dream of—it has such an unusual shade in it. I suppose it would be called auburn, but has a different look, more on the magenta tone that is both effective and unique.

On Friday we all went to a luncheon given by Susie Blanding. It was a tremendously swell affair and the table was lovely. Della Davidson, Edith McBean, Helen and Edna Hopkins, and Margaret and Kate Salisbury were there.

Leila left on Thursday for the Santa Cruz Mountains, where she went with some seventeen young people. Mrs. Bishop invited them to a house-party in their lovely place there. Marie Voorhies and Leila are the only older girls, all the others being University lads and lassies—Florence Green, Susie Bixbee, Snooky Voorhies and that crowd. They expect endless fun and I don't doubt they will have a capital time; they are to return in a fortnight.

I am so tired, Diary dear, as I have been doing Red Cross work all day. I wish I were as successful as Helen Dean—her collections have simply been enormous, and she has been so wonderfully energetic that I am proud of her. When we others contemplate what she has accomplished we feel ashamed of our meagre efforts. And now having confessed all my sins of omission and commission, as well as my good deeds, I shall say farewell. Oh, I am tired! Your weary-eyed

MISS CRICKET.

* *

In Oakland, last week, the principal topic of discussion was Fabiola Day, and many and gorgeous were the costumes prepared for it. When the morning came, with the heavy lowering clouds, there was a general depression of spirits, and at last as the rain fell steadily the greater number gave the races up altogether and remained under the shelter of their own roof tree. It was dreadfully disappointing from a monetary as well as from a social standpoint. Among the more superstitious it is believed that the prayers of the Rev. Dr. Dille caused the downpour, as he preached and animadverted against the races. Of those who were undeterred by the elements were Mrs. Henry W. Wetherbee of Fruitvale, Mrs. and Miss Carrie Little, and Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Perine. The ladies all wore the national colors, one in red, another in yellow, a third in blue. The horses were decorated also. Mrs. Oscar Luning was there with Miss Lettie Elsey, Mrs. Remi Chabot had Miss Chabot, Messrs. Hawk Bocqueraz and Dr. Medros. Mrs. W. A. Barton had Mrs. John and Miss Grace Barton and Mrs. Dunning. The races were exciting in spite of the storm, and although the receipts were small every one had a jolly day

A very pretty tea was given last week by Miss Kate Clement in honor of her cousin Miss Frances Williams, who is visiting here from South Africa. The Clement home was decorated in sweet peas and roses. Miss Belle Mhoon, Miss Marguerite Jolliffe and Misses Coralie and Edith Selby assisted in receiving. Another interesting affair was the card party given last week by Miss Mabel Rutherford in honor of Misses Bertha and Bernice Young of Honolulu. Miss Florence Mason, Miss Reed and Miss Grace Hampton, assisted in receiving. The rooms were prettily decorated in red. Miss Dora Craig carried off the first prize, a dainty little silver photograph frame. The other prizes were won by Miss Nellie Young and Miss Augusta Kent.

A charming affair was the garden party given by Mrs. Phoebe Hearst to the graduating class of the University of California on Monday. Mrs. Hearst was assisted by Miss Nellie Hillyer. The house was exquisitely decorated and a string orchestra played selections during the afternoon. Mrs. Hearst visited all the fraternities on Class Day and seemed to enjoy the young people.

On Friday evening President and Mrs. Martin Kellogg entertained the members of the senior class and the members of the Faculty. The affair was very similar to all entertainments of the kind. There were a number of affairs on Class Day beside the usual Fraternity receptions, but owing to the inclemency of the weather several of them were postponed. The dance given by members of the Beta Psi Fraternity was unusually successful, however, and both men and maids had an enjoyable time.

A pretty affair, which, however, was not patronized as it should have been, was the garden party in aid of the Unitarian Church of Berkeley, given at the home of V. D. Moody. There was an interesting musical program in which Miss Evelyn Henry, Mrs. Olive Reed Cushing, Miss Alice Bacon, Mr. Wismer and others took part. Later refreshments were served. The garden was hung in Japanese lanterns and looked most attractive.

* *

Kenilworth Inn, at Mill Valley, is rapidly filling up, quite a number of people having engaged rooms for the summer. Among them are R. Peixotto and family, Mr. and Mrs. Auzerais, Mrs. James Detrick and Miss Detrick, Mrs. O'Neil and family, Mr. and Mrs, A. A. Heymann. Among recent visitors there were Mr. and Mrs. George E. Morse, Mrs. G. H. Evans and Mrs. F. Agée.

New Stationery.

Several new papers are being shown by Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers. The most popular among these is the "Swallow Blue" and "Regimental Gray," which come in a variety of new shapes.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St. stands without a rival and has stood the test for years The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch

Physicians desiring a genuine old Port Wine of perfect and reliable purity should not forget to try the "Commendador" and "Palmeiro" Port Wine of Messrs. Dch. M. Fuerheerd Jr. & Co., Oporto, Portugal. To the invalid these wines will prove invaluable as a restorative, their great maturity in wood rendering them easy of digestion, while retaining great strengthening and recuperative properties.

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The Royal is the highest grade baking powder known. Actual tests show it goes one-third further than any other brand.

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THE THEATRES

Passing Comment on Contemporary Performances.

At the Alcazar Bronson Howard's simple but entertaining little drama "Young Mrs. Winthrop" has been successfully produced and well received. In the part of the lady of society, who treats matrimony and divorce as amongst the jokes of existence, the newcomer, Miss Jessie Shirley, is distinctly in place, and shows considerable stage ability. Gertrude Foster as Mrs. Winthrop has a neutral-tinted way of expressing a highly sentimental character, and leaves one with a feeling of disappointment throughout. Florida Kingsley, as her blind sister, well acts the part, and Mrs. Bates, whom white hair well becomes, is thoroughly at home as the gentle-hearted mother of Douglas Winthrop. The last-named character has been well studied by Wright Huntington, who only needs to drop some of his artificial manner to take rank as an actor of real merit. Wallace Shaw fits the attorney's role to a nicety, and, as usual, secures a large measure of approval from his audience. Bronson Howard's little play is in every way wholesome and refined in sentiment and a pleasant relief from the usual run of modern domestic dramas.

* *

Robert Mantell's engagement at the Columbia will be prolonged a week beyond the original contract, so popular has it proven. "The Face in the Moonlight" was revived this week. The clever romance has lost none of its popularity and Mantell none of his skill in the dual roles of Victor Ambrose and Ferrand. Mr. Mantell's work in these characters has been reviewed before in this column. His company is exceptionally well balanced, the stage management prompt and businesslike.

* *

DRAMATIC NOTES

"Moths" will be played for the last time at the California Theatre on Sunday evening.

Clay Clement is soon to appear in this city in his own comedy, "The New Dominion."

The only evening performance of the Passion Play will be given on Monday next at the Baldwin Theatre.

The cast included in the "Poster." beside the usual members of the Tivoli Company, are Mr. Frank McGlynn, who will make his first appearace, and Miss Florence Walcott.

Edith Crane, since she last played here in "Trilby," has been a member of Daly's stock company, and has won fresh laurels. She will open the Frawley engagement in Stephen's clever play, "An Enemy of the King."

Mary Elizabeth Lease, the woman suffragist, who is to lecture at the Baldwin Theatre on Thursday evening on "Signs of the Times," is said to be the brightest as well as the most prominent of the woman reformers.

That a brilliant artist can always fill a San Francisco theatre is evidenced by the demand for seats to the Ysaye concert at the Baldwin on Tuesday evening, May 24th. Ysaye will be assisted by Gerardy, the great boy 'cellist, and M. Aime Lachaume, pianist.

A grand concert is to be given in aid of the Red Cross League and St. Peter's Episcopal Church, on May 26th, at the Association Auditorium, corner Mason and Ellis streets, by the Knickerbocker Concert Compnay, assisted by Mrs. Eva Tenney, Miss Alice Woods and the Brown Mandolin and Guitar Trio.

So popular has been the engagement of Robert Mantell at the Columbia that the management has made an arrangement for an additional week. On Monday and Tuesday "A Secret Warrant is to be played, on Wednesday and Thursday "Monbars" and the remainder of the week "The Face in the Moonlight."

The Hopkins Trans-Oceanic Vaudeville Star Specialty Company will open at the California Theatre on Monday evening. The company is said to be first-class. Among its members are Mr. Dan Polk, the leading banjoist, formerly of this city, Harry Kessler, Mary Arniotis, Prof. Leonidas and his trained animals and others.

The Lewis Morrison engagement begins at the Alcazar on Monday evening next with "Yorick's Love," by William Dean Howells. Mr. Morrison brings with him Miss Florence Roberts, a very clever dramatic actress, and his own stage manager. The leading members of the Alcazar stock company will assume the other roles. The play is on the Elizabethan order and the costumes magnificent.

Six new acts are featured at the Orpheum for next week. At the head of the list is Ezra Kendall, who has been considered the funniest monologue artist on the vaudeville stage. Carroll Johnson is well known in his black face specialties, while Al Leech and the three Rosebuds are said to give an exceedingly funny act. Colby & Way, ventriloquists and dancing doll, the Sa Vans, comedy acrobats, and Harry Allister, mimic and impersonator, complete the list of new people. Kerner's Living Pictures closes its engagement this week.

A positive novelty and one that from patriotic motives alone should cause genuine interest in the community, is the comic opera "The Poster," which is to be put on at the Tivoli Opera House next week. The piece is written by local men, the librettists, Mr. Carpenter of the *Evening Post* and Mr. Wilson, being well known here. Mr. Carpenter contributes the "Out of the Groove" anecdotes, which have long been a favorite feature of the *Post*, and has also been responsible for several of the smart skits that have appeared in that journal. "The Poster" is a satire on the poster craze, and the music is said to be new, bright and pretty.

Rubber heels: Easy walking, no fatigue. At Dietle's, 235 Bush street.

Japanese Sakura.

Fair buds, as sweet as heaven's breath,
Which bloom themselves to early death!
Their beauty passing fleetly by,
And leaving but a memory.

The promise with which April thrilled
Is still, at May-time, unfulfilled.
No leafage screens the slender thorn,
No fruit is ever even born.

The petals fall to our delight,
A fragrant show'r of pink and white;
Like od'rous snowflakes drifting down
To join their sisters turning brown.

'Tis so with men sometimes. They live
And transient light and sweetness give,
Then fade and die while nothing stays,
To show that they have gone their ways.

Perhaps 'tis better than that strength
Of hate and wrong should curse the length
Of years, unworthy, they might spend,
Though fame and riches crown the end.

MRS. DOUGLAS ADAM.

San Francisco, May, 1898.

The sewage farm at Acheres, which is fertilized by the sewage of Paris, has been successful both for the purification of the sewage and the production of various crops. The sewage, which amounts to 17,660,000 cubic feet per diem, flows as far as Clinchy by gravity, and is there raised 118 feet and distributed over the farm. At present the pumping station is of 1,200 horse power capacity, but is to be increased to 6,000. To deal with the output of the Paris sewers would require a farm of 11,120 acres instead of the 2,471 now under cultivation. The land is worth five times as much as previously, and many of the land owners are eager to have the sewage supplied to their properties. When the sewage leaves the farm so great is the degree of purification attained that a bacterial examination reveals fewer bacteria to the cubic centimeter than is the case with most streams supposed to be uncontaminated.

Dr. G. A Danziger, Dentist, 22 Geary street

PILAR MORIN

Impressions of a Bewildered Interviewer, Together with Some Comment on Pantomine.

Pantomime is an art and an accomplishment. In the case of Pilar Morin, the clever artist who is at the Baldwin, it is also a fascination. She told me, when I talked with her, that the gift had been born with her, that as a tiny girl she had preferred expression to speech and that her education had merely been a modification of her intuitions. I believed every word of it. That institution in Paris where they teach the language of signs and motions may be an inimitable modulator, but one is willing to dispense with its discipline when such mediums of communication are available as the eyes of Pilar Morin. It would be improper to say that their glances *embrace* all the European languages, because that would reflect on Oriental tongues and on the conversational idiom which the English call "American." Besides, the lady is in private life Madame Aime Lachaume and the Cupid in the "Dresden Shepherdess" is her son. However, if those orbs—yes, there is no exaggeration, *orbs*—were the sole means of expression vouchsafed their owner, and you were a Patagonian, it would indeed be a stupid Patagonian who would fail to understand every word she said with them.

The eyes were my first impression. How long it was afterwards before I became conscious that she was really speaking and, with her lips, I shall not confess. Anyhow it was quite superfluous. There were dozens of communications in her cheeks, in the corners of her mouth, in the tilt of her chin. I'm giving the simple truth when I tell you Pilar Morin talks with every limb, member, feature and nerve. After her eyes, though, I think I would prefer to interview her hands.

Perhaps I was a bit confused by the volume and battery of Madame's expressions. Any one who has seen her in "Old Japan," or in the "Dresden Shepherdess" will understand. She is deliciously flexible—as mobile as quicksilver and as vivid and lithe as a humming bird. The temptation was irresistible to follow the flow of a sentence from the tips of the beautifully rounded fingers and along the curves of the arms and to watch her illustrate it with her shoulders, italicize it with her lips and finally illuminate it with her eyes. The effect was like turning the pages of an *edition de luxe*—the text is the slightest consideration—insignificant in comparison to the type, the cream laid paper and the pictures.

However, I do remember that Madame Pilar Morin said pantomine is hard work, though it may seem like play from the orchestra stalls. She is worn-out after her performances—every nerve tingles, every muscle aches. She explained how a pantomine is staged—how the action is suited first to the words and then to the music. There are elaborate rehearsals in which every nod, beck and shrug are practised a hundred times.

"Having found a story," she said, "it must be dramatized next—set to words, just as though it were comedy or tragedy. Then you must prescribe a gesture for every thought—a gesture that is as significant, as explicit as the idea it expresses. In the meantime, my husband, Aime Lachaume, takes the tale and works it out in music. Every phrase is a word; ever chord indicates a thought. At first, when we rehearse, we repeat the dialogue—I insist it shall be done. Then, when we have the music guiding us, it is not necessary."

There you have a suggestion of what the eyes and the fingers and the shoulders told me. There was much else—the details of the art—the prescribed language of expression, the adaptability of the Americans—very serious and important and instructive too. I listened intently, but if I forgot more than I remembered it was merely because my eyes insistently set more interesting words to the ebb and flow of Madame's adorable fingers. I submit, inattention was never more attentive, or more admiring.

You should hear how Pilar Morin tells one "good day." It is fascinating—by the way, she talks excellent English, with only the delicate flavor of an accent to remind one of her nationality. Stop, though. It is not safe thus to judge by immediate oral impressions, for the clever pantomimist is Spanish, educated in Paris, and if the women of Japan were only pretty and clever in addition to being quaintly graceful, Pilar Morin might be a sister of Madame Chrysantheme.

SPENSER MASTERS.

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Clinical experiments in cases of pneumonia in horses, made at the New York State Veterinary College, Cornell, are thought to have some significance in treating similar diseases in men. These experiments showed that large quantities of water containing an antiseptic (hydrogen peroxide) can be used to flood the lungs, thereby, if poured in rapidly, washing out the lung passeges thoroughly, since the fluid is then ejected, or, if poured in slowly, healing the diseased tissues, by which very great quantities of the fluid will be rapidly absorbed. The experimenters injected into the lungs of a horse one and one-quarter gallons of water in ten minutes, and by this process, repeated daily, restored to health what seemed an animal fatally diseased.

Sixteen thousand dollars is said to be the record price paid for a cablegram, that sum having been paid for a message sent by Mr. Henniker Heaton to Australia on behalf of the British Parliament. Reuter's account of the murderer Deeming's trial, 4,000 words, cost $8,000. A 1,800-word dispatch from London to Argentina cost $7,500. The most expensive private message so far, is that sent by the King of Italy to the Duke of Abruzzi at Rio Janeiro, informing him of the death of his father, the late Duke of Aosta, which cost $2,670. The New York *Times's* cable dispatch of the proposed Spanish treaty some years ago cost $7,000.

An excellent remedy for insomnia will be found in the famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey, taken at bedtime. Your druggist has it.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

A gentleman's drink, is the famous old Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey.

Quite the feature of the exhibition of the State Floral Society at Golden Gate Hall last week was the display of J. H. Sievers, which included roses, carnations, pelargoniums and orchids.

GERMEA

The Ideal Breakfast Dish

Pears'

Which would you rather have, if you could have your choice, transparent skin or perfect features?

All the world would choose one way; and you can have it measurably.

If you use Pears' Soap and live wholesomely otherwise, you will have the best complexion Nature has for you.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.

A STUDY IN HUSBANDS

Marital Distinctions in Gertrude Atherton's New Novel.

A fanciful San Francisco it is that Gertrude Atherton imposes upon the readers of *American Wives and English Husbands* (Dodd, Mead &Co.). You would never recognize either place or people. Her heroine, Lee Tarleton, spends her childhood in a Market street boarding-house, and subsequently is adopted by a Southern lady who has a mansion on Rincon Hill and strong prejudices on the subject of chaperones. She is educated by private tutors, grows clever and fascinating and handsome, and at eighteen makes her debut in a black gown. On that momentous occasion, robed in blue-black gauze—the same shade as her hair—she gazes at herself in the glass and remarks, "I may not be a great beauty, but I *am* stunning." Subsequently this wondrous maiden, so strictly Californian, as opposed to Eastern or Southern or European, marries the most impressive and magnificent of Englishmen, and remarks apropos of domestic as opposed to foreign marriages: "If I marry an American, he will spend his life buttoning my boots. If I marry an Englishman, I should spend my life pulling his off."

This latest effort of Mrs. Atherton's industry has been lavishly praised in England. Even the *Saturday Review* condescends to generosity. The lady is discusssed as *the* woman novelist of America, and her future is considered important enough to be a subject for speculation. That the book is readable, is certain; there is a story and it is unfolded with vivacity and skill; the situation has a distinct social interest in this era of international marriages. Yet the performance is a disappointment. In *Patience Sparhawk* there were passages of excellent writing and thinking—passages of reflection and observation that balanced, indeed compensated, for the extravagant sensationalism of the plot. Though it may have been a species of "yellow journalism," it was notably interesting and extraordinarily modern. *American Wives*, etc., is fluent and facile, just as its immediate predecessor, *His Fortunate Grace*, was, but as serious art, it has no importance whatever. It is not to be compared with *The Doomswoman* or with certain short stories that deserve more attention than they commanded. Mrs. Atherton seems to have two modes of production—a quick, easy, smart manner, in which circumstances and conditions are indicated rather than expressed, and a manner that is slow, painstaking, able and conscientious. *Patience Sparhawk* represented the second mode, and *American Wives* the other. A combination of the two might solve the problem. There is an available idea in the latter book, and the incidents are in reasonable perspective, where the events of *Patience* were grotesque. Indeed, that book was a veritable mesalliance between a Bourget method and a *Family Herald* plot.

American Wives is fairly divided between California and Yorkshire. Lee Tarleton is represented as a high-class California girl, and the intention of the writer seems to be to discriminate between the aristocratic and the vulgar American types. We learn that the English are ignorant of class distinctions in this country—that all Americans are alike to them." Mrs. Atherton knows better, and punctiliously sets forth the variation. Her heroine is a descendant of the Lees, and is related to the Breckenridges and Carrolls. Her father lost his money in the Bonanza excitement and blew out his brains. The mother and Lee live together in Mrs. Haines' boarding-house on Market street. There Lord Maundrell and his son Cecil come—incognito—and Lee and the little English boy become playmates, and agree to marry one another when both are old enough. Soon after this Mrs. Tarleton dies and there occurs a consultation among the Southern aristocracy of San Francisco as to who shall adopt Lee. It is settled that Mrs. Montgomery may have her, and henceforth the girl lives in affluence under Southern conditions that afford the strongest contrast to her previous life, in which she grew hold, free and independent. Thus the manners of Virginia were grafted on irrepressible and unshackled California.

Throughout all this narrative that takes one to Lee's debut, there is nothing that truthfully represents California. The situation set forth is created to fit the author's intentions. There is not a touch of reality about the society that is depicted as surrounding the heroine. No one knows better than Mrs. Atherton that the Rincon Hill setting is imaginative; the young men who go to the Montgomery house are not Californians, or anything else for that matter. Save for the privilege of making Lee a California girl—and, as I have said, to develop the theory of the book—the scene might as well have been set in New Orleans. Omitting the amazing disregard of dates and facts—which, as a matter of course, are only locally important—the author has no right to convert a youth, who has just graduated, into a wealthy and successful architect, or to make the heroine rich through a railway cutting off a section of her ranch and an earthquake shaking out some mineral springs, which make the property a health resort. This is a fatuous waste of material and fatal to the quality of the composition. There are two or three backgrounds, however. Here is a view of Market street:

Mrs. Hayne's boarding house stood on the corner of Market street and one of those cross streets which seem to leap down from the heights of San Francisco and empty themselves into the great central thoroughfare that roars from the sandy desert at the base of Twin Peaks to the teeming wharves on the edge of the bay. On the right of Market street, both on the hills and in the erratic branchings of the central plain, as far as the eye can reach, climbs and swarms modern prosperous San Francisco; of what lies beyond the less said the better. On the left, at the far southeast, the halo of ancient glory still hovers about Rincon Hill, growing dimmer with the years; few of the many who made the social laws of the Fifties cling to the old houses in the battered gardens; and their children marry and build on the gay hills across the plain. In the plain itself is a thick-set, low-browed, dust-colored city; "South of Market Street" is a generic term for hundreds of streets in which dwell thousands of insignificant beings, some of whom promenade the democratic boundary-line by gaslight, but rarely venture up the aristocratic slopes. By day or by night Market street rarely has a moment of rest, of peace; it is a blaze of color, a medley of sound — shrill, raucous, hollow, furious — a network of busy people and vehicles until midnight is over. Every phase of the city's manifold life is suggested there, every aspect of its cosmopolitanism.

By way of defense, Mrs. Atherton may claim her intentions were matrimonial not scenic. She sets out to distinguish between American and English husbands. Through the courtship of Cecil Maundrell and Lee, she indicates the Englishman's attitude towards his wife as opposed to the American, illustrated by the proposal of Randolph Montgomery and the relations of her father and mother. Here, for instance, is the Southern husband:

"Did you never, never button your own boots, mammy?" asked Lee one day, as she was performing that office.

"Never, honey. When Dinah was ill your father always buttoned them, and after she died he wouldn't have thought of letting anyone else touch them; most people pinch so. Of course he could not do my hair, but he often put me to bed, and he *always* cut up my meat."

"Do all men do those things for their wives?" asked Lee, in a voice of awe; "I think they must be very nice."

"All men who are fit to marry, and all Southern men, you may be sure. I want to live long enough to see you married to a man as nearly like your father as possible. I wonder if there are any left; America gallops so. He used to beg me to think of something new I wanted — something it would be difficult to get; and he fairly admired to button my boots; he never failed to put a little kiss right there on my instep when he finished."

This is the man who, having lost a fortune in stocks, shoots himself, leaving his wife and child well nigh penniless. The average American husband is Randolph, who proposes and is rejected. Here is his ideal:

"Why do you suppose I am working like a dog?"

"To get rich and ahead of everybody else, of course. You want to be an architect that all America talks about, and to make stacks and stacks of money."

"You are right as far as you go. I want to get to the top, and be the first in my line, and I must have wealth; but the two are as ashes without the woman. I not only love you, but I should be prouder of you than anything else that I achieved. If I made millions you could spend them, and the more you dazzled the world the better I should like it. You should never have a duty that was repugnant or irritating to you, and never a wish ungratified."

"Would you button my boots?" asked Lee, merrily.

"Of course I would."

"I don't believe you'd have time. You'll never be through getting rich, if you are like the other millionaires of San Francisco. Tom says they work like cart-horses from morning till night, and then die in harness."

"Every man with energy and ambition wants to make his pile; and then, of course, when a man has made millions he must watch them or they will run away; but I should always *know that you were there*. That would satisfy me."

Though Cecil Maundrell is undeniably intensely in love with Lee, he refuses to relinquish his individuality to her whims, but insists upon being himself. Soon after their engagement Lee asks if most English marriages are happy.

"Probably not," he replied, "but the point is that if you marry your own sort you know where you are. If I had ever met an English girl who attracted me one half as much as you do and had married her, we should have followed along certain traditional lines and got along fairly well, even if there was no great happiness. You see, an Englishman is certain of several things if he marries a perfectly normal Englishwoman of his own class. She will obey him, she will have as many children as he wishes, her schemes of life will be his, and no matter how bright she may be she will adapt herself to him—which is not the least important point. An Englishman simply cannot adapt himself to anybody. It isn't in him. He can be a good husband on his own lines, particularly if he loves his wife; and if he loves her enough and she makes herself more charming than other women, he'll be faithful to her and do what he can to make her happy. But she must adapt herself to him."

The final development of the racial distinction between the English and American husband occurs two weeks after their engagement. Maundrell is given a chance to shoot a grizzly bear and gladly accepts the invitation. Lee is vastly indignant:

"We have not been engaged two weeks. Do you really mean that you will—that you can leave me for a loathsome grizzly bear?"

"I don't want to leave you, of course. Couldn't you come too?"

"And rough it? I never even camp out in the redwoods; and you have no idea what traveling in the wild parts of California means."

"Of course you mustn't come, then. But, you see, this is my only chance; and that is one of the things I came to California for—one that I started round the world after, for that matter. Surely you wouldn't have me miss it! You told me to-day that you understood my feeling for sport."

"I don't understand at all how you can leave me! I'm not your own sort, you see, or, doubtless, I should."

"It isn't that only. You have led too many men round by the nose."

"Not one of them would have left me for a *bear*."

"Which does not argue that they loved you better than I, merely that they are different. None of them succeeded in winning you, I may observe; and the way you treat them when they bore you makes me blush for my sex. Yesterday you fairly swept Mr. Geary out with a broom."

"I wanted to be alone with you."

However, in spite of her anger and protests, he catches her in his arms and declares they will be married in due course. She adds:

"I wish I had more influence over you."

"You mean that I was your blind besotted slave. When you have forgotten your false ideas of the relations of men and women, and accepted the right one, you will not bother yourself about trifles; and there is no reason why anyone should be happier than we."

"After I have adapted myself!"

He gave her a little shake. "When you have swung round to the old world, and the only logical point of view. A state of society is all wrong where women rule—that is to say, it is in a semi-chaotic transition period. When your greatest country on the face of the earth has shaken down, men and women will occupy the same relative positions that they do in older countries. And there will be fewer divorces."

The heroine has now to adapt her Californian individuality to her husband's notions and the problem is difficult. Her type finds a contrast in Lady Barnstable, the Chicago heiress, whom her husband's father had married, a loud, vulgar, pushing woman, who lives only for society. We have life in an English country house described from the American point of view with great frankness and vim. Lee grows admirably subordinate. She acts as her husband's secretary when he enters Parliament, studies with him and realizes his intellectual superiority. Then comes the reaction, brought about by a visit from Randolph, to whom she tells all her troubles. She declares she must go back to California for a trip to regain her poise of mind. But there occurs another solution of the situation, which, while it makes a conclusion, leaves the problem unscathed. It may be said that the latter half of the book, of which the scene is set in England, is much better than the California chapters. The material is more skillfully managed and the action more logical. Quite the best effect in the book is the character of Cecil Maundrell, who, though rather statuesque, does really approximate the type he is drawn to represent. As for Lee—she is neither a type nor a personality—but an artificial figure created to do special duty as the American wife of an English husband. As *Patience Sparhawk* represented, in a way, the invasion of New York by California—so here the Californian — a refined and modified Patience—conquers English society. C.

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BOOK NOTES

The King of the Town, by Ellen Mackubin (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers).

Probably without intention Miss Mackubin has written a sermon to those among us who are accustomed to sneer at the attempts of reformed rakes. The King of the Town, Dare, is a man of this calibre—a one-time scoundrel who attempts to efface the memory of the crimes and misdeeds of his earlier life by helping his fellows. The scene is laid in a rough mining town in Montana, where Dare exerts a beneficial influence over the rougher element. Some miles distant is a military post whose commanding officer has known the hero under less favorable auspices, and rather sneers at his conversion, deeming its motive self-aggrandizement instead of self-sacrifice. The tale deals with the strongest of human interests and is briskly told.

Social Pictorial Satire, by George Du Maurier (Harper & Brothers).

George Du Maurier gives here a brief sketch of the progress and changes in "Social Pictorial Satire" from the earlier days of Richard Doyle through the time when Charles Keene and John Leech satirized the peculiarities of their period in the London *Punch*. He compares the resemblances and differences in their work, discusses their especial merits and shows in what their great strength lay. Keene had extraordinary technical ability and a wonderful mastery of of line and effect in wood draughtsmanship. Leech excelled in æsthetic charm, was a broad impressionist—quick, fresh and strong. The men also, both of whom he knew intimately, were in a measure as great a contrast, one to the other as were their works. The book is written in Du Maurier's fluent style, which is seen at its best in an autobiography, It is generously illustrated with sketches from the pens of Leech, Keene and Du Maurier.

Tales of Home Folks in Peace and War, by Joel Chandler Harris. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

Mr. Harris is particularly happy when describing the different phases of life in Georgia. The war tales are full of pathos, and under existing circumstances, when war so nearly appeals to each among us, have even a greater degree of interest. "An Ambuscade" and "A Bold Deserter" are excellent, while of the tales of peace "The Baby's Christmas" is a charming tale dexterously told.

Wonder Tales from Wagner, by Alice Chapin. (Harper & Brothers).

The admirers of Wagner's music will find an especial significance in these legends, which relate in simple language the stories of "The Flying Dutchman," "Tristran and Isolde," "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser" and "The Meistersinger." Primarily this book was intended to familiarize children with another species of folk lore, but the legends are so charmingly told that they cannot fail to win the appreciation of older readers.

A Daughter of Earth, by E. M. Davy. (Rand, McNally & Co.)

This is a highly sensational tale, somewhat on the order of Bertha M. Clay's novels. There is a marvelously beautiful heroine, born under peculiar circumstances, who is stolen soon after her birth and is discovered again through the old agency of a coral necklace.

Under the Ban, by Teresa Hammond Strickland. (Rand, McNally & Co.)

This is a tale of the Old South, full of planters, slaves and high-strung women. Exciting incidents follow one another with startling rapidity. Beginning with a duel in the first chapter, there follow in quick series of sensations—a murder, a lynching, a slave chase, and finally the marriage between the heroine and the man she has always loved.

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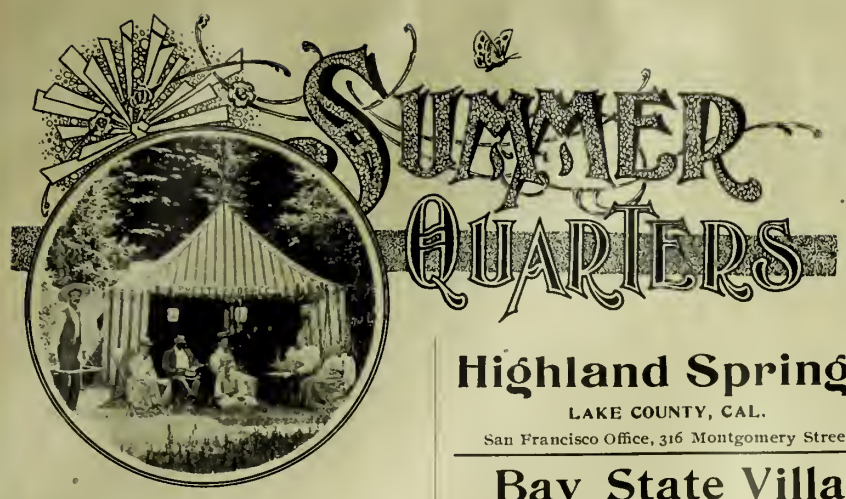

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TURF TOPICS

BY BENEDICT.

We arrive to-day at the end of the local racing season, which began on November 1, 1897, and the most inveterate turfite will hardly be sorry when he sees the numbers go up for the last time at Oakland this afternoon. For the last month or so interest in the sport has visibly declined, numbers of prominent men and horses having moved on to other racing centers in readiness for the summer meetings. On the whole the season has been a satisfactory one; the race-tracks have made money and the rewards have been pretty evenly divided amongst the competing stables.

A considerable number of the best horses that have been racing here during the past winter will take part in the Chicago meetings, which were announced just in time to cause a change in the plans of owners, who would otherwise have tried their luck in the neighborhood of New York and some others in Montana. The exodus to the latter district will be important, however, and it is estimated that fully one hundred horses will be shipped there from California. The Burns & Waterhouse stable will be represented by a string of about a dozen on the Chicago tracks.

Some of the closing days of the final meeting at Oakland have been devoted to the cause of charity, certain deserving institutions having benefited by the generosity of the management. On Saturday last the proceeds of the day's sport were reserved for the Fabiola Hospital, and a fairly attractive card, in which a race for gentlemen riders hailing from Oakland was a prominent feature, was provided. Unfortunately the weather was anything but propitious, a heavy downpour of rain lasting through the afternoon. The attendance of local society was wonderfully good nevertheless, and happily the event of the day, the Fabiola handicap, $500, 1 1-16 miles for three-year-olds and upwards, produced the best contest of the day. Oddson, 91 lbs., in the hands of little Woods, seemed to find the sloppy ground to his liking, and going to the front, after passing the stand for the first time, stayed there without difficulty and reached the winning post a length in front of imp. Mistral II, 190 lbs., who after a tremendous battle with Judge Denny, 112 lbs., defeated the latter by a head for second place.

The speedy Hindoo filly Humidity, likewise from the Burns & Waterhouse stable, easily landed a $300 purse over five furlongs, and confirmed her right to be regarded as the most useful amongst their lot of two-year-olds this season.

The disappointing turnout for the greater number of the minor stakes this season has very naturally caused a good deal of comment and at the same time set the race-track authorities thinking what steps should be taken to produce more satisfactory results another year. The matter will need very careful consideration. So far as original nominations are concerned there is little to complain of. The trouble arises when the time comes round to go to the post. If the question is studied many different reasons will be found to account for this, and no general explanation will fit the case. To say that the chief cause of the partial failure of such races to produce fair-sized fields is that owners object to "guaranteed" stakes, preferring "added money" conditions, is to miss the mark. The main reason is that most of the owners racing here find it necessary, in order that they may keep going, to win purses pretty frequently, and consequently their horses cannot be made available for this duty and undergo at the same time a special preparation for their important engagements. It might help matters somewhat if the dates on which the stakes are to be run were specified at the time of publishing the conditions.

A New York paper not long ago published a fairy tale about the great things Mrs. Langtry has done, is doing and intends to do in the way of breeding thoroughbred horses at her ranch in Lake county, California, the place, moreover, being described in terms of extravagant praise. People who know the facts regarding the property and its working must indeed have been amused. Rather more than four years ago I saw her stud-horse imp. Friar Tuck, a good-looking son of Hermit, then well on in years and shortly afterwards sold, standing on the ranch in what the Scotch call a "byre"—and a very filthy one it was—with his coat full of vermin and in every way utterly uncared for. Mrs. Langtry has never appeared to give any serious attention to the affairs of her property here, and people in California do not believe that she ever will. Had it not been suggested that she has plans for breeding a winner of the English Derby there the silly stories would hardly be worth notice, but that is pitching things a little too strong. If Mrs. Langtry's connection with horse-breeding in California is to be judged by what we have so far seen, the less said about it the better.

The second annual bench show of the San Francisco Kennel Club has been running this week and the doors of the Mechanics' Pavilion remain open until this evening. Numerically the exhibits are much below the total of last year, but the average of excellence is considerably higher. Greyhounds, St. Bernards, Great Danes, English Setters, Cocker Spaniels, Collies and Bull Terriers are the most numerous. There promise to be some severe heartburnings amongst the dog-owners over the awards, a condition of affairs that seems inseparable from dog shows everywhere. The general arrangements reflect credit on the management, and it is to be hoped the Children's Hospital, for whose benefit the proceeds are to be reserved, will greatly profit by the generosity of the Club.

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She tried to sing in concert then,
And only wailed;
In choir and chorus 'twas the same—
The audience quailed.
At last 'twas plain she couldn't sing.
As she had thought;
So she retired for good and all,
Unknown, unsought;
Then singing she would teach, she said,
And so she taught!

—*Boston Beacon.*

About Dewey.

We didn't do a thing to the Spaniards. Oh, no!
We didn't;
Did we, Dewey?
And we won't say a thing when Dewey comes home.
We won't, Oh?
Won't we, Dewey? —*New York Sun.*

No safer or more efficacious remedy can be had for Coughs, or any trouble of the throat, than "Brown's Bronchial Troches."

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF RICHARD WALSH (alias) DECEASED:

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Richard Walsh (alias), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Richard Walsh (alias) Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 3, 1898.

J. D. SULLIVAN,
Attorney for Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

ESTATE OF HENRY CLIFTON, DECEASED:

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of Henry Clifton, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at room 47, seventh floor, Mills Building, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

LOUISA CLIFTON,
Administratrix of the Estate of Henry Clifton, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 11, 1898.

GAVIN McNAB,
Attorney for Administratrix.

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NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

In an important case before the Supreme Court of Ohio, the lawyer for the defendant, a young and impetuous man, was much disturbed by the decision of the Court which was against his client. He had made a hard fight and before he realized the consequence of his action was on his feet. "I cannot reconcile this finding with the demands of justice," he shouted. He was pulled to his seat and the Judges proceeded to consult as to the penalty for his glaring contempt. Just then one of the oldest practitioners at the bar arose and addressed the Judges: "Your Honors," he said, "I am satisfied that it is only because this young man is a novice that he has thus erred. I crave your mercy because he knows no better. Had he practised before Your Honors as long as I have, it would have been impossible for you to have surprised him by anything you might do. Give the young man time to learn," and after the Court had joined in a general laugh it could not consistently impose a fine for contempt.

On one of Mr. Gladstone's pilgrimages to Scotland he was accompanied by a policeman to protect him from too obtrusive attentions. At each station so many people insisted upon shaking hands with the veteran statesman through the railway carriage window that his physical strength was becoming rapidly exhausted. The intelligent officer, having previously whispered something to the panting Liberal leader, stooped down, and put his hand forward under the folds of the G. O. M.'s Inverness cape, while the genuine hand was withdrawn for rest. Then the hand-shaking was recommenced with great vigor. "Ma conscience!" quoth one admirer, retiring after a particularly energetic grip from the policeman. "Hasna' the auld man got a haund? He's winnerfu' veegorous!" "Ay," said another, "it's just fine! But did ye no' notice his nails?"

In Canea, Crete, a party of Seaforth Highlanders were a short time back marching through a small wretched-looking village. As usual, the inhabitants turned out to stare at them. With the intention of raising a laugh amongst his comrades, a big burly Seaforther shouted out to a group of Turks, "Gae hame, ye dirty blackguards, an' scrub yersels!" Great was his astonishment, as well as that of the remainder of the Highlanders, when a ragged and evil-looking Turk shouted back in reply, "Go home yourself, Scottish dog, and cover yourself up." It was afterwards found out that the Mohammedan had spent several years in London.

The first wife of the Prince of Monaco was a daughter of the Duke of Hamilton and their relations were the reverse of harmonious. However, the Prince was proud of the admirable figure of his spouse and on a certain occasion he invited his guests to behold her in the act of taking a midnight swim. All accepted save Count Tassilo Festetics. "Are you shocked?" the Prince asked. "Alas," Count Tassilo with fine scorn replied, "I have lost the capacity of being shocked, but not the ability to be bored." The reply settled the Prince and scattered his guests.

Lord Burton, the brewing magnate, invited Whistler to visit his country house. Before they descended to dinner, the host led the distinguished guest to his picture gallery. Whistler followed, but his host could not get a word of criticism out of him. At last Lord Burton exclaimed, "Well, at least you must admit that it is a tolerable collection." "Tolerable? Yes," allowed Whistler, with a meaning smile, adding, "but what would you think of a tolerable egg?"

Judge Joachimsen tells of having appointed counsel to defend an Irishman who had been frequently convicted in his court. The lawyer challenged several of the jury, who, his client said, had a prejudice against him. "Are there any more jurymen who have a prejudice against you?" whispered his counsel. "No, sor—the jury's awl roight; but Oi want you to challenge the judge. I've been convicted under him several times already, and loikely he's beginnin' to have a prejudice against me."

A clever repartee was that of Lord Melbourne to Mr. Black, who was editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. Lord Melbourne was Prime Minister, and he and his Government were constantly and severely attacked in the *Chronicle*. One day Lord Melbourne and Mr. Black met in the Strand, when each inquired after the other's health. Mr. Black complained that he was suffering from a bad cold. "Ah, Mr. Black," said Lord Melbourne, "you have been lying on damp sheets!"

Bishop Newman, during one of his visitations in an Illinois town, undertook to give a theological address to some schoolboys, and put the question, "What do you understand by the word *'visitation'*?" No one answered. "Come, now, tell me! This is called a *visitation* of mine." Then a small boy stammered out, "Please, my lord, it's an affliction sent by Providence!"

In court one day, ere Sir Charles Russell had been elevated to the Chief Justiceship, another barrister, leaning across the benches during the hearing of a trial for bigamy, whispered, "Russell, what's the extreme penalty for bigamy?" "Two mothers-in-law," replied Russell.

After Rev. Mr. Charlesworth left the Congregationalists and joined the Baptists, some one said to him, in Spurgeon's hearing, "So you have changed your views, Mr. Charlesworth?" "Oh, no," said Spurgeon, "he has not—he has only cleaned his windows!"

In describing a certain man a witness in an English court the other day said: "He looks more like a gentleman than anything else. He walks about all day doing nothing, going from public house to public house."

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THE WAVE

VOL. XVII. No. 22 SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 28, 1898 PRICE 10 CTS

THE LAUNCH OF A NEW WORLD POWER

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Drawn by Philip Fasset

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SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 28, 1898

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THE SOUTH HAS NOT CHANGED ITS MIND.

The people of the South have not altered their minds or abandoned their determination with respect to the question of the United States Senatorship. They still tenaciously adhere to their first desire, and reaffirm their preference for the office of United States Senatorship above that of Governor. This is well. Since our last issue we have received a number of letters from the South, all of a tenor similar to the following. H. McPhee, of the Santa Ana *Blade*, and a sterling Republican, writes as follows:

Editor Wave: I have read with considerable interest advance sheet of comment on the Senatorial matter, to appear in The Wave of this week. In my opinion, the South has not changed its mind as to the necessity for uniting in the demand for a United States Senator. With the possible exception of Mr. Gage, no one from Southern California has been spoken of for Governor. Southern California will not surely be so foolish as to ask for Governor and Senator both. Yours truly, H. McPHEE.

Paul H. Blades, the well-known journalist, and editor of one of the most popular papers of Southern California, writes:

Editor Wave: In reply to your favor of the 19th, inquiring as to whether Southern California has abandoned its desire for a Senator and proposes to seek the election of both Senator and Governor, it appears to me that Southern California is perfectly fair and generous in the matter of its political views, and has no desire whatever to monopolize the leading offices. The sound, dominating opinion, I believe, is that the Governorship should not be seriously contested for, but every effort should be directed upon the election of a United States Senator. Yours truly,

PAUL H. BLADES,
Editor Los Angeles *Record*.

Randolph R. Freeman, editor of the *Ojai*, published at Nordhoff, says:

Editor Wave: In reply to your inquiry of the 24th inst., the South is undoubtedly a practical unit in its desire for a Senator as against the desire for Governor. It would be ridiculous to demand that both Senator and Governor shall be given the South. It would not be good politics to demand both offices. I do not think the South will throw any boomerangs this campaign. Very truly yours,

RANDOLPH R. FREEMAN.

Chas. A Gardner, editor of the daily and weekly *Star* of Pasadena, is positive in his statements. He says:

Editor Wave: Southern California should not look for a Governor. We have no need of one, and she does need a Senator. She cannot have both. A Governor is only of value to help a dozen persons who might get appointments; a Senator could help everybody by Federal improvements.

Yours truly, CHAS. A. GARDNER.

One more letter, from Redlands, will suffice to illustrate the views of the people south. J. A. Whitmore, an active Republican, and one familiar with politics and public opinion, writes:

Editor Wave: I most unhesitatingly favor the United States Senatorship from the South. The diversified interests of the State almost demand that the Senatorial representative should come, one from the North and the other from the South. Taking the numerical strength of the two sections into consideration, I fear that undertaking to secure the Governorship for the South at this time would be fatal to our Senatorial chances, which I consider paramount. We can afford to wait for the Governorship, but not for the Senatorship. Yours, etc., J. A. WHITMORE,

Editor Redlands *Daily Record*.

The Republican party must not blunder. It cannot afford to blunder and suffer defeat. No politician worthy of the name would attempt to force the Governor on the South, no politician with the slightest knowledge of the feeling South, or the smallest idea of naturalness in politics, would think of such a thing. No community in the world with intelligence like unto the South would for a moment entertain the delusion that the South could obtain both offices—the Governor and the Senator. No matter how plausibly the scheme may be put, no matter what ostensible and apparently natural reasons may be given for such a program, it cannot deceive an intelligent community. Individuals may affect to believe it, and it is regrettable that the South has among its politicians men who have relations in the North, who would not hesitate to betray them—indeed, who have not hesitated to attempt to betray them in this matter. We shrink from personalities whenever they can be avoided, but if at any stage of this proceeding it becomes necessary in order to protect the South and the Republican party, we propose to tear down the veil of lying hypocrisy that covers the face of at least one man who would turn traitor toward those to whom he is deeply indebted, and propose to ventilate some of the names whom the South holds in quasi-public esteem. This may not be necessary, but should it become so, the story will be complete with details. In another column will be found a few selected editorials indicating that the press and people of the North are more than inclined to meet the South half way.

WAR PESSIMISTS.

A portion of the press — the sensational portion — has shown a strong tendency towards fault-finding at "the shameful manner in which the troops have been treated," the "lack of accomodations on the transport steamers," the "long delay in getting down to fighting," and a world of other things concerning which they know nothing, and, for that matter, care less.

War movements and engagements do not follow one upon the other rapidly enough to furnish a daily newspaper sensation, and therefore the War Department is "incompetent." An army of 150,000 men is not put upon a fighting basis to order. It takes time and infinite patience and care. Our troops could have been landed in Cuba weeks ago, and possibly would have received a severe setback. "On to Cuba!" sounds heroic, but it requires a cool head to select the hour when the command shall be given. A good general never underestimates the strength of the enemy, nor does he undertake useless things. The course mapped out by our War Department follows along perfectly natural lines. The first objective point seems to be the destruction of the enemy's fleet, and next the bombardment of forts from the sea, supplemented by an invasion by land. The destruction of fortifications without immediate occupation by land forces would be useless, and to undertake such a joint land and naval attack with a fleet of the enemy at large would simply be to invite dangers that could be easily avoided. A moment's thought will convince any intelligent man that the destruction of the Spanish fleet in Atlantic waters should be the first concern of the War Department. The course now being pursued, although involving delays, evidences sound judgment. Sampson's experience with the Spanish fleet is duplicated in history. Ninety odd years ago Admiral Nelson blockaded the French fleet in the harbor of Toulon for a year and a half. The Spanish fleet joined the French and ran the blockade escaping to the West Indies. Once more the fleets escaped Nelson, who followed them across the Atlantic. He came upon them at Trafalgar. The result of that engagement is historical. It took three years to catch and then whip the fleet, but there were no yellow journals in those days to complain.

Considerable indignation is felt among the volunteers against the *Examiner* for declaring that the troops were illy cared for. Officers and men complain bitterly that this journal should have even insinuated that they were not prepared to meet and cheerfully submit to the inconveniences of camp life. War is not a joke, nor is camp life recommended as a substitute for home life. Inconveniences there must be, but as an officer has put it: "We have been well cared for. Dozens of times I have experienced much greater inconveniences out hunting and considered it fun."

The steamer arrangements, the bunks and sleeping accommodations are necessarily crowded and cramped, but the scarcity of transports and the necessities of the occasion, make it imperative that comfort must be, to a great extent, held secondary. Before these brave lads return to America, it is safe to say they will look back to their accommodations at the Presidio and their bunks on the steamers as marking the most comfortable homes of the campaign.

The boys who are now starting off for Manila, and whose recent triumphal march through the city stirred up such an outburst of patriotism, were either babes in arms or unborn during our last war. To San Francisco such war-like scenes were new. Thirty odd years ago in Eastern states thousands of young men marched to the front, just as these boy have done; they returned with decimated ranks, with battle flags torn by shell and bullet; with Old Glory wind-whipped into ribbons, but they returned covered with honors and victory. It is not within reason to expect the troops just ordered to Manila will be so fortunate as to return without losses. The ordinary course of nature—not to mention war—would preclude such a hope. The blessings and the prayers of the community, indeed of the nation, go with them, and to Heaven there rises the fervent prayer: "God grant them safe return."

OUT OF THEIR OWN MOUTHS.

Some weeks ago The Wave in an editorial called attention to an outbreak of rowdyism at the meeting of the State Medical Society at Fresno. The trouble was attributed to the multiplication of illy-regulated medical schools which have sprung up to voice the rivalries and jealousies of cliques within the profession. We said that there is no thought in any of these institutions of guarding the gates of medicine from the uneducated and the inefficient. We traced the rivalries, jealousies and unscrupulous political maneuvering of these factions, and showed that the Fresno outbreak was distinctly the result of an attempt on the part of one clique to rupture the machinery of the State Medical Society and force the recognition, by that society, of their lately organized medical school. This attempt was defeated by the union of two other factions, each representing a medical school. These factions for years had been bitterest enemies, but a truce was declared to the undoing of the common enemy.

Now comes the *Pacific Medical Journal* in a puerile hair-splitting way, attempting to discredit the article in question by denying the truth of some of its statements. The Wave said that "a physician years ago had founded and *endowed* a medical school." At this the *Medical Journal* shrieks: "Lie, lie—no one ever *endowed* a medical school on the Pacific Coast." But let the *Journal* speak for itself:

> It is *not true* that any physician, years ago, or ever, "founded and endowed a medical school" in this community. It is true that a certain local physician did erect a building or buildings in this city with money gained in real estate speculation and earned by the teaching body of the said school, and then set up a brass memorial plate on the premises which falsely states that the building was erected with money earned by him in the practice of his profession. There is no endowment of any medical school, nor of any single chair in any such school, on the entire Pacific Coast, and not one, we believe, in the United States except that of the John Hopkins Hospital College at Baltimore. So much for the correctness of The Wave's editorial statements.

The Wave's contention was, simply, that the medical profession was in a deplorable condition, because of the dishonesties and antagonisms of its factions. One outside the profession cannot be expected to know all of the profession's hypocrisies. Whether or not the college in question was endowed maters little. It exists. Its partisanship is unquestioned, and the rancor and vindictive hatred for it could not be better illustrated than by the quoted words of the *Journal*, "accredited champion of a rival clique."

The force and truth of the position taken by The Wave is emphasized by every editorial in the *Journal* for May. Hardly an utterance but breathes a rancor of partisan hatred that could scarce be equalled by the least scrupulous of practical politicians. For instance, this is the language of broad-minded, fraternal harmony. Speaking of its opponents the *Journal* says:

> They are Pharisaical, belong to the "I am holier than thou" class, and hence are entitled to superior rights and privileges. Above contamination, infallible in judgment and action, they must be right, and those who oppose their wills or schemes, criminally wrong. They organize medical schools, conduct hospitals, establish free clinics, and are great men and benefactors; their opponents may do likewise, but are fakirs, charlatans and knaves. If they choose to conduct an excursion to San Jose, that is angelic; if their opponents go in a body to Fresno, that is devilish. They may go to the State Society, conduct a campaign for their favorite, lie about, slander and libel the opposition, abuse the privileges of the floor, and spurt their venom into other men's faces, and when their opponents, conducting a quiet, decent, gentlemanly campaign, arise to defend their American manhood, they are to be driven from the hall, investigated by a partisan committee, misrepresented in the public press and expelled from the Society. The deep, genuine cause for the trouble at Fresno was the disposition and apparent determination of this Pharisaical combination to conduct the State society upon a basis of unequal privileges. Neither the San Francisco Clinical Society nor the College of Physicians and Surgeons has any desire or ambition to *run* the State organization, but their members, as well as the independent physicians throughout the State, do desire, and, upon the great American principle of equal rights to all, are determined to have every right and privilege to which they are entitled.

There is no hint of faction or feeling in that utterance? Oh, no! "The Wave is ignorant — lacks fairness." The tone and spirit of this, except from another editorial in the same paper, shows the perfect absurdity of any claim that factionalism or personal feeling exist in local medical circles:

> There was a hot campaign on between Dr. W. F. McNutt and Dr. W. W. Kerr for presidency. The parties mentioned in another article as the "Pharisaical combination," by a series of misrepresentations, induced Dr. MacMonagle, a man of convictions and bolder than his advisers, to make upon the floor against Dr. McNutt, charges which they themselves had not the courage to assert. In his speech he went out of his way to make unfair references to another member of the State Society, and was called to order by Dr. Hodghead, who was sustained by the President. He then turned attention to the *Pacific Medical Journal*, and was called to order by Dr. Laine; then he began a wordy tirade against Dr. McNutt and his plan of campaign, and was finally called to order by Dr Potter, who pronounced the whole speech a tissue of blackguardism. To understand Dr. MacMonagle's intense excitement we have only to say th

twice he called Dr. Potter "Dr. Plummer": and to understand Dr. Potter's extreme forbearance we have only to say that he stood this without resentment.

And after publishing such positive proofs of the conditions to which we called attention, the *Medical Journal* has the temerity to deny the truth of our words and to question the fairness of our position, making itself ridiculous by silly and dishonest begging of the question.

We admit, as the *Journal* says, medical men have a right to set up medical schools when and where they please. Unfortunately, our laws are such that there is no means of forcing such institutions to adopt standards that will exclude the unfit from a profession whose clients are completely at the physician's mercy. It is because only a public-spirited, dignified scholarly body of medical men, jealous of the integrity and respectability of their profession, can protect the layman, that The Wave has felt forced to call attention to this subject.

THINGS AND PEOPLE

The intention of this edition of The Wave is to make a fitting memorial of the most notable event of our generation —the setting forth of American citizen soldiers across the ocean on foreign conquest bent. After all the years of adhesion to its policy of isolation, the United States goes forth to conquer, and a new era in our history is begun. The expedition to Manila and the departure of the three great transports is abundantly illustrated in this issue of The Wave, and those who realize the importance of the event and what it means, will do well to keep this paper, It will be in the days to come a valuable reminder of a notable occasion. Judging by the favor The Wave is meeting, and its increased circulation, its efforts to illustrate those phases of the war that especially concern the Pacific Coast are cordially appreciated.

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The mobilization of troops on this far Western shore has continued for the past week without interruption, and, in addition to the regiments which had encamped here from Oregon and Washington up to last week, there have been further arrivals of volunteers from Kansas, Minnesota, Colorado, Idaho, Nebraska, Wyoming, Utah and Pennsylvania. All of these are infanty with the exception of a small force of light artillery and cavalry from Utah. At the same time there is to be noted the departure of the First Regiment of California Volunteers for Manila. They sailed on the City of Peking from this port on the 25th instant, together with the Oregon Volunteers on the Australia and the City of Sydney, as well as six companies of the Fourteenth regular infantry and fifty men of the newly recruited volunteer heavy artillery.

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The three vessels above named, having on board 128 officers and 2,458 enlisted men, represented the first contingent of the expedition to the Philippines. Moreover and especially, this gallant band of patriots will for all time enjoy the honor and distinction of having been the first Americans to leave this continent for military service on foreign soil. It will always be a source of pride that to the young West should have fallen this duty, and, if the spirit in which it has been undertaken is any guide to the manner in which it will be performed, their fellow citizens remaining comfortably at home may rest assured it will be well discharged. The sight of the bay, as the transports were steaming toward the Golden Gate, surrounded by every available steamer, tugboat and even smaller craft that could be mustered, was one never to be forgotten.

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The Red Cross Society is deserving of the highest praise for its energetic and well directed efforts to extend comfort and hospitality to the troops, and especially for the cheery and practical manner in which good will is shown to the arrivals from the other States. The whole of California is indebted to the society and to every individual who is giving up time, money, brains and strength in working for the benefit of those who are voluntarily devoting their lives to the service of their country. That the Society should have undertaken the work of receiving the troops on their first arrival in the city and extending to them a cordial welcome, with abundance of creature comforts much needed after long journeys hitherward, is an excellent arrangement. Such an office can be discharged by a voluntary organization far more gracefully than by any body of government or municipal officials, and the Red Cross Society has admirably filled the void.

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The activity and promptness of the Governor, Adjutant-General Barrett and General Warfield have resulted in winning for a California regiment the distinction of being the first corps of volunteers in the field. The full quota of soldiers apportioned to the State by the President was available very soon after the proclamation, and the promptitude and celerity with which our men were made ready created a favorable impression at Washington. The Fifth Regiment will go out at the second call, and the Adjutant-General so telegraphed the Secretary of War on Wednesday night. I am told that there are at least 47,000 men ready to volunteer in California if given the opportunity. If this be so, and the statement is made on good authority, it is a certain index of the condition of the State It proclaims emphatically the ravages of the drought and what it really means to the farmers of California. May I suggest to the authorities the propriety of re-organizing at once the National Guard and recruiting regiments to take the place of those drafted to Manila. We are not by any means at the end of our task, and who knows what complications may arise ere Spain is crushed. Throughout the country there has been comment in plenty over the carelessness of the Spaniards at Manila, who neglected to have a searchlight at Coregidor Island. May I ask, where are the searchlights at the Golden Gate? I am told the Government has purchased for the purpose the great light of Mt. Lowe, but this has not yet been located and the feat of Dewey might easily be repeated here, provided there were any Spanish warships available for that purpose.

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Major Rice, who has charge of the artillerymen men now quartered in the Fontana warehouse—the use of which, by the way, was donated by the Fontana Company—not so long ago was a lieutenant in the regular army. His eyes gave him so much trouble that he was compelled to retire, and then he commenced law practice. This line of exertion he found injurious, so then, he established himself in Bakersfield in the milling business. He has prospered exceedingly, but relinquished all his interests when the offer of a commission came from the Governor. Major Rice is a capable officer, thoroughly up in all the details of his profession and an invaluable aid to the guardsmen he is so busy converting into soldiers. Another ex-army officer who is back at his old trade is Lieutenant J. E. Runcie, who has been commissioned Major in an Ohio volunteer regiment. Before the condition of his health made retirement essential, Runcie was regarded as one of the ablest artillery officers in the country. He is now with his regiment at Chickamauga, and given half an opportunity, is certain to distinguish himself. Dr. Leonard Wood, who was stationed at the Presidio for many years and made innumerable friends out here, has succumbed to the fascination of active service, which he learned to care for when serving with General Miles in his Arizona campaign. An athlete and as daring and gallant a man as ever bestrode a horse, he will make an ideal leader of the troop of "Rough Riders" of which Theodore Rosevelt is lieutenant-colonel. Some of the papers, I see, are attempting to convey the idea that Wood is to be a secondary figure in connection with this famous aggregation. It is true a more modest man never breathed, but put him in command and he will be the leader or know the reason why.

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So at last we are to have a new charter. After all these years of experimenting the thing has been accomplished—San Francisco has finally an organic law of her own and the Consolidation and One-Twelfth Acts go by the board. Well, the acceptance of the instrument will make some mighty changes in affairs, and will offer a thousand problems for expert solution. The opponents of the measure have raised some grave objections, especially of certain important clauses, involving the right of taxation. It is also a serious question if the sources of income will yield sufficient revenue to administer the municipality. These difficulties will have to be adjusted in due course. It seldom happens that an organic law is perfect when first put into operation. I regret to find that no credit is due the men who were behind the charter for its passage. Their campaign lacked industry and vitality. It was as poor an exhibition of political workmanship as I have ever seen. The instrument was accepted because it offered a change of conditions and a possibility of escape from the boodling Supervisors and educational directors. The two Boards now in office by the grace of Sam Rainey have done far more to assist the charter than the members of the Committee of One Hundred. Their distinguished rascality has been such an object lesson that the community jumped the first means of escape. I cannot believe, however, that any change of law will reform a community, and it is certain as long as Supervisors are in power there will be dishonest Supervisors. Under the new regime their opportunities are minimized, however, which is a step in advance. I am sorry the victory was not won after a brilliant fight, in which someone or other had demonstrated creditable ability as a leader.

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Though the immense purchases of the Government in this market have done much to improve the drooping spirits of our merchahts, the farmer still remains despondent. It is certain the fruit crop will be good, and since the rain, there is hope of a fair yield of sugar beets, but at the best the yield of wheat will not exceed three hundred thousand tons, ae against that of '97, which was about eight hundred and fifty thousand tons Look at it how you may, this constitutes a terrific deficit and will impose poverty upon the interior valleys. The burnt-up grass, the paucity of hay and barley add to the loss. On the other hand, the prune crop will be a splendid one; the rain has done little harm to the cherries; a plenteous vintage is in store for the winemakers, so in that direction the State is provided for. The Spanish trouble will aid the raisin industry and the sweet wine business, and in the contemplation of a prospective foreign policy, with Hawaii and the Philippines for colonies, San Francisco should again be an entrepot and her old prosperity would return

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In the direction of theatrical pleasures the future is dark. Both the Baldwin and California are to be closed for a time, and the advance notices hold forth but slight prospect of interest. At the Columbia we are to have a reorganized Frawley Company, composed of unusually clever people and equipped to produce in good style the best plays of the day. This venture ought to be abundantly successful, as it is an intelligent idea and seems to have been undertaken with proper enterprise. This time there is a competent stage manager to supervise the performances, so the most absolute failure of the of old regime has been remedied. In the meantime, what becomes of the Baldwin? Morosco's, too, I hear, is about to succump to the passion for the literature of the bulletin board, which is the favorite pastime of San Franciscans these latter days. The lease of the Grand Opera House expires next month and then it is farewell melodrama. Mayhap some ambitious manager will take the house after Morosco, but under present conditions the venture would be perilous.

BOSWELL, JR.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS M. ANDERSON
Who Commanded the First Detachment of Troops Dispatched to the Philippines.

MAJOR-GENERAL HENRY C. MERRIAM
Commanding the Departments of California and the Columbia.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL ELWELL S. OTIS
In Command of the Army of Invasion,

DISTINGUISHED OFFICERS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY
Photographed at Headquarters for The Wave by J. H. Bratt

The Scene on Third Street

Turning into the Pacific Mail Dock

The Advance Guard

THE MANILA EXPEDITION

First Regiment California Volunteers Marching to the Transport "City of Peking," en route to the Philippine Islands

THE LAST GREAT BATTLE

A Vivid Description of the Dervish Defeat at Atbara, in the Soudan.

The greatest battle of recent years was the engagement between 60,000 Dervishes and 12,000 British troops at Atbara, in the Soudan. The telegraph told the fact some weeks ago, but the particulars of the great fight are now at hand, conveyed in the graphic prose of G. W. Stevens, the smart correspondent who reported the Chicago Fair for the *Daily Mail*. He also turned out the best copy about the Græco-Turkish performance last spring. The Sirdar, Sir Arthur Kitchener, is noted for his vigorous objections to journalists, who, he says, are a peril and an expense; but he was forced to make exceptions, and so it happeus that a readable account of the combat is available. It was a very fierce affair while it lasted, though it was not long, and the splendid vigor and daring of the assault makes one's heart thrill with pride for the Anglo-Saxon race.

The attack began early in the morning, the whole battle having been carefully plotted out beforehand, every leader knowing what was expected of him. The entire 12,000 advanced at one swoop. Here, then, is the situation:

"We could see their position quite well by now—the usual river fringe of gray-green palms meeting the usual fringe of yellow-gray mimosa. And the smoke-gray line in front of it all must be their famous zariba. Before its right center fluttered half a dozen flags, white and pale blue, yellow and pale chocolate. The line went on till it was not half a mile from the flags. Then it halted. Thud! went the first gun, and phutt! came faintly back, as its shell burst on the zariba into a wreathed round cloud of just the zariba's smoky gray. I looked at my watch, and it marked 6:20. The battle that had now menaced, now evaded us for a month—the battle had begun."

The battle was initiated by the two batteries of Maxim-Nordenfeldt guns and one fixed battery of artillery, which burst forth a rapid but unhurried, regular, relentless shower of shell and shrapnel. A few sparse shots were returned, but mainly the Dervishes reserved their fire. The cannonading lasted an hour and twenty minutes, and then an advance along the line was ordered. The Egyptian regiments charged in the style peculiar to them—four companies of a battalion iu line and the other two in support. The British attack was led by the Camerons. The artillery moved up and then the bugle sounded:

"The pipes screamed war, and the line started forward, like a ruler drawn over the tussock-broken sand. Up a low ridge they moved forward; when would the dervishes fire? The Camerons were to open from the top of the ridge, only three hundred yards short of the zariba; up and up, forward and forward; when would they fire? Now the line crested the ridge; the men knelt down. 'Volley firing by sections'—and crash it came. It came from both sides, too, almost the same instant. Wht-t, wht-t, wht-t piped the bullets overhead; the line knelt very firm, and aimed very steady, aud crash, crash, crash they answered it. The bugle again, and up and on; the bullets were swishing and lashing now like rain on the river. But the line of khaki and purple tartan never bent nor swayed; it just went slowly forward like a ruler. The officers at its head strode self-containedly; they might have been on the hill after grouse; only from their locked faces turned unswervingly toward the bullets could you see that they knew and despised the danger."

After all, the zariba was not such a terrible obstacle.

"Forward and forward, more swishing about them and more crashing from them. Now they were moving, always without hurry, down a gravelly incline. Three men went down without a cry at the very foot of the Union Jack, and only one got to his feet again; the flag shook itself and still blazed splendidly. Next, a supremely furious gust of bullets, and suddenly the line stood fast. Before it was a loose low hedge of dry camel thord—the zariba, the redoubtable zariba. That it? A second they stood in wonder, and then, 'Pull it away,' suggested somebody. Just half a dozen tugs; and then the impossible zariba was a gap and a scattered heap of brushwood. Beyond is a low stockade and trenches, but what of that? Over and in! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

"Now the inside suddenly sprang to life. Out of the earth came dusty black, half-naked shapes, running, running and turning to shoot, but running away. And in a second the inside was a wild confusion of Highlanders, purple tartan and black green, too, for the Seaforths had brought their perfect columns through the teeth of the fire, and were charging in at the gap. Inside that zariba was the most astounding labyriuth ever seen out of a nightmare. It began with a stockade and a triple trench. Beyond that the bush was naturally thick with palm stem and mimosa thorn and halfa grass. But, besides, it was as full of holes as any honeycomb, only far less regular. There was a shelter pit for every animal—here a donkey tethered down in a hole just big enough for itself and its master; beside it a straw hut with a tangle of thorn; yawning a yard beyond, a larger trench, choke full of tethered dead camels and dead or dying men. There was no plan ,or system in it, only mere confusion of of stumbling block and pitfall. From holes below and hillocks above, from invisible trenches to right and innocent tukls to left, the bewildered bullets curved, and twisted, and dodged. It took some company-leading, for the precise formations that the bullets only stiffened were loosening now. But the officers were equal to it; each picked his line, ran it, and if a few of his company were lost—kneeling by green-faced comrades or vaguely bayoneting along with a couple of chance companions—they kept the mass centred on the work in hand.

"For now began the killing. Bullet and bayonet and butt, the wirlwind of Highlanders swept over. And by this time the Lincolns were in on the right, and the Maxims, galloping directly up to the stockade, had withered the left, and the Warwicks, the enemy's cavalry definitely gone, were volleying off the blacks as your beard comes off under a keen razor. Further and further they cleared the ground—cleared it of everything like a living man, for it was left carpeted thick enough with dead. Here was a trench: bayonet that man. Here a little straw tukl; warily round to the door, and then a volley. Now in column, through this opening in the bushes, then into line, and drop those few desperately firing shadows among the dry stems beyond."

General Sherman, in his epigramatic way, said that war was Hell. Here is what the inside of the zariba looked like after the battle:

"Black spindle-legs curled up to meet the red-gimbleted black faces, donkeys headless and legless, or sieves of shrapnel; camels with necks writhed back on to their humps, rotting already in pools of blood and bile-yellow water; heads without faces, and faces without anything below, cob-webbed arms and legs, and black skins grilled to crackling on smouldering palm leaf—don't look at it."

The great fight was full of notable instances of heroism. Never once did the officers spare themselves. General Gatacre, followed by Captaiu Ronald Brooke, was the first man on the zariba and helped to pull the branches aside. Amidst the hail of bullets, he pushed along sword in hand. Captain Findlay, of the Camerons, far ahead of his men, jumped the palisade and alighted in a trench full of Dervishes. His men followed as fast as possible, but before they got to him he was shot through the heart. A terrible revenge was taken—every man there was killed. There was a check when the English troops had reached high ground in the middle of the enclosure. From an inner zariba and fort a terrible fire was poured out—it was Mahmoud's inner keep, and the flower of his army was there:

"A company of the Eleventh Soudanese, without the least hesitation, tried to rush the northwest corner. Before a storm of bullets the company was all but annihilated, losing one hundred men in killed and wounded. Other companies of the brave Eleventh Blacks sprang forward and charged home. Piper Stewart of F Company Camerons leaped upon a knoll, playing loudly the 'March of the Cameron Men.' Bullets rained around him, but he only blew the harder until, a minute later, he fell before a Dervish volley, pierced through and through by seven wounds."

It was, indeed, a geat victory—as Stevens says: "a clean-jointed, well-oiled, smooth-running, clockwork-perfect masterpiece of a battle." Not a flaw, not a check, not a jolt, and not a fleck on its shining success.

Now as to the great man to whom the credit of leadership belongs. For the twelve years that Kitchener served as a subaltern, no one saw anything remarkable about him. Then he got his captaincy and was sent to Egypt to help reorganize the fellahin army. His indomitable energy and cool self-possession soon attracted attention and he was sent off on independent expeditions to bring in the Arabs under the British flag. There are dozens of bold deeds to his credit. When the forces made a dash for the wells of Gakoni, Kitchener went ahead with the 19th Hussar's scouts. They met a notorious robber leader with a strong band, who fled before them. Kitchener, being better mounted than his followers, overtook them. Alone and far ahead of his troop, he closed upon the ferocious freebooters and demanded that they surrender. The cool daring that so often succeeds told in this moment. Deceived by it into the belief that they were surrounded by unseen foes, whom the bold Englishman had at his command, they parleyed and were lost, for this gave the Hussars time to come up and make prisouers of the gang. It was a bold and characteristic act, which established Kitchener's reputation with British soldiers.

Besides being brave, Kitchener has a splendid executive faculty, which enables the conduct of these Soudan campaigns at a ridiculously small cost. Indeed, he is an all-round strong man with rather too little tolerance for human weakness. He is absolutely untiring, rises early and retires late and always ready for action. Certainly he will be one of the leaders for England in the great war which seems to be maturing in the old world.

To judge by the comment of skilled observers, there is but little excitement in the bombardment exercises in which Admiral Sampson's fleet has been engaged off Cuba. In a letter to the New York *Herald*, Richard Harding Davis tells of the firing at Matanzas. He says: "To the civilian the effect was not so tremendous as he had expected. He had been told to stick cotton in his ears, to stand on his toes and keep his mouth open — a somewhat difficult and ridiculous attitude in which to meet death. As it happened, the call to quarters came so unexpectedly that there was no time to find any cotton, and, as it turned out, there was no necessity to stand on one's toes. The concussion of the eight-inch guns shook and lifted one as if an earthquake had passed beneath, and the reports were trying to both nerves and ear-drums. A camera I had placed on the deck of the superstructure, just back of the forward turret, was burst open, but was not damaged so badly that it could not later photograph the jets of smoke from the same guns. Glass was broken and Venetian blinds in the chart-room were ripped out of their sockets, but that was all the damage the ship sustained. To the crew the bombardment was only gun-practice, and a quarter of an hour after the order to cease firing had been given I found half of them stretched out and sleeping peacefully on the lower decks or playing cribbage with an anxious and undivided interest."

Woodbury Kane, the society millionaire, digging a drain for the officers' quarters at San Antonio, and Craig Wadsworth carrying water to the camp cook, may not present heroic figures to their Fifth Avenue club friends, but they could in no other way prove that they joined the R. R. R. for business purposes. When the "avenuers" showed a perfect willingness to do their share of the "police" work the cowboys made things as easy as they could for them.

There have been several discussions in the studio of Colarossi between Spanish and American art students. When the news came that war had been declared work was laid aside, and one of the Spaniards who had read American history, recalled the fact that the United States and England were old time enemies, so he started to sing "God Save the Queen." To his surprise the American boys joined in with the words of "America."

A new set of stamps have been issued by the New Zealand Government. Philatelists ought to be charmed with the designs, for each stamp is made to illustrate some picturesque landscape or animal peculiar to the country. Thus, the 2d. and the 2s. issues give scenes representing the sounds and fiords of South-Western New Zealand and the 3d. stamp presents drawings of a couple of local birds.

Since the defeat at Manila has become known in Spain the Madrid press no longer rails at the Americans as pork packers and farm hands, but breathes vengeance and rage. They throw the responsibility for the disaster upon the great powers, and declare the God of Victory no longer helps the brave, but aids those who are prepared and directed.

The use of tobacco has a demoralizing tendency, or at least that is the verdict of the United Presbyterian General Assembly of the United States. They have, therefore, resolved to discourage the use of it among those employed in a clerical capacity, and will neither employ tobacco smokers nor allow them to become beneficiaries of the Home Mission funds.

HEROES OF MANILA

Personal Characteristics of Admiral Dewey and His Subordinates.

Since the great news of the battle of Manila harbor came to hand, the nation has had a hero—a veritable world hero over whose achievement it was proper to exult and cheer. Since Blaine passed away we have had no one in public life who excited enthusiasm. Most people know Cleveland was a great statesman, but his heroism was resistant rather than aggressive. Harrison is one of the ablest and cleverest men in the country, but even at his moment of triumph, he did not appeal to the emotions of his countrymen. Nothing in the career of William McKinley sets the blood a-bubbling. Yes, he would have cheers if he were to come west, but not such huzzas as will greet Admiral George Dewey when he lands in San Francisco.

Being an intelligent, clear-headed person, with no exaggerated ideas about things and a strong sense of social values, Dewey knows just as well as though he were at home that he is the hero of the moment. He knows he is the subject of countless stories and biographies; that his picture has been in every paper; that, indeed, he is much the best advertised man in the country. He has seen all this happen to football players, Congressmen and pugilists and the phenomenon will amuse rather than excite him. A self-contained, silent, business-like person is this hero, most punctilious of deportment, as accurate in the matter of sartorial mountings as the veriest clubman. His great advantage over his colleagues, and, indeed, over most other men, seems to be in possessing definite executive power and the will to do exactly as he plans. Beyond even the daring of his entry of Manila, his countrymen have admired the workman-like manner with which he destroyed the Spanish ships. Really, it was an excellent performance—so symmetrical, so decisive, so clean-cut. Yet George Dewey, hero, is the same man whom one met in Washington at balls and receptions, and saw nothing especial to wonder at. You noted he was spick and span and quick-witted; you could easily learn that he had an excellent reputation in the service; that he was up-to-date in the matter of machinery and equipment and ranked as a capable commander, if rather a strict disciplinarian. As to his popularity—that is another story. He had a suave manner, tinged with an old-fashioned courtesy, but it concealed a bad temper and a captiousness of disposition that on occasions gave his subordinates bad quarters of hours. It required but little provocation to put his temper off its balance, and he went into action with a battery of expletives only comparable in power and velocity to the heavy guns of the *Texas*. Much of this violence is due to the ravages of dyspepsia to which he has been a martyr for many a weary year. Indeed, in Malta recently he had performed on his liver a capital operation, through which he was only brought by careful nursing. Out of this incident the gossips have arranged a romance in which a charming English girl, who became especially interested in his case, figures, though it must be added the story has arisen since the Battle of Manila. There is a romance in Dewey's life. Some years after the death of his first wife he fell in love with Miss Virginia Woodbury Lowrey, but unfortunately her affections were engaged by an attaché of the Spanish embassy, familiarly known as Jack Brunetti. There was a stern parent, Archibald Lowrey, and he favored neither the Spaniard nor the naval officer. So Miss Virginia remained single and waited for Jack, who in due course, became Count D'Arcos and Minister to Mexico, and in that role acceptable to the stern parent. It was a matter of fifteen years patience, however—though when the wedding came it was really a gorgeous affair. It was Count D'Arcos whom the Madrid Government thought of sending to succeed Dupuy de Lome, and it is rather a pity for Spain he was not nominated in place of Polo y Bernabe. Since that time George Dewey has attended to his profession; he has gone into society a great deal wherever he has been; he has presided over equipment bureaus and over lighthouse boards, but he has not married—another instance of the old adage which declares against the luck in love of those who succeed at war. Strange as it may seem, Dewey objected strenuously to taking the Asiatic squadron. He thought his best chance of a brush with the enemy was with the Atlantic fleet, but fate ordained otherwise, and lo the consequences.

Though the honors of the great affair at Manila are Dewey's —for he was leader—it must not be forgotten he had the the assistance of some of the best men in the navy. Gridley of the *Olympia* has seen much service in many seas. Lamberton of the *Boston* is a great friend of Grover Cleveland's and used to go duck-hunting with him when at Washington. He, too, has had endless experience in the bureaus. Dyer, of the *Baltimore*, is one of the few men of high rank in the navy who are not graduates of Annapolis, but he earned his position in war and no one is better posted. Walker, of the *Concord*, is a great scientist, and has had much to do at the Academy. He has a wonderful predeliction for caps with high crowns, and whenever any officer appears with a cap of this character he is asked where he got that "Sally Walker." Wood, of the *Petrel*, is also a scientist, and has been engaged by the Government in special work. Sumner Paine, lieutenant-commander of the *Olympia*, and Lieutenant Calkins are both distinguished in a scientific way, the latter having won several prizes at the Academy. Singer, of the *Raleigh*, was chief intelligence officer during the Herbert administration; Lieutenant Hugh Rodman is a mathematical humorist and well known as a Bohemian. Winder, of the same vessel, is a great favorite and one of the best electrical men in the service and is highly educated. On the *Petrel* is Lieutenant Bradley Fiske, inventor of the Fiske range finder, and Hayward, who was a great football player at Annapolis, and is one of the coming men of the new navy. Taken all in all, Dewy had as fine a set of men under him as though he had selected them for the service, and that is saying a good deal.

The name of Smith heads the list of names in England and Scotland; but in Ireland Murphy leads, while Smith is fifth. In proportion to population there are more Smiths in Scotland than in England, for in Scotland one person in every seventy is named Smith, while in England only one person in every seventy-two is a Smith. The Smiths are well up in Ireland, beating such favorites as the O'Briens, the Ryans, the Connors, the O'Neills, the Reillys, the McCarthys and the Roberts, the four leaders of the Smiths in Ireland being the Murphys, Kellys, Sullivans and Walshes.

AMERICANS IN PARIS

Illness of Sibyl Sanderson—The New Zola Trial — Royal Romances.

Paris, May 10th.—It is difficult to think of anything but war just now. In spite of the hostility of the press I hear from all quarters that the sentiment of the government and the people in general, while not in sympathy with America, is not opposed to us. Not that it really makes much difference, for the French usually content themselves with gush and do not show any practical form of amity. Mme. Adam and M. Arthur Meyer tried to get up a subscription in aid of the wounded Spanish soldiers, but met with no response whatever. At the time of the Turco-Grecian war all Paris talked about the barbarity of the Turks and expressed deep sorrow over the defeat of Greece, but no coin bearing the mark of the French government found its way into Grecian pockets. Talking of sympathy, I must tell you of poor Pierre Loti. Melancholy seems to have marked him for her own, and he is now more lugubrious than ever. Naturally all his heartburnings are for dear romantic Spain, and he has constituted himself a sort of sentimental ambassador of France to Queen Christina. He regrets his inability to join the Spanish volunteers, which, because he is of the French Naval Reserve, he must not do. However, he has written a column and a half of delicate prose in praise of Spain's Queen and Spanish valor. But outside of the sentimentalists, commercial France desires the war to be a very short one, and will exert every possible influence to induce Spain to abandon the contest after its first defeat in the Atlantic. It seems that the amount of French capital invested in Spanish securities, especially in those of railroad and industrial enterprises, is somewhere in the neighborhood of $600,000,000; and as the holders of these securities have to bear a large share in the expense of the war they are determined that it shall not be a long drawn-out struggle.

With due deductions for familiar circumstances, Sibyl Sanderson is a subject of much interest in the American colony in Paris. Nor has her marriage with Antonio Terry eclipsed the halo of romance which has surrounded her career since she left California years ago. Strange, is it not, how one may enjoy all that life has of health and suddenly succumb to the demon of invalidism. That is what befell Mrs. Antonio Terry but a few weeks after her marriage. The newly wedded twain were at Nice on their honeymoon when the symptoms declared themselves. She first became ill, and, as she was delirious, it was thought she had brain fever; later the mental symptoms subsided and it was discovered that her lower limbs were paralyzed. Poor Antonio Terry is beside himself, and is trying everything to ameliorate her condition. The invalid was removed to Paris as soon as possible and now lies in a lovely room in Terry's house in the Faubourg St. Germain. All the specialists in nervous diseases in Paris have been consulted and the authorities from Germany and England have also been summoned—thus far, however, there has been no improvement. Sybil Sanderson lies there as helpless as a baby and perfectly conscious of her sad condition. Her one desire is to hear music and Mr. Terry has engaged a brilliant young violinist to live in the house and play to his wife whenever she wishes. Recently she expressed a desire to hear the opera "Esclarmonde," in which she achieved her greatest success, once again; Autonio Terry gathered a company of the best singers and the opera was performed in her bedroom.

The latest idea for Paris dinner parties is rather amusing and might readily be adopted in America. I was invited to one the other night and was surprised to find on my card "*en tetê*." My aunt explained it meant that the guests must come with faces arranged to look like some well known person of the day. I did my best to be Gyp, and found myself surrounded by imitation celebrities. On one side of me sat Coquelin; on the other Felix Faure; across the table was Verdi looking very fierce. This was all very well when the models are chosen among living celebrities, but there is something ghastly in being obliged to sit opposite a caricature of Verlaine or Alphonse Daudet, especially while their deaths are still among comparatively recent events. Daudet's head is very popular, and a well known author was recently asked by his hairdresser: "In which eye did Alphonse Daudet wear his eye-glass? His *tetê* is very much in demand this winter."

Zola's *tetê*, too, is frequently seen at these dinners, and speaking of his *tetê* reminds me that we are all on the *qui vive* over the approaching trial which is to take place a week from to-morrow in the Assize Court at Versailles.

I was down there recently with a coaching party, and for curiosity looked into the courtroom. It is a comparatively small place and will not contain comfortably more than three hundred persons. The room in the Palais de Justice was more than twice as large and seemed better ventilated. There is a great deal of suppressed excitement over the trial, especially when it became known that Zola had cited ex-Captain Dreyfus to appear as a witness. Zola says he has no reason to believe Dreyfus will be allowed to appear, his only desire in placing him upon the list of witnesses being to force the government to serve the summons upon the prisoner so he might learn men were willing to suffer in order to secure a vindication. Judge Perivier is to be President of the Court of Versailles. I hope he will be more fair in his deallngs than the President at the former trial. The chief officers of the Esterhazy court-martial have selected as their lawyer Maitre Ployer and Zola has retained M. Labori, who so ably defended him at the late Assizes of the Seine.

The anniversary of the shocking catastrophe at the Charity Bazaar in the Rue Jean Gorjon, where so many of the aristocracy of France lost their lives, was celebrated in all the Parisian churches last week by means of masses and special prayers. A commemoration service was held in the chapel of the Elysee, and M. Felix Faure and his wife were of the congregation. How long ago it seems! It was then that the poor Duchesse d'Alençon perished. She had a curiously sad history which few have learned. When a young girl, as Princess Sophie of Bavaria, daughter of the Archduke Karl, and youngest sister of the Empress of Austria, she was courted by King Ludwig of Bavaria. The young King was madly infatuated with his cousin and determined to marry her. Royalty, however, shook its head, and the dominant party in Bavaria withheld its approval. The King was determined, and made every preparation for his wedding. The ruling powers, though, proved too strong for him, and the engagement was broken off. Ludwig lay for weeks in delirium, and the Princess Sophie half lost her reason. On her recovery she married Ferdinand of Orleans, Duc d'Alençon. Later, when Ludwig committed suicide, the Princess went mad, and was confined in an asylum for three years. It is said that the present King, Otto, went insane for a similar reason. He was in love with a German lady, Countess Larisch, and on learning that she could not be his wife, he lost his reason. He is dangerously insane, but still remembers his countess. She was sent into a couvent, where she remains to this day. Recently the keepers of the mad King were much alarmed at his condition. He would not eat, and sobbed and wailed from morning till night. One morning his physician drew aside the curtains and found the unfortunate monarch gazing into a little silver casket, which they had often seen in a drawer, the key of which he never removed from a chain he wore round his neck. As they walked in, the King turned round and with a smile said to the physician, "Countess Larisch has passed a good night; she is now out of danger." The curious part of the story is that during the time the King was in so serious a state Countess Larish lay dangerously ill in her cell, but how the insane monarch became aware of the fact no one can tell.

Apropos of royalty, I saw in the Bois the other day the Princess Letitia, Dowager Duchess of Aosta. She is one of the few European Princesses who does not care a fig for etiquette, and persists in following her own sweet will. She was very strictly brought up by the Princess Clothilde, but even in childhood broke out in open rebellion. One time Princess Clothilde forced her to wear her hair in a fashion she did not like, so she cropped it short as a boy. Although she is a widow, on the wrong side of thirty, she still persists in following her fads. The duennas of the Italian Court find much material for gossip in her peculiarities, and look upon her with much disapproval as the latest incarnation of the Royal New Woman. She is an ardent cyclist, and I have frequently seen her on the public roads of the Riveira on her bicycle. She looks well, too, and seems to take a mischievous delight in shocking the Italian Court ladies, who suggest that it would be more becoming her position were she to confine her wheeling expeditions within the boundaries of her private park. The Duchess says she finds the public roads afford her more entertainment, and contiuues to enjoy herself.

BABETTE.

ARISTOCRATIC PATRIOTS

Millionaires Who Have Joined Roosvelt's "Rough Riders."

New York, May 20th.—What an excitement there is over the war! It has penetrated into society; it is the one subject of conversation; it has minimized the importance of the Mackay-Duer marriage. Even the wedding of Miss Dresser and the last scion of the Vanderbilts is only a topic of subordinate interest. Considering that so many prominent young men are going with Lieutenant Colonel Roosevelt, however, the clamor is not extraordinary. Imagine what talk there would be in San Francisco if a dozen University Club men had enlisted to go to Manila. But, then, you have no Teddy Roosevelt out there to set the example. Among the fellows who have been fired by his leadership are William Tiffany, whose relations are the Belmonts; Woodbury Kane, noted at polo and football, worth half a million; Reggie Ronalds, a son of Mrs. Pierre Lorillard Ronalds, and a fine football player Ham. Fish, another of the band, is a gay and bold youth, and a scion of the well-known Fish family. Craig Wadsworth is a great rider, very rich and has long been a figure at cotillions. James T. Burden Jr. is another of the smart set, and there are a dozen more. Several of these prominent young gentlemen were accompanied South by their valets, but, I imagine, they will speedily shed these when they reach destination.

However, these are but a few of the warriors and belong to the ranks of the gay and gilded. There are many others older and more responsible. John Jacob Astor and William Astor Chanler, for instance. Both have appointments. The former is an Inspector-General and the latter is Assistant Adjutant-General. Young Rufus Hatch, son of the great Rufus, has become an orderly in the Michigan militia. Erskine Hewitt is another Assistant Adjutant-General. F. A. Schermerhorn has donated to the Goverument his yacht, the *Free Lance*, which is now doing duty as one of the patrol fleet to protect the lower bay. Perry Belmont's *Satanella* was found unsuitable, though freely offered. All the millionaires' yachts accepted were taken at the Government's own figures, and at prices below actual cost, and most of the other vessels of the New York Yacht Club may be had at the same figures.

Nor is this active patriotisn confined to the men. A number of the most prominent women in New York met at ex-Governor Morton's house and organized the First New York Ambulance Red Cross Equipmeut Society—that is the full name. The cost of a fully equipped field amubulance is $2,000 and the society intends to provide fifteen of them. At the first meeting Mrs. Royal Carroll, Mrs. Levi P. Morton and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid offered to pay for one ambulance each. This is but the commencement of the movement which Miss Helen Gould initiated with her $100,000 check. Many rich people have come forward with offers to purchase large blocks of bonds bearing low interest. With such a demonstration it cannot again be said the millionaires are behind in love of country. The much abused society element has come to the front magnificently, though I doubt if they will obtain especial credit from the yellow journals.

There has been considerable gossip about the suicide of "Carley" Havemeyer, a scion of the Sugar Trust Family, who since the death of his father, has been the head of the firm. He was married to a Miss Camilla Moss, a beautiful Ohioan maiden and unfortunately the union was not a success—the lady, so it is said, being rather fonder of admiration and society than of the fireside. The Havemeyers have been a particularly united family, Mrs. Havemeyer, who was a Miss de Loosy, daughter of the old Austrian Consul in New York, being a most devoted mother, who brought up her children admirably. "Carley" was a trusting, loving fellow and his faults were of the head rather than of the heart.

The sensation of the week in society was the Mackay-Duer wedding, which was duly celebrated at the bride's home in New York. Everyone knows the Mackays in California, and the Duers are among the most prominent of the society families—the bride being an especially clever as well as a decidedly handsome girl. There have been a thousand and one yarns about this affair—among others that the invitations had been restricted to multi-millionaires and that the old friends and relatives of the family had been omitted. It is true that a number of people who ought to have been invited did not get "bids," but then these little difficulties will always occur in large family connections. Clarence Mackay has always been his mother's darling. He was reared under her supervision and was never away from her side. When William Mackay was killed, he had, of course, to go to his father and the separation was very painful. Since then he has been initiated into the affairs of the Postal Telegraph and the great mining interests of John W. Mackay, who has been heartily in favor of this match since its inception. Mrs. Mackay, it seems, was anxious to have the affair postponed and the date was set forward twice at her desire. Miss Duer decided that it would be charming to be married on her birthday, and, in spite of further opposition, the wedding took place. The presents were not exhibited, alas! They must must have been magnificent, for John Mackay is proverbially generous, aud Mrs. Mackay has some of the most beautiful jewels in Europe. The happy pair have settled down as members of the Hempstead set, as they have taken Perry Tiffany's house at Westburg—one of the finest mansions on Long Island. By the way, I was amused at the manner in which the family settled itself while in New York. Mrs. Mackay and her daughter, Princess Colonna, were at the Waldorf, Countess Telfner and her daughter at the Windsor, while Mr. J. W. Mackay and Clarence stopped at the Belgravia, where the former makes his home. Almost immediately after the wedding Mrs. Mackay returned to London, which she prefers as a place of residence to Paris or New York.

It seems probable that Del Monte will have among its guests some of the most prominent of the society set this summer. Most good Americaus have decided to spend the vacation months at home, for once. When one's own country is at war, it is bad form to be enjoying one's self in foreign parts and, besides, who knows what may happen ere the unpleasantuess is over. There are still quite a number of people in Europe, notably the Fair set—Mrs. Oelrichs and Miss Virginia. The latter is receiving the distinguished attentions of young Count Boson Talleyrand-Perigord, and from all accounts the Faubourg society is only too ready to receive another American heiress. Miss Virginia is a bright young woman, who is not to be caught with mere gilt, and it is said she will do well for herself when the time comes.

Apropos of California as a summer resort, there has certainly been a re-action against the Seaside, lest there be a Spanish invasion. Leases of several New London and Newport cottages have been canceled, and you can get places at Monmouth and at Seabright for a song. At two of the garrisoned places between New York and Boston the Government has notified its officers to have their families ready to move out at two hours' notice, and such intelligeuce is apt to prove disquieting. However, nothing may happen after all—though I believe you in California will have the benefit of the impression.

DALTON.

Robert Reid, familiarly known as the King of Newfoundland, and the largest landholder in the world, is at present wintering iu Pasadena. The biography of this Canadian millionaire reads like fiction—his life is as full of incident as a novel by Dumas. Mr. Reid was born in Coupar, Scotland, and was by trade a stone mason. On attaining manhood, he emigrated to Australia, but later on went to Canada, where there was a larger and more profitable field for his enterprises. He began by getting small contracts, later secured larger ones until at last he became celebrated among the engineers and contractors of the world by throwing the famous bridge across Niagara. This achievement may be said to have been the keystone of his success, and from that time he was in line for the highest contracts going.

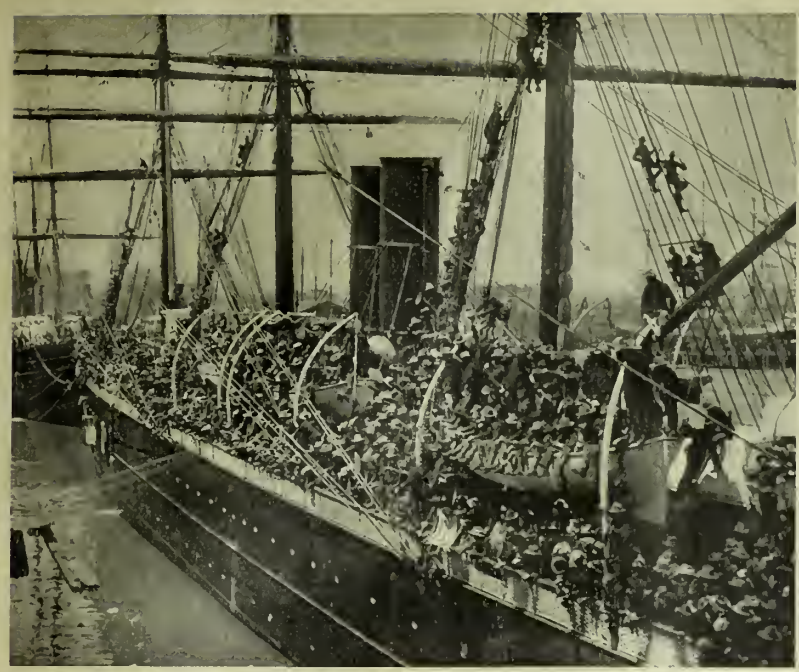
Reid built the important bridges on the Canadian and Southern Pacific Railroads and the bridge at Eagle Pass, which connects the United States with Mexico. But his most colossal undertaking is this attempt to transform Newfoundland from the least prosperous of Her Majesty's colonies to a successful center of trade and enterprise.

Until Mr. Reid took it in hand Newfoundland was regarded as practically useless save as a codfishery. Already, however, he has built railroads, opened its valuable mines and given thousands of its people employment. The island came under Mr. Reid's notice in 1890, when the Canadian government invited proposals for the construction of two hundred miles of line there. He got the contract and built the road for $15,600,000. The government proposed then another line which would connect the island with the main land, but realizing this system could not become self-supporting for many years, offered to give Reid five thousand acres of land for every mile of railroad built, stipulating that he shoulder the expenses for the next seven years. Last winter a new arrangement was negotiated between him and the Canadian Government by which he agreed to operate the railroad for the next fifty years for a further land subsidy of 2,500 acres per mile buying the reversion of the road for a present cash payment of $1,000,000. He also contracted to purchase the telegraph system aud the dry docks and to work the coal areas of the island.

Out of this great enterprise Reid expects to make a stupendous fortune. He intends to bring the fast Atlantic traffic across the island and make a fifty-hour passage between the new and old worlds. Any one who understands the steamer route between New York and Liverpool will realize how great a distance is passed skirting the American coast at this end of their journey, and if this plan be carried out the sea passage will only be from Galway Bay in Ireland to Notre Dame Bay in Newfoundland, all the rest of the passage will be by rail.

In appearance Robert Reid is tall, broad-shouldered and spare, like most of his race. He is of florid complexion, has clear blue eyes and a low voice. He has two sons, who are capable, efficient business men and eminently fitted to carry out their father's plans.

The employes of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* have organized "The *Times-Democrat* Rifles." The night editor is captain, the city editor a lieutenant, the assistant city editor second lieutenant; mail clerk, orderly sergeant, telegraph editor, second sergeant; machinist, third sergeant, and nearly all the corporals are reporters.



Casting Off the Lines

Good Bye

The Australia with the Oregon Regiment Pulling Out

Last Man on Board

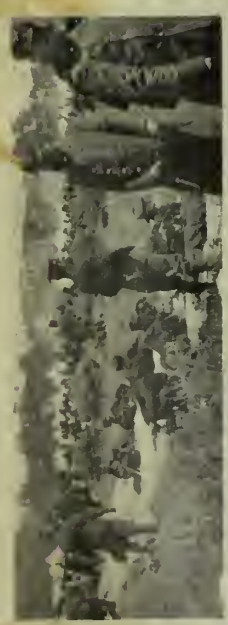
Ready to Cast Off

"Peking" Towed into the Stream

CALIFORNIA TROOPS EMBARKING FOR MANILA

Photos by Charles Weidner

Company H's Tents



Waiting for Tent Poles

Erecting Officers' Tent

The Pennsylvania Officers

The Tenth Pennsylvania Resting after their March from the Ferry

THE TENTH PENNSYLVANIA AT CAMP RICHMOND

GLADSTONE'S GREAT CAPACITY

Personal and Intellectual Characteristics of the "Grand Old Man" of England.

It is a platitude to say that all men are born equal, because some individuals come into the world endowed with twice the brain and force of the average man. Napoleon had an enormous intellectual capacity; he could do ten times as much work as any of his contemporaries. Bismarck's mind is an organ of great power and effectiveness, incomparably superior to that of his sovereign, for instance. Lincoln was notably able in his conduct of national affairs, and exhibited the highest qualities of statesmanship in directing the Government at its crisis. At the end of his career Gladstone was unquestionably the best informed man of his time, the greatest theologian, orator, financier and debater of his generation.

It is said that there was no subject of serious interest about which Gladstone did not know as much as the experts. He never hesitated to engage specialists on their own topics. Several Admirals of the navy have told how amazed they were when seated next him at dinner and venturing to raise some question relating to the service, they found Gladstone knew more about it than they did, at least whenever it was a question of statistics, even though the statistics related to the number of stokers in the fleet, or the average height and weight of sailors in the navy. There is a tradition to the effect that on one occasion when M. Chevalier, the eminent French economist, was invited to Downing street to breakfast, he came away sadly disappointed, for Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright happened to raise the question of corns, discussing chiropody in all its branches with a wonderful array of personal experience and literary reference which bewildered the Frenchman, who was first under the illusion that the Prime Minister and the great Free Trader were engaged in a discussion of the corn laws.

Of his capacity as an orator, the world has been told so often that his supremacy is unquestioned. But he was also a great financier. In explaining the revined tariff of 1842 his genius was first revealed to the House of Commons. In this instance he exhibited the extraordinary capacity of his mind; he seemed to know everything about the commerce of the country, and he united with that an unrivaled power of statement. He could make the dry bones of finance live as no other, save Sir Robert Peel, ever did. Imagine what that means—think of what a mind and memory the man must have had to carry such a body of information and figures in his head!

Throughout his life Gladstone utilized all his great powers to their fullest extent. His capacity for accomplishment was enormous, his political activity representing but a fraction of his work. He is the author of many volumes of theological and literary criticism. His translation of Homer is well known. He was an authority on an endless variety of subjects. The ordinary man confronted with such an astounding capacity wonders how he found time and strength to do so much. The answer is that he was methodical, persistently industrious and most careful of his health. Though not a teetotaler, he never used tobacco. He could sleep at will. He allowed himself seven hours slumber out of the twenty-four, and spent every spare moment in the open air. As a wood-cutter he obtained world-wide notoriety. This was his favorite form of exercise, but he was also a greatwalker. He possessed, too, an invaluable wife. If Mrs. Gladstone had been a cleverer woman, she might have been less helpful. Her idea of a wife's duty was to make life as "cushiony" as possible for her husband, and she would display a world of patience and cunning diplomacy that all disagreeable things might be kept out of his way. There are multitudes of stories about the manner in which she eased off the pressure of the outside world, using no end of innocent strategy in order to save him wear and tear and strain. He also inherited a magnificent constitution and tremendous driving power, the evidence of which is in the massive formation of the back of his head. Remembering, it is said, is a form of concentration, and if there is really a bump of concentration it must have been enormously developed in Gladstone's cranium. Whatever he took in hand to do absorbed him. He could concentrate his mind absolutely on a subject so as to be oblivious to all exterior sounds, but he had also cultivated the habit of changing his occupations. For instance, even in the latter days of his life, after several hours steady work in indexing Bishop Butler, he used to regale himself in the evening with *Robinson Crusoe* and the *Arabian Nights Entertainment*. The practice of promiscuous newspaper reading he sedulously eschewed, being in the habit of getting his news from one paper. This used to be the *Pall-Mall Gazette*, but latterly it was the *Westminster Gazette*. The *Times* he never saw, save when his attention was directed to it.

The question of comparisons is inevitable in considering the career of Gladstone. What rank will he have in the history of England? On the subject of his statesmanship opinions differ. It is said his force has been destructive rather than creative. But he had a tremendous personality. Here is the estimate of George W. Smalley, who, in spite of certain tendencies, is a most competent observer and critic of men:

"None can ever have met him with a sense of disappointment. If he had done nothing he would have been great. He towered above others. His conversation combined, as did none other, both charm and authority. There was a glamour in his mere presence. He laid a spell on you, fascinated you, subordinated others to himself. His eye had in it a command; his voice the note of the trumpet on the field of battle. Character, that is the man, said Emerson. Profoundly religious; profoundly emotional; secretly arrogant, with the words of humility on his lips; an interest and an intelligence that embraced all subjects, human and divine; a simplicity that was complex; an unmatched gift of concentration of all his intellectual powers, at any moment, on any subject, to the exclusion of all others; and a never failing conviction that he was born to great place and great thoughts and a great life—these are but some of the secrets of a power which, in its kind, the world has seldom seen."

In his "Life of Gladstone," Justin McCarthy thus defines the late statesman's comparative rank in oratory:

"I do not know whether English parliamentary history records greater doings of any man. In different paths of political work other men have been as great as he. So far as one can judge by the writings of contemporaries there may have been orators and debaters in Parliament who were equal to him. Probably Pitt was his equal in Parliamentary debate. There is a magnificent phrase of Henry Grattan's, himself hardly surpassed as a Parliamentary orator, in which he describes the eloquence of Fox as 'rolling resistless as the waves of the Atlantic.' I have often thought of that description when listening to some of Mr. Gladstone's greatest speeches. I have said to myself, 'this makes me understand the force and meaning of Grattan's superb phrase.' The elder Pitt was probably as great an orator as Mr. Gladstone. The younger Pitt was probably his equal in the statelier forms of declamation. But not Fox nor Chatham or William Pitt had anything like Gladstone's capacity for constructive legislation, and the resources of information which these statesmen possessed were poor indeed in comparison with the storehouse of knowledge which supplied Gladstone's intellectual capacity."

MR. AND MRS. W. E. GLADSTONE
Taken after Mr. Gladstone's retirement from Parliament

Mr. Royal Phelps Carroll, the well-known yachtsman and owner of the crack single sticker Navahoe, has received a commission from the Governor as lieutenant in the junior grade of the United States Navy. Mr. Carroll is not an Annapolis graduate, but has several times navigated his yacht across the Atlantic, besides making long cruises in the Mediteranean and to the West Indies. He passed a fine examination in seamanship and navigation, and has now been complimented by an appointment to the cruiser Newark, which will be Commander Watson's flagship in the Havana blockading fleet.

Ensign Bradley is the first officer to fall in the war, although Engineer Merritt and Lieutenant Jenkins went down with the Maine, and Ensign Breckenridge, whose father has just been made a major general, was swept off the narrow deck of the torpedo boat Cushing while on its way across to Cuba and was drowned. Bagley was the most famous man in the class of 1897, because he was for three years the captain of the football team and the best all-around athlete at the academy.

Dr. Nansen's journeyings through Europe brought him finally to St. Petersburg, where he was enthusiastically received at the station by the Minister of Norway and Sweden and members of the Geographical Society. The Grand Cordon of the Order of St. Stanislas was given him before he could escape from the building.

Baron Rothschild has given a large sum to drain the Chadera, near Cesarea, where the Jews have been trying to settle. The marshes in the neighborhood have caused yellow fever. The Jewish Colonization Association have also granted the sum of 140,000 francs for the benefit of the colony.

THE GREATEST VIOLINIST

How Ysaye Produces His Marvelous Tone — Gerardy's Personality.

Tone and the intricacies of its creation under the hands of the artist himself supply the widest field for an interview with such a supreme tone artist as Ysaye. Just what sensations and ideas possess him, while in the act of creating sound, and his method of doing this, is full of an intricate play of intuition and art only to be lightly covered by a half hour's talk, particularly as the maestro has no ardent desire to be interviewed. Of course, artists while on a concert tour are always pressed for time, for between traveling and playing their moments for relaxation are specially precious.

Joachim, in an interview published somewhere, is said to have made the statement that only a fine ear and the endurance to practice until the bow arm is ready to drop off, will give a violinist a beautiful tone. This statement probably covers the ground, but, in view of the study of tone as it is understood now, leaves a Sahara-like blank to the enthusiast with a passion for details. After some discursive talk upon tone in general, M. Ysaye made his meaning very clear by the aid of gesture and said, that not the bow, but the intensity of the pressure of the fingers stretching the string created the best quality of tone. The bow, he stated, of course played its part, but the strength and intensity with which the finger was held created the tone. While playing, the master said, he felt as though the tone was mainly made by his fingers, and, taking an imaginary violin and bow, he illustrated with a steady sweep and an elastic yet electrical intensity of pressure upon an imaginary string. The writer supposes he meant the bow arm to supply the negative force while the fingers represented the positive action.

Admitting a tone to be a circle, M. Ysaye was asked if he commenced in thought at the top of the circle. Without replying affirmatively, he left with me the inference that it, the tone, came in his thoughts as a complete entity, and he directly stated that he felt and heard the exact quality of tone he was going to produce, long before he accomplished it. In speaking of technique or the control of bow, wrist and fingers, he said he felt as Rubinstein did, that he had none, and that his playing seemed to him a process of thinking aloud.

M. Ysaye says his attitude towards the public depends greatly upon the public itself. If it responds warmly he feels it without the medium of applause and identifies himself at one with it, but he says audiences differ as much as the temperature. In playing to a strange audience he says he feels the curiosity and surprise that the effect of novelty has, and he cannot judge of the real impression he creates until he has played many times—as he has in New York, for instance—where his powers are thoroughly acknowledged, and where he feels himself quite at home.

Speaking of the rumors of his acceptance of Anton Seidel's place, he said there never was any actual suggestion of it in fact, and his interests in Brussels were so strong and so thoroughly congenial that he had never once thought of giving them up. M. Ysaye gave it to be understood that touring was a distraction and agreeable enough in its way, but that the main interest of his life lay across the water. He hoped, he said, to return to America in a few years time.

The entire informality and simplicity of manner of both M. Ysaye and M. Gerardy is in itself particularly interesting, and the quaint use of English they make has a novelty of its own. Of Gerardy it can be said that his whole being apparently exists only for his art, and he follows that art solely from the dictates of intuition—evidently has no theories, experiences no special sensations, and desires the life of an artist only. Such ingenuous frankness and absolute sincerity are rareamong artists of any age, particularly at twenty—Gerardy's age—where posing and affectations are to be expected. Though young, Gerardy is old as a player, having, as he says, played since he was nine years of age. He prefers what he calls "singing" to the virtuoso compositions, and by this he means those pieces like the Bach Aria and the Chopin Nocturne, which he gives out with a beauty of tone as marvellous as the purity and tenderness of feeling portrayed in them.

LESLEY MARTIN.

YSAYE—GERARDY.

Enchanted by the magic spell,
I listened to the wondrous twain,
And heard the sea-song in the shell,
The rhythmic patter of the rain,
The ramp and roar of stormy main,
And wondered if Apollo's lyre,
That thrilled the winds on Tempe's plain,
Could stir with such effulgent fire.

LUCIUS HARWOOD FOOTE.

Edouard Remenyi had an episode in his life which well deserves recalling. He joined the patriot army of Hungary in the revolution of 1840, and was active under Goergei in the campaign against Austria. He was one of those who was included in the first amnesy of Austria in 1860.

Walter Phelps Dodge publishes a charge of plagiarism against Richard Le Gallienne because the latter in his latest novel makes his hero develop phthisis from the kiss of his fiancé, Dodge having used the idea in a novel published last year.

England spends eighty million dollars a year in building new warships and in maintaining her immense navy; France, forty-three millions; Russia, thirty-eight millions, and Italy, twenty million dollars for like purposes.

It is stated that there are eighty military posts in the country and that fifty of them are without chaplains. A committee of ministers has put this matter before the Secretary of War, in the hope that it will receive immediate attention.

The Jesuit order is said to number 14,251 members; 6,000 of them are priests who read mass, and 4,416 are students or novitiates. Of the twenty-two provinces Germany is the strongest and Spain next.

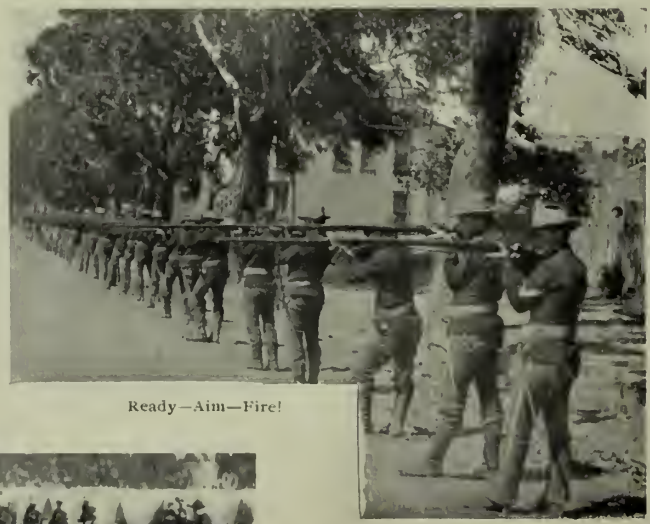
General Vi

Who Goes There?

Arms Stacked

Roll Call of the Thirteenth Minnesota

Where is Mother?



Ready—Aim—Fire!

Call to Rations

Off to Drill

Writing Home

Dewey, the Idaho's Mascot

Skirmish Drill, Twentieth Kansas

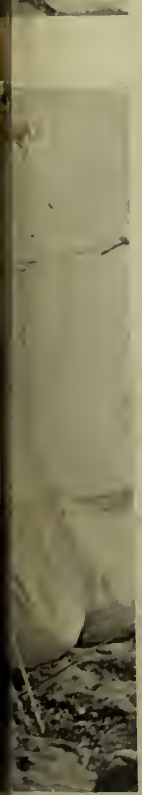
SCENES IN THE GREAT VO.

REPRESENTING THE REGIMENTAL LIFE OF

e Camp

The Idaho's Grill

After the Rain



Setting Up Drill

Kitchen Chores

At Rest

Roll Call, Twentieth Kansas

Filling Canteens

NTEER CAMP AT RICHMOND

E MINNESOTA, IDAHO AND KANSAS REGIMENTS

Photos by J. H. Bratt

NOON HOUR IN CAMP WITH THE MINNESOTA VOLUNTEERS

LAST VIEW OF THE TRANSPORTS SAILING OUT THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE — *Weidner, photo*

A NEW MULTI-MILLIONAIRE

How Joseph Leiter Squeezed a Fortune Out of Wheat.

For several months past the daily press has been making constant reference to the immeuse operations in the Chicago wheat market of Mr. Joseph Leiter. The information furnished from time to time has had a special interest for Californians, so many of whom are themselves intimately concerned with the production and marketing of wheat. It has not always been at all clear how young Leiter was situated, either at the precise point of his plunging career that had been reached at the time, or as regards the outlook for him in the future, when his contracts should have matured, but the time seems uow to have arrived when a clear understanding of his position may be obtained. And it is chiefly to the war, a factor not within ken when he embarked on his enormous grain dealings, that his phenomenal success is to be ascribed. Nothing but the enhancement of the price of wheat in Liverpool by upwards of 40 cents a bushel within a month of war being declared could have saved the Chicago plunger frem disaster.

Throughout the entire gamut of his transactions, the young speculator has exhibited supreme self-confidence, business ability and good commercial judgment, but with all these qualifications at his command he could not have triumphed without the big stroke of luck which the coming of war threw into the scales.

Leiter began his deal in April of last year, no really large bull campaign having been undertaken on the Chicago Board of Trade since the Russian shortage of 1891. John Cudahy had taken a hand on the long side in 1893, but got the worst of it, and only that Partridge was caught short and had to cover, so helping to support the market when the former began selling, he would have made a terrible loss. Since that time, up to a year and a half ago, the road to fortune had been to sell wheat. Then came news of crop failures in Europe, India and South America, but still the bears pursued the even tenor of their way. Next came the Greek war, which caused a little temporary spurt. With famine and war the overshadowing topics of the market, and July wheat quoted rouud about 65 cents, heavy buying orders came in. At first it was not known for whose account the movement had taken place, but after a little while young Leiter was disclosed as the principal. Accumulating some 8,000,000 bushels he was able to resell at an advance which netted him about $500,000, the bulk of which when realized he invested in a piece of property on Adams street in the city of Chicago. This was a satisfactory beginning at all events.

Leiter then turned his attention to September wheat, which, notwithstanding the flutter in July delivery, had been dragging considerably. Buying heavily at from 65 to 70 cents, by the end of July September delivery had mounted to 74½, he protecting the price all the way up. European dealers then began buying, which gave him great assistance, and eventually he turned a profit of something like $720,000 on his September contracts, Armour being worsted badly as one of the shorts. Leiter then began to buy December delivery. Getting in somewhat under 90 cents and following the market up to $1, his resources became strained, chiefly owing to Armour, who was still fighting the young operator, rushing some 6,000,000 bushels into Chicago in fulfillment of his contracts. Leiter, however, obtained financial help from the banks, and with a credit of $10,000,000, based on the assignment of tangible securities and his wheat holdings, found himself in command of 12,000,000 bushels, showing an apparent profit of $300,000. Then began a fresh contest in May delivery between Armour and the bold but junior operator, and the former seemed to be likely to get the better of the situation. When things looked serious for the young bull sensational stories got afloat that Armour's teeth had been drawn by some mysterious influence. Levi Z. Leiter came on from Washington, peace ensued and the big packer ceased further operations. This left only the smaller fry for Leiter to contend with, and having by that time merchanted vast quantities of his stock in Europe in a strong and rising market, he was clearly master of the situation. His total holding of May delivery footed up 12,000,000 bushels, of which he succeeded in selling one-half to the shorts at a profit of 10 cents a bushel, and with the price at $1.50 he stands on velvet and looks like making $1,800,000 on his May deliveries alone.

Altogether Leiter's profits are estimated at $3,500,000, a pretty big haul for a young man of thirty to make in a twelvemonth. He is now believed to be getting ready to quit the scene of his triumphs, and is not supposed to have extended his operations in the Chicago market beyond this month's deliveries. He has, howexer, a large joint interest with the elevator and flour monarchs of the Northwest, who found it to their interest to take him into their big deals for July, as he controlled nearly all the cash holdings in that region.

One important point that is well worth notice is the benefits derived by the growers from the support this young man's operations have given to prices. Reckoning the average advance in the Chicago market at 30 cents a bushel, and estimating that 500,000,000 bushels of wheat have been marketed since he began his purchases in the pit, the farmers have gained thereby $150,000,000. And not only this, he has demonstrated that the bears can be beaten, and has succeeded where men like Fair, Mackay, Keene and Ralston suffered complete rout.

THE COAL FIELDS OF CHINA

The world of late has very suddenly awakened to the conviction that the industrial and commercial exploitation of the Empire of China is a matter that will well repay attention. It has been frequently pointed out that when the effective galvanization of that ancient land shall have ensued it will have been brought about by means of coal and iron, for the development of which factors in human progress in these latter days no finer field exists on earth.

For many years it has been known that a vast coal bed and deposits of iron ore existed in the province of Shan-Si in Northeastern China, Baron Von Richthofen in his great work on China, published in 1882, estimating the possible production of the coalfield, containing the best anthracite and covering an area of two hundred and fifty by forty miles, as sufficient to meet the coal consumption of the entire world, at that time 300,000,000 tons annually, for 2,100 years. Alongside are deposits of brown hematite and spathic iron ore, with an abundance of limestone.

To acquire the right to develop this region has been the ambition of several of the great European powers, and for some time negotiations had been in progress on behalf of a powerful group of English capitalists with this object in view. Knowing that any attempt to reach the Chinese government through the regular channel available to British subjects would surely meet with the opposition of the other powers, the promoters of the scheme discreetly enlisted the services of the Italian Prime Minister, the Marquis di Rudini, who directed his son and Signor Luzzati in certain negotiations with the Viceroy of Shan-Si. Ultimately there was granted a concession extending over a term of sixty years, which gives full powers to exploit for coal, iron, and limestone in the district, with all railway, water and road rights, and with permission to join the main Chinese line from Pekin to the South, which is mapped out, and the construction of which has already begun. The concession includes the right to import machinery free of all tharge with the exception of the ordinary customs duties at the port of entry, and in return the syndicate will pay the viceregal and imperial authorities a royalty of 25 per cent. on the profits.

Operations will start immediately. There are already mining engineers on the spot, and the work of development will proceed apace. To show the immense importance of the privilege accorded to the Pekin Syndicate, it is to be observed that the coal beds are only 270 miles distant from Peking. The Hoang-Ho or Yellow River is easily navigable from its mouth to the region in question, and the coal and iron can be brought down to the river by steamer and along the coast of Shan-Tung to Wei-Hai-Wei, the port which has recently been leased to Great Britain by China. Wei-Hai-Wei, therefore, may become in the course of the next few years the center of a great iron industry, where iron rails can be rolled to supply the new railways of China, as well as a great coaling station for the British squadron on the Chinese station.

There is said to be great wealth of petroleum in the district, and gold has also been found, but the main business of the syndicate will be to exploit the practically untapped supply of coal and iron. The Chinese have scarcely so much as scratched the surface. What the province may become in course of time can be judged from the following extract from an independent witness to the wealth of its coal supplies. He says that at the pit's mouth the price ranges from four to six cents per cwt. for the best coal, while the thickness of the seams is from three to four feet. That a district with such immense quantities of mineral wealth may enter into serious competition with British and American coal and iron industries is obvious, but it is certain to increase the wealth of China, to make the Chinese market a more profitable one, and to prove a fruitful field for British and American capital and industry, while China is passing through the long initial stages of her industrial development. Practically, the concession acquired by the Peking Syndicate amounts to this—that the finest coal and iron fields in the world have passed under British control.

ESCORTING THE "CITY OF PEKING" DOWN THE HARBOR — *R. J. Waters, photo*

LITERATURE IN SOCIETY

Favorite Authors of the Four Hundred According to Mrs. Sherwood.

Does Society - New York society — read? The manners and customs of the 400 are of considerable literary importance, for its members are all able to buy books. If they are not in the habit of reading, then there is an excellent market closed to literature. If they are—a study of their inclinations is surely permissable. This is admiably done in *Here, There and Everywhere*, (H. S. Stone & Co.), a supplementary volume of reminiscences by Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood. The impression is current that Mrs. Sherwood is of the inner circle and privileged, therefore, to pronounce as to its tastes. Has she not written on manners for the New York *World*? When Mrs. Jefferson Davis explained for the *Journal* the times when men might and should not drink, Mrs. Sherwood prescribed table habits for the organ of Joseph Pulitzer. Indeed, there are few questions in relation to behaviour upon which she has not expressed Sunday supplement opinions, and if that does not make literary authority—what does?

This book of Mrs. Sherwood's is delicious. The author does enjoy her aristocratic recollections and is delightfully naive in retailing them. Captious readers might suggest that this insistence on exalted relationships constitutes snobbishness — but, bless you, Mrs. Sherwood is just a natural prattler who likes to talk about the great people she has met, and to have you know she knew them. A list of her important friends would fill half a page and in these war times I cannot afford such a tribute, but at least Mrs. Sherwood may be allowed to testify as to literature. One must take some of her dicta with salt, however. This, for instance, about Henry James:

"Society adores Henry James. His last three novels are without doubt his best and most permanent successes; not alone for their consummate merit as literary works, but for their attractive houses, pretty women and general atmosphere of what is most delightful. They make him the popular favorite in the homes of the luxurious. *Indeed, it would be impossible at a fashionable dinner party to speak of a character or episode in one of Henry James' novels that every one at the table would not know as well whom you meant as if you spoke of Becky Sharpe or Mr. Micawber.* It is the fashion to read him as it was the fashion to read *Trilby*, but the fashion has not lasted to *The Martian*."

This is exactly as Mrs. Sherwood writes, by the way. Her style is quite individual.

But although James is a favorite, Howells is quite the reverse, and Mrs. Sherwood regards his lack of popularity as largely due to the absence of romance in his novels. "I am not the least interested in his people," said a fashionable young woman when the authoress advised her to read *Silas Lapham*. There is a large public to console Howells for this neglect, and he is assured of Mrs. Sherwood's own approval. However, she is out of patience with Meredith, whom she declares no one reads. The nature and weight of the lady's literary tastes may be gauged by this and by a naive comparison of Stevenson and Anthony Hope. The latter is more regular, more witty and more capable of concentrating in one patch of light all the sparklings and splendors of everybody's diamonds, than Stevenson, but he has a less natural style, "less akin to the first lively gleam of sensation." Society does not approve so heartily the *Dolly Dialogues*, however. Mrs. Sherwood remarks, "They are like the flowers which arrive after we are dressed. We receive them with pleasure, but with bated enthusiasm." As for poor Frances Hodgson Burnett—she is decidedly under the ban. Here is her sentence:

"The author of Little Lord Fauntleroy might have been taunted with sentimentalism but not with impurity. Her latest novels and plays have the coarse and vicious qualities of Thomas Otway, who flourished in Queen Anne's reign; they are unwholesome, obscene and vulgar. Mrs. Burnett is a great loss, as in her simpler work she was deservedly a favorite."

Kipling is approved by society, which prefers his *Jungle Book* to *Captains Courageous*. Mrs. Humphrey Ward understands society and *Marcella* "is queen of them all. Here a lady speaks. She makes no mistakes in describing the great world. Her heroines are real. They know their trade, and the men and women who are called on to play their parts are not mechanics, servant girls or horse boys masquerading. Mrs. Ward is a thinker and a philanthropist. She also knows society. Therefore she is invaluable."

Society reads and always will read the French novels of Pierre Loti and Paul Bourget. More copies of Ouida's *Massarenes* have been read by the Four Hundred than any other novel of the day, partly because the story is "about the beloved London and partly because of its very evident truth." "The zigzags of fashion are very sharp. No one knows when coupes will go out of fashion and when tilburys will come in. Therefore, it is not to be explained why George Meredith disappears before Marie Corelli." Mrs. Sherwood forgets that the latter is the favorite novelist of the Queen. "Marion Crawford is a firm favorite in the boudoirs. No one can wish for a better friend to a young woman's mind than this delightful writer." Indian priests are favorites who are doted on." A pale, delicate, beautiful Parsee in white raiment will be heard and read from cover to cover." "More women have committed Richard Le Gallienne's translation of the 'Rubaiyat' of Omar Khayyam to memory since it appeared in the *Cosmopolitan* than any other poem of the day. It reached their *unmentionable sympathies*, poor dear." What does Mrs. Sherwood mean by unmentionable sympathies?

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HEROINES OF GENIUS

Impressions of Some Leading Ladies in Latter-Day Novels.

In current fiction one seldom encounters the heroine of genius. Realism demands that leading ladies shall not possess brain power beyond the average. The tendency, indeed, is against making them remarkable in any way. Physical charm is frequent, but great beauty is rarely attempted. Pretty, interesting, even fascinating, women, occur often enough — but the veritable belle, no! Beatrix Esmond reigns alone in English literature. There is no question about her loveliness. It is not a matter of assumption—of mere words. One realizes the character and degree of her charm. It is a specific fact. Of latter-day ladies I remember especially Princess Ottilie in the *Pride of Jennico*, and Brigit in the *School for Saints*. Both are adorable; both possess an individuality that has something exquisite about it, and a flavor of their charm remains in the memory after their marriages and misfortunes have vanished. But how seldom is this true! One recalls Marcella and a score of Meredith's women, headed by Diana of the Cross Ways and some of the faint and airy creatures who parade the realm of Henry Harland.

In the five volumes that await treatment this week actually two have a genius for heroine. Hope Whitehouse in *This Little World* (D. Appleton & Co.) possesses a wonderful soprano voice. She is another Patti, and triumphs over her audiences just as the diva does. But her talent is not nearly as convincing as that of Miss Valere Kostolitz in *The Duenna of a Genius* (Little, Brown & Co). Miss Valerie is cleverly characterized and has all the idiosyncracies of her talent. Her instrument is the violin, and though she plays as a genius should, somehow London refuses her recognition. I fear, though, this lack of intelligence is due to the requirements of the plot rather than to an absence of musical comprehension in her audience. Eventually Valerie does blossom forth, but it is through the agency of a romantic love affair with the eminent pianist whom she marries. The episode, far-fetched and preposterous though it be, is made natural by the development of Valerie's individuality. Why, though, should a writer able to conceive and execute so difficult a study turn out such a humdrum tale? The duenna Margot, and Sir John Croft are as commonplace and flat as she is distinct and distinguished. It is as though you encountered a remarkably clever figure in the canvass of a fourth rate artist.

In *This Little World*, which is a tale of the old English type — fluent and entertaining, without special value — there is also a masculine genius — a more convincing figure than the heroine, who sings so delightfully. Jack Cutler is a great landscape painter — one of those rugged and vigorous beings who overcome all manner of difficulties, and in whose struggle for recognition the sympathies of the reader are deeply enlisted. One knows that sooner or later the world will be at his feet, and in the meantime it is pleasant to realize that his success is a mere matter of pages. Hope (the singer) is notably good and sweet and charming; Jack Cutler is good, too; all the other characters are virtuous, kindly and chivalrous, all but Basset Piercy and the Slomans, who are bad. I imagine David Christie Murray, who is a clever man and brilliant writer, capable of something better than such arbitrary characterization.

From all these geniuses it is pleasant to escape to *The Girl at Cobhurst* (Chas. Scribner's Sons) Frank Stockton's last story. If it were only for La Fleur this book would be abundantly worth reading, but, besides, there are Mike, the colored servant with Irish blood in his veins, Miss Panney, the match-making old maid; Mrs. Tolbridge, the doctor's wife, Phœbe, Mike's wife and Molly Tooney, besides Dora Bannister, Miriam and Ralph. To state the plot would convey no adequate impression of its peculiarities, but it is mainly concerned with the efforts of Miss Panney to arrange a match between Dora and Ralph. The humor is inherent in the situations and in the characters, who are a set of delightfully naive and ingenuous people, quite candid and sincere in the display of their feelings and idiosyncracies. There is nothing funny about the conversation of La Fleur, save as it reflects the serious pretensions of this excellent cook. Miss Panney is neither witty nor brilliant, yet you have a graphic impression of her forceful, eccentric personality. Ralph is rather less of a figure than his sister, who is admirably individualized or than Dora, who makes a most wholesome and charming heroine. However, no comment will give the fine comedy flavor of the story itself, to which the reader is respectfully referred.

It is amusing to meet in a 16th century story a 19th century heroine. One cannot help regretting that Sophie Roberval was not a little less exacting about the love affairs of Jean Fourcade in *The King's Henchman* (Little, Brown & Co.). She puts him through just such a catachism as the leading lady of a Sarah Grand tale might exact from her lover. Her impatience of the affaires of a young gentleman who attends on the person of Henri Quatre, strikes one as a bit forced. Yet in spite of all his purity and courage, poor Jean makes but little impression upon her doubting soul, and she goes to a convent. It is an unhappy ending indeed, but it is much more comfortable to die for one's beloved than to have her if she be jealous. The story is an attempt in the Stanley Weyman manner by an American writer, and if it be a first attempt, is creditable, indeed. The narrative rather lacks the swing and stir of the original model. Into an historical romance one cannot put too much verve or heroism. Who cares how incredible are the achievements of the gay swashbuckler who lends the *dramatis personæ*, provided he wins all his fights and is chivalrous on occasions. Jean has but little trouble with his opponents, but one does not feel him a bit. The lack of atmosphere is another salient defect. Though there is a background—the corrupt court of Navarre—it lacks value. However, it is improbable anyone who cares for a stirring yarn, will fail to read *The King's Henchman* to its last bitter page, which is a considerable point in its favor.

The misfortunes that befell a conscientious young Englishman, who, after falling in love with a pretty Japanese maid, marries her, makes a tragedy of *A Bride of Japan* (H. S. Stone & Co.) Quite in a different style to the agreeable romances of Clive Holland and his compeers is this realistic tale, told with such impressive seriousness. One misses the delicate tracery of artificial devotion with which romance has surrounded the Japanese maid. Sasa San is an adorable, graceful little figure, and tender and loving as a child, but what it means to marry a Sasa San, you learn from Mr. Carlton Daw, learn in an unforgettable way. It is a real story, with a real plot and is notable for both reasons. This writer has as good material as any fictionist of the day, but it behooves him to create a finer and more flexible medium of expression. His style is slow, immobile and lustreless.

C.

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A SONG OF THE GUNS.

Hear the little guns, the ceaseless ones,
Hear their clamor at the battle's highest heat,
Hear them surging as they sweep their metal sleet,
Hear the ceaseless ones, the never silent guns,
The little vengeful rapid fires.
Shouting with the fury of a myriad human ires,
Singing "spit, spit, spit, and bang away again."
Singing "hit, hit, hit, and that's one for you, Spain."
Singing "vengeance, ever vengeance for the quiet, gallant slain.
"For they had never chance for fighting,
"When your midnight mine was biting.
"Then its spit, spit, spit, while we sweep your reeking decks.
"And when our shot is biting
"You'll have your fill, and more, of fighting,
"For we'll hit, hit, hit, till your ships are reeling wrecks.
"Singing spit, spit, spit, with our ceaseless metal rain,
"Till we lower every flag that is flaunting now for Spain."

Hear the ten-inch guns, the mighty ones,
Hear the thunder of their seldom-speaking throats,
Hear the echo of their ocean-rending notes,
Hear the mighty ones, the ten-inch guns,
Unmastered lords of Hell and Doom;
Speaking by the terror of their planet shaking boom
Claiming certain vengeance for the hosts of gallant slain.
Saying "Death, Death, Death; my servant, smite again."
Saying "Death and only Death can wipe away the stain
"Of blood, Oh, Spain! that you have spilled,
"And the evil deeds you've willed.
"We are speaking, grimly speaking, while we batter down your pride;
"Our voice shall not be stilled
"Till Death has done what we have willed,
"And your river, shattered wrecks are atoss on every tide."
Saying "Death, Death, Death, for your heritage, Oh Spain!
"We are laughing out your doom, we are vengers of the slain."

Hear the guns, little guns and mighty ones,
Hear their chorus when the heat of battle's high,
Hear their deeper singing, mark the carnage passing by,
Hear the chorus of the guns, little ones and mighty guns,
Unconquered kings of Doom and Death.
Singing out their mastery with the terror of their breath;
Laughing out in glory, for they are masters of the main;
Singing "Death, Death, Death, as they hit and hit again."
Booming out their vengeance as they rend the hosts of Spain.
"Oh, here's your fill and more of fighting.
"As we send our metal biting;
"Laughing out our fury while we sweep your reeking decks.
"Our voice shall not be stilled
"Till Death has done what we have willed."
So they laugh aloud in hate, as they smite her shattered wrecks,
Singing "Death, Death, Death, while there floats a flag of Spain."
On the terror of their laughing, they are vengers of the slain.

ROBERT PORTER.

In all cases of physical or mental exhaustion the use of a little Jesse Moore "AA" whiskey will be found invaluable as a stimulant.

For health and strength: Damiana Bitters.

Pleasure Seekers.

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A DEBUTANTE'S DIARY

Entertainments and Happenings In Town and Out.

The whole force of my energy has been expended this week, dear Diary, in working for my country, and I feel correspondingly virtuous. I think I really should receive more reward for it than most people, as, to be honest, it is dreadfully against the grain. I hate everything connected with the doing of good deeds, especially as there is usually a lot of the less beautiful side of humanity in it. And dirt, phew! Soldiers are lovely and sweet and all that; but after three or four days in camp, dusty and free from water, the gilding is soon worn off, and also the edge of my enthusiasm. But I have worked and shall continue to do so as long as I am needed, but I do detest it. I am afraid my heaven would never suit the small boy, as there would be no dirt and plenty of water in it. On Friday evening Arthur and I again went to the Dog Show and had a capital time, chiefly in making fun of our fellow creatures. Much has been said of the foolishness displayed by doting mothers of small infants, but I never saw a mother make such an idiot of herself as the owners of the prize winners made of themselves at the Dog Show. They strutted round the boxes positively palpitating with pride, caressed the poor doggies, and talked a sort of dialogue that was quite painful to hear. I wonder that dogs have any respect for us left. I saw several of these doting parents sitting on the edge of the boxes and condoling with the canines on their sad fate! One lady and her husband told me that they had not dared leave the doggies alone they were so much afraid they would be homesick. The collies, especially those belonging to the Verona Kennels, were stunning beasts, and the Irish setter who carried off all the prizes certainly deserved them. But a dog which won my heart was a bloodhound with skin smoother than ivory and hair exquisitely fine. I love dogs dearly, but, thank heaven, preserve my sanity when in their company. There were endless people one knew there. I saw Mr. and Mrs. De Ruyter, Miss Schaeely, Mr. Wiltsee, Mamie Polhemous, the Spreckels, Will Sanborn, Miss Bender, Mrs. Hooper, Mrs. Jewett, John Doyle, Miss Freidlander, Jessie Bowie and multitudinous others. Few wore swell frocks. Miss Bowie's cape was quite a gorgeous creation, elaborately trimmed in roses.

On Saturday Will Sanborn invited a number of us to go yachting, but as the weather proved inclement the trip was given up, and instead I put on my ulster and went to the Presidio. The poor soldiers looked as uncomfortable as chickens in the rain—you know how out of sorts and disgruntled they look. So you can fancy the soldiers. From there to the Bay District Track, where the Minnesota and Nebraska fellows had just arrived, and were simply wild with enthusiasm. They were better looking than the Pacific Coast representatives on the whole, it seems to me.

On Sunday I had a glorious day of it. Mr. Wiltsee invited a number of us to go for a sail on his yacht, and as the day was peculiarly adapted for it (a fresh breeze, yet not too rough), we had a capital sail and a perfect lunch. We went as far as McNears Landing and back. Mrs. Whittier and Mrs. De Ruyter chaperoned us. There were Frances and Miriam Moore, Alice Hoffmann, Marie Oge, Mollie and Helen Thomas and Miss Schneely, and Will Taylor, George Hall, Harry Stetson, Alf Williams, Billie McLean, Mr. Greenway, Latham McMullin and Harry Lamb. Will Taylor was particularly devoted to me, and between him and Mr. Lamb I was well taken care of. Will is a quiet sort of chap, a little inclined to be sarcastic, but seems to have an excellent mind. Mr. Lamb is a recent arrival from the East, and an unusually entertaining sort of man, talks smartly, has a bright manner, and seems so much interested in what he is saying, we became excellent friends. I hope to see a good deal of him. I believe he is a chum of Clarence Mackay. Talking of Clarence Mackay, I was surprised to learn that he is quite a head shorter than his bride, so she can't look up to him from a physical standpoint, can she? I wish my dear Harry Poett had a few more inches, but papa says tall women, though I don't call myself very tall, rarely attract tall men.

On Monday I was engaged in Red Cross work all day, and I think I must tell you a few inside facts about the management. There is so much rivalry between the ladies as to who will run things that sometimes they become positively unpleasant one to the other, and that I don't like. Then although a number of the girls come down, as a rule the work they do is a perfect farce, as they chatter to the soldiers and pretend to do a good deal, but really are more ornamental than useful. I am happy to say I am really working so hard from luncheon to nine o'clock at night, and several times have been obliged to go without my dinner. The Red Cross work is very fashionable just now, but like all fads it will soon pass over, and then in another week the great exodus really begins, and all of us go to the country. I want to tell you a joke on the girls.

On Wednesday the crack Pennsylvania regiment arrived, and all the girls wanted to be on hand. They were to arrive at midnight on Tuesday, so at five on Wednesday morning a contingent of maidens were waiting at the ferry. Imagine their disgust when they found the doors did not open till eight! The men were particularly worth while, and Bessie Ames, Bessie Buckbee, the Thomas girls, Gertie [illegible] and I had a perfect time feeding them. They were such well bred chaps, too, and looked so neat and trim I was agreeably surprised. Eastern men are nice, anyway. In the afternoon a number of us went to an informal tea at Bessie Ames' and discussed soldiers, Red Cross affairs and our summer plans. I hear of more Eastern people coming to California for the summer than ever before. Several of papa's relatives are to be here, and one of my most fascinating cousins, a Yale chap, a graduate of '96, and so handsome!

The gaieties have not yet begun in San Rafael, although the hotel is gradually filling up. The Hagers and O'Connors are there; the Whittiers are to go over on June 1st; the W. S. Deans and Wm. P. Morgans on June 15th. I hear that Mrs. Alvord, accompanied by Ethel Keeney and Leontine Blakeman is to go to Del Monte on June 15th to remain until September—won't the girls have a capital time? Mrs. Blakeman and Mrs. Keeney will join them some time in July. Marie Wells has gone up the Columbia River, and will start for Alaska on June 4th. She is finding life in Oregon quite as attractive as in California. Flora Dean will not return home until about the middle of July as she expects to make some visits in Michigan. Sophia Pierce, however, will be back early in June. The Russell Wilsons leave for San Mateo on June 1st. I had a letter from Alice Rutherford from Paris saying they are rather alarmed about the war and hear the most dreadful rumors. They and the Oelrichs are discussing the desirability of returning as soon as possible. Alf Williams goes East next week; he gave a big stag dinner to some twenty-five men at the Palace Hotel on Thursday. Arthur was there and said the menu was good, even for the Palace, which is saying as much as possible, I think.

I hear of various rumored engagements. Of these there seems much probability in those of two sisters, one of whom came out a season ago and is particularly handsome. Of the other engagement I am afraid even to hint of it, although the young people are especially devoted. I have not yet heard of a single engagement among the buds, which, considering what an attractive garland we proved, is most remarkable. Perhaps all are like myself, Diary dear, and prefer variety to a steady diet. One man may be all very well, but after a bit is apt to pall upon you. Still I think were my especial to come to the point I'd not discourage him. This is a shockingly stupid confidence, my dear Diary, but no one will entertain and I myself am bored to a degree. On Monday next I am going to a reception to be given to Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Magee. Oh, I must not forget to tell you of the wedding of Miss Hooper, and Dr. McKee.

It was really a charming affair. She was married at twelve, you know, and had eight bridesmaids—Sophie Faull, Edith Connor, Jessie and Jeanette Hooper, Anita and Bertha Hoff, Evelyn Norwood and Florence Davis. May Hooper was maid of honor. Alice Hooper's gown was really lovely, and I never saw her looking so well as on her wedding day. I was delighted, too, with Doctor McKee. He seems a splendid fellow, and is so bright. After the ceremony about fifty of us were invited to the breakfast, which was capital fun. The toasts were excellent, and——well, I love weddings, and only wish the war were over so Leila and Harry could be married. In the afternoon there was a reception from three to five, at which all the bridesmaids assisted.

On Saturday I am going to receive at Mrs. Martin's Red Cross reception, which is going to be tremendously smart. All the tea crowd are to receive, and I hear we are to have an excellent musical programme.

And so adieu. Your patriotic

MISS CRICKET.

* *

Everything in the way of entertaining in Oakland has been put aside for the Red Cross work, and matrons and maids spend their time between collecting donations and making flannel bandages for the soldiers. Quite a large sum is in the hands of the directors, and the men are well equipped in case of wounds or the pestilences that haunt tropical climates. An occasional luncheon or young people's party the sole events to be recorded during the week.

A charming affair was the dance given on Monday evening by Miss Flora Madermot to the younger crowd. The house, which is admirably adapted for entertaining, was massed in palms, potted plants and great branches of roses. The verandah was screened with canvass and cosy corners were arranged for the young people. Mrs. Macdermot wore a exquisite gown of lavendar silk and lace. Of the girls who were present I especially noted Miss Bernice Landers, Miss Elsie Bennet, Miss Mary Randall, Miss Bertha Foote (who has recently recovered from an attack of typhoid fever), Miss Steele and Miss Marion Randall.

The Winter Cotillion Club held its last cotillion at Reed's Hall. The german was led by Mr. Irving Burrell and Miss Alice Conkling. The figures were on the marching order, the music patriotic. Of the girls who looked very pretty were the Misses Carrie and Sallie Quinan, Miss Jacqueline Moore, Miss Kenna and Miss Della West.

A smart reception was that given by Mr. and Mrs. George Mastick, on Thursday evening. The decorations were in the national colors. Flags and pennants were arranged, and geraniums, white gillyflowers and bluebells carried out the idea. At eleven o'clock a capital supper was served at tete-a-tete tables which were similarly decorated.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Cooke gave a farewell musicale on Monday evening prior to their departure for Honolulu where they are to spend the summer. Misses Charlotte and Pauline Collins, Mrs. Carroll Nicholson, Mrs. Rowlands and Mrs. Turner gave musical selections. There were about two hundred people invited chiefly from the Honolulu colony.

The members of the "21" have issued invitations for a reception in aid of the Red Cross League to take at the home of Mrs. Crellin on Saturday, May 28th, from three to six and eight to ten o'clock.

The wedding of Miss Elizabeth Haight and Mr. Joseph D. Strong was quietly celebrated on Sunday afternoon. Miss Haight is a niece of the late Governor Haight and a very attractive girl. Mr. Strong is a well known artist. The honeymoon will be spent in Monterey.

The wedding of Mr. Cleveland Forbes and Miss Mae Vrooman will take place at the country home of Mrs. Vrooman in Santa Rosa early in June. Miss Vrooman is a daughter of the late Senator Henry Vrooman.

An especially smart affair was the breakfast given by Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Requa in honor of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington last week. The decorations were in the national colors. Afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Huntington were driven round the country.

Bay State Villa, on Beach Hill, Santa Cruz, is one of the most attractive of summer resorts. The house is rapidly filling up, and the guests spend their time in picnicing at the various suburbs of Santa Cruz. Last Saturday all went to Capitola, a distance of about four miles, and had a capital time. Among the guests are Mrs. J. M. Miller, Mrs. Blackiston and family, Mrs. Busch and Miss Busch of Montana, Mr. George Busch, Colonel Bates, Mr. Clifford, Mrs. Mohun, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Lichtensten, Mr. Marcus Lichtensten, etc.

The Original Swain's Bakery, 213 Sutter St., stands without a rival and has stood the test for years. The most delicious meals are served by gentlemanly attendants, and the management takes pride in having everything orderly. It is just the place for business men and ladies out shopping to lunch

The registered trade-mark, "The Cat and Barrel Band," of Boord & Son, London, has been in constant use by them since 1851 on their Boord's Old Tom Gin and Orange Bitters. All persons found printing or using the same will be duly proceeded against by their agents, Messrs. Charles Meinecke & Co.

MUSIC

An Appreciation of the Art of Ysaye and Gerardy.

The sense of beauty supremely expressed, or, the imperions desire for eminence, brings artists of all kinds to that stage where they are pronounced "great." Without having time or inclination to account to itself for its impression, the public accepts musical artists apparently by the test of how much force of any kind they are capable of giving out. The history of drama and music proves that audiences the world over are to-day, what they always were, ready to plunge themselves into waves of intense sensation; so if the singer or player has a dominating nature capable of affording his hearers a species of shock—he is recognized. To this class of artists belong, apparently, the greatest reputations. In some cases the possessors of the power of electrifying great gatherings have lacked a sense of beauty, and no better example can be mentioned than Tomagno, the tenor. Without being capable of expressing a single beautiful tone quality, and being notoriously contemptuous of the art of song, this man could create a furore with the utterance of a few high tones. Paderewski, with the aid of a great intelligence and immense industry, likewise became the most famons of pianists by sheer force of the exercise of that power of imposing himself and his furious Liszt—Rhapsodie—playing upon the musical public of the time. D'Albert with a revelation of subjective inheritance, which flows from his playing, is ranked merely as a great pianist among other pianists, instead of standing irreproachable as one of the great musical souls.

Ysaye, when last here, played from the inspiration of an extraordinary sense of beauty, such as is given to perhaps one violinist only in each generation. His ideal seemed removed and serene, and was expressed through the medium of a tone ductile and fine as pure gold, so that a certain cult looked upon his playing as a living embodiment of *il bel canto*. On Monday night it was amply proved that the great violinist had taken a new attitude. His singing is not done for singing's sake only; he is not set apart from his audiences, and his sense of the dramatic has grown pronounced. He consciously alloys his golden tone to the pitch of fierceness, and his personality has grown more impressive—so impressive that it often obscures the great and shining musical individuality. In place of the exceeding serenity of his art there is a powerful accentuation and dramatic contrast destructive of the pure flow of tone, but interesting compelling from an emotional point of view. Not that his still and effortless tone is gone, but he appears to feel the need of ruffling it, or cast it aside in giving vent to purely personal emotion. All the glories of his exterior technique remain unchanged, and the stinging brilliance of his octave playing in the Vieuxtemps concerto was something unparalled, even from him. In the Andante of the Schumann Trio the full sense of pure beauty was so expressed that a lasting memory was likely to remain with all who had the good fortune to hear his playing.

Something of the veteran appeared in Ysaye's manner, perhaps by contrast with the evident youth of the cellist, Gerardy. At once, it may be said, that this latter artist belongs to the limited class of purely subjective musicians, whose sole aim is to satisfy their desire of beauty by expressing it an unbroken web of exquisite sound touched with rainbow tints of pure emotion. All the applause of the greatest audiences does not make up to an artist of this type for a tone deficient in beauty. Rapt in the worship of the tone art, this sort of player is clothed with a mantle of serenity, making him temporarily impervious to all the accidents and ills attendant upon consciousness. Gerardy has that supreme sense of tone which will not be denied, and compels every partial and resultant proper to each tone to come into being. Such a sense of beauty brings with it every great gift. This artist does not make any "dramatic effects"; he is occupied with the drama of tone pure and simple, and this necessarily gives him nuance rhythm and breadth. His playing of the Bach Aria embodied all the virtues of real singing. To play in company with Ysaye and remain a distinct individuality would be a feat for any 'cellist in the full maturity of his powers. Everything meant by a "great technique" is completely mastered by this young artist, and words cannot give an idea of the aerial quality of his tone. A tone not yet robust, but perfectly satisfying.

To have brought his talent into satisfactory play with such artists as Ysaye and Gerardy, was a great accomplishment on the part of Mr. Lachaume, who ably added his quota to the gratifying ensemble achieved in the Trios.

Not since the appearance here of D'Albert and Sarasate has there been such a display of everything that is superb in the instrumentalist art, and that part of the musical public which misses hearing Ysaye and Gerardy deserve to be left a prey to everlasting regret.

LESLEY MARTIN.

The oldest shipping house at Port St. Mary's, Spain, is the well known one of Duff, Gordon & Co., shippers of the Duff-Gordon sherries, the most celebrated of any in the world, being specially noted for their superior qualities of character, style, delicacy and purity.

"Scotch and Soda" is the fashionable drink in the East at present, and is fast becoming the fad out here. With a good quality of whisky, such as the "White Horse Cellar" Scotch Whisky, it makes one of the most pleasant and cooling drinks we have tried, and is sure to make a hit.

The method of photographing in natural colors brought before the Academie des Sciences recently by MM. Lumiere, the well-known photograpers of Lyons, and devised by MM. Cros and Ducos du Haron, is rather like that of Mr. Ives of Philadelphia, which he calls the "kromoscope." MM. Lumiere took three images of the object through orange, green and violet light, respectively. The monochrome photographs thus obtained are superposed to give the complete photograph of the object in colors. In the stereoscope the photographs appear like natural objects.

The Governor of Hupeh, in China, has just started a cotton mill of 30,000 spindles and 1000 power looms' capacity at Hankow, on the Yang-tse-Kiang. The mill is fitted with electric lamps and modern automatic sprinklers and employs 2,600 people, mostly children, in weaving cheap cottons. The machinery came from Europe, and the whole factory is under the direction of a foreigner, the only one employed in the mill.

Recent Novelties.

Some clever little designs in menu and guest cards are to be seen at Cooper's on Market street. Among them some dainty pen-and-ink sketches by popular artists which prove very popular; specially so with the monogram stamped in relief.

A CORNER OF THE P. ROSSI CO'S ART ROOMS

The P. Rossi Co's art and antique furniture store at 117 Sutter street is the only one of its kind in the United States. The stock carried is remarkably rich and varied, consisting of artistic furniture, Carrara marble statuary, antique lanterns from old castles in Italy and France and innumerable other articles de vertu. Some of these pieces of furnitnre are of great historic interest and all represent the finest achievement of the most skilled continental workmen and wood carvers. One can spend hours examining the beautiful objects de art in this store, which, crowded with interesting things, makes one of the most beautiful interiors in San Francisco.

The Royal is the highest grade baking powder known. Actual tests show it goes one-third further than any other brand.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

THE THEATRES

Passing Comment on Contemporary Performances.

It must be confessed that misgivings accompanied me as I dropped into the Tivoli early in the week to witness the first production of "The Poster," a satirical musical travesty in three acts. The house was well filled, but not crowded with the usual Tivoli clientele of music lovers. The first half of the first act was somewhat dreary. There was an overdose of the Janitor and the maid, of Arcadia flats that might well be cut, but finally the point of the play came into view. The second act was a genuine surprise, or rather a series of genuine surprises. I have not seen more original or better handled theatrical ideas crowded upon one another in a single act, in many a day. It was light, frothy, taking nonsense. The scene of Union Square, the Spreckels, Spring Valley and the Chronicle buildings might be made more effective, but that of the Poster exhibit was beyond criticism. They had a ballet of "Playing Cards," a neat and pleasing notion. A ballet of Magazine Frontispieces, which included the "Black Cat," the "Gray Goose," and the "Purple Cow" of Gellett Burgess. Then followed a ballet of "Up-to-Date Posters" full of dash and originality.

"The Poster" holds every detail and element that should bring theatrical success. Considering everything, it is a wonderfully clever piece of work. Such a commendation coming from a source that has a reputation for pessimism ought to carry some weight. The mistakes of the libretto may be easily remedied and the omissions in the score readily supplied. The authors should carefully prune the first act of all extraneous matter and make it serve merely as an introduction and prologue to the second. Here, Mr. Packard, who is responsible for the music, should lay himself out with more effect. He needs to lift up the piece musically. Toss aside some of the songs that pass for comic and substitute others. Weave into the second act more and more taking melodies—crowd it with them. With some careful work in this direction, (for the third act is not too long), "The Poster" is destined to achieve a national and perhaps a London success. It will do immeasurably better in the East and abroad than here, where the poster craze has not obtained to any great extent. I hope the authors, Messrs. Wilson, Carpenter and Packard, will conscientiously set at this work—money ought not to be difficult to obtain to back such a promising piece. Great credit is due to Mrs. Kreling for this venture. The play is well staged, neatly costumed and well sung and played. If I were given over to theatrical ventures "The Poster" could either absorb some of my savings or add heavily to them. More than this we cannot say of a new production. Daly, of New York, could repeat "The Giesha" success with it, but, mark it, only after careful pruning of dialogue and elaboration of music. The idea itself is well nigh beyond criticism.

* *

There has been a pleasing atmosphere about the Orpheum this week that the public evidently appreciates. A better all round bill of the play in entertaining merit has not been performed at this favorite house for a long while. There is not a single turn in the whole show that is not amusing, and there is sufficient variety to satisfy any reasonable being. Al. Leech and the three Rosebuds give a comic sketch in very clever fashion. Ezra Kendall gets off his monologue in a style that is not only original, but very attractive to his listeners, and the Manhattan Comedy Four make delightful harmony, even though overmuch byplay gets a trifle tedious. Harry Allister's make-up sketches of celebrities are most effective and thoroughly up to sample, while Marion Kerner's pictures seem to please more and more as time goes on. Colby and Way, ventriloquist and dancing doll, are particularly good, and Carroll Johnson, an old favorite here, is as swell a coon as this city has yet seen. Over all the fun there is an occasional tinge of timely patriotism that keeps the house in excellent spirits.

* *

DRAMATIC NOTES

Hopkins' Trans-oceanic Specialty Company is the strongest vaudeville organization seen here in some time. Mr. Dan Polk's imitations on the banjo of a Hebrew singing "Marching Through Georgia" is one of the especially attractive bits on the programme. The riding baboon "Jessie" is a remarkably well-trained animal. Mr. Gardiner does excellent work, and Miss Vinie DeWitt has won much favor by her cornet playing.

The Orpheum's announcements for next week include the La Mont Family, a trio of acrobats; the Musical Johnstons, xylophone soloists and duettists; Ezra Kendall, monologuist; Carroll Johnson, in new negro melodies and jokes; Al Leach and the Three Rosebuds, who have scored such a success; Colby & Way, the ventriloquist and dancing doll; and Harry Allister, the mimic, who will present a number of new faces.

At the Alcazar Mr. Lewis Morrison is attracting large audiences. The next play to be put on is "The Master of Ceremonies," which is to be excellently staged. A special matinee will be given on Monday (Decoration Day). Mr. Morrison is ably supported by Miss Florence Roberts, who is an accomplished histrionic artist. Her rendition of Claire in "The Master of Ceremonies" is said to be a particularly excellent piece of work.

It is now definitely arranged that the new Frawley Company will open at the Columbia Theatre on June 13th in Daly's "No. 9." Madeleine Bouton will be seen in the leading role. The latest addition to the Frawleys is Miss Fanchon Campbell, who last year appeared as Princess Flavia in "The Prisoner of Zenda."

"The Poster," the new satirical musical travesty by John P. Wilson, L. G. Carpenter and Chester Packard, has proven a great success at the Tivoli. It will run for some time, and will be succeeded by "An American Hero," founded upon the adventures of Paul Jones.

The Ysaye season will end on Sunday evening with a grand concert. The programmes for this afternoon and to-night promise to be unusually attractive. Besides the solo playing of Ysaye and Gerardy, some very interesting trios will be performed.

"The First Born" will be revived at the Alcazar at the close of the engagement of Lewis Morrison. May Buckley and nearly all the original company will be in the cast.

Clay Clement, in his own play, "The New Dominion," will appear at the Columbia Theatre next Monday evening. The dialogue is exceedingly witty.

When the Regiment Left.

She bravely bade her Horace goodby,
That girl with the auburn hair,
And smiled through the tear that dimmed her eye,
That girl with the auburn hair,
And she kissed him, and kissed him, and kissed him,
That girl with the auburn hair,
And kissed him, and kissed him, and kissed him,
And kissed him, and kissed him, and kissed him,
And his soldier comrades had to assist him,
To leave that girl so fair.

—*Chicago Tribune.*

The work of constructing a huge raft, which is to contain 4,000,000 feet of lumber, has been begun at Portland, Oregon. The raft, when completed, will be floated to San Francisco, Cal. It will be cigar-shaped, 400 feet long, 53 feet wide and 24 feet high from the water, drawing about 17 feet of water. If successfully floated to San Francisco, others of the kind will follow, and the methods of lumber transportation on the Pacific Coast will be to some extent revolutionized. Similar experiments on the Atlantic Coast proved costly failures.

A contract for 36,000 tons of steel rails and 4,230 tons of fishplates, for use on the Eastern Chinese Railway, now building in Manchuria, has been entered into with American manufacturers.

HE STILL LIVES

No Truth in the Story That Swiftwater Bill was Drowned — Reduction in Alaskan Rates.

Something in the nature of a sensation was caused recently by the announcement in the daily papers that W. C. Gates, better known as "Swiftwater Bill," had met his death by drowning. Gates, who is president of the Alaska Transportation, Trading and Mining Company, set out for Dawson City some weeks ago accompanied by Lieutenant S. K. Lemon, brother-in-law of M. J. Laymance, manager of the company, and thirty men. This party is to go to workon the company's properties, and Gates' direction was an important factor in the conduct of the expedition. A letter from Lieutenant Lemmon, dated May 17th, from Lake Bennett prove the story to be unfounded, as by his account "Swiftwater Bill" is very much alive and ready to lead the fine boats just launched across the lake, through the rapids and into the head waters of the Yukon river. The party ought to be in Dawson about June 10th.

Now that the alarming report has been proved unfounded, there is a great deal of curiosity on the part of the directors of the company to learn how such a story was spread. In that region, however, a story which may have been started as a joke, soon takes wings and is a fact on the other side of the range long before the men who originated it have realized the stupidity of their fairy story. However, long before the first detachment of passengers reaches the Klondike, "Swiftwater Bill" will be hard at work on the company's properties, managing and developing them with the vigor and energy characteristic of the man.

The Alaska Transportation, Trading & Mining Co., organized to handle the properties of Gates, dispatches the first boat that leaves here for Dawson, the elegant new steamer *Aloha*, built especially for the Alaskan trade. The *Aloha* is billed to leave here about June 5th and will connect at St. Michaels with the smartest and fastest steamer on the Yukon, the *City of Dawson* This boat was designed and built in San Francisco for the river traffic, and is fitted with reasonable accommodations for two hundred and fifty passengers and six hundred tons of freight. She only draws two feet and a half of water, and being fitted with powerful engines is certain to outstrip all her competitors in the trip up to Dawson. Both the *Aloha* and the *City of Dawson* are now in San Francisco, and prospective passengers are at liberty to visit both vessels and select their berths before starting. This is certainly an important privilege, considering the manner certain of these steamship companies have recently been packing passengers out of San Francisco. The traveler has an opportunity of knowing what he is getting. The *Dawson* is now at Meiggs Wharf, but will soon leave on the voyage to St. Michaels, where she will await the arrival of the *Aloha*.

It has been prophesied for some time that rates for the trip to Dawson City would surely decline. A big cut has been announced by the A. T. T. and M. Co., which offers at its offices, 42 Montgomery street, a rate of $150 for a first class through trip to Dawson, and will accept freight at $100 per ton. In comparison with the rates which have been exacted for this traffic, the extreme reasonableness of the new tariff will be realized. In addition, the company offers, as a special inducement, to give employment to the first fifty passengers engaging berths on the *Aloha* at wages of not less than $10 per day. On the first trip Dr. Henry H. Hart, the well-known physician and present member of the Board of Health of San Francisco, will be in charge of the expedition and will look after the health of the passengers free of charge.

Something about the status and assets of the Alaska Transportation, Trading and Mining Company may prove of general interest at this time. It was organized by San Francisco and Oakland capitalists to take hold of and develop the properties which W. C. Gates (Swiftwater Bill) had obtained on the Klondike. Though "Bill" has had considerable undeserved notoriety in the San Francisco journals, his private troubles are quite apart from his business ability, which is very considerable. He is a shrewd and competent prospector and as good a judge of a gold mine as any man in America. His financial intelligence is amply demonstrated by the character of the properties on the Klondike which he turned over to the corporation and which rank as among the richest in that marvelous region. These consist of five of the best claims on the El Dorado and Bonanza Creeks, besides a big warehouse in Dawson City. It is estimated that the spring "clean-up" of these properties will yield between a quarter and a half million dollars worth of gold dust. On these properties through the winter a force of forty men has been at work, and thirty more under Lieutenant Lemon will arrive there early in June. The first fifty men who come in on the *Aloha* will also have employment, and this big force must necessarily increase the output of gold this season.

The Alaska Transportation, Trading and Mining Company has its executive offices at rooms 20 and 21 Chronicle Building, and is capitalized at two millions of dollars. Its officers and directors are W. C. Gates, president; W. G. Henshaw, vice-president; Henry Wadsworth, treasurer; M. J. Laymance, manager, and C. P. Troy, secretary.

The Prince of Wales

Is a connoisseur whose judgment is eagerly sought, and in answer to a number of inquiries as to which champagne he prefered, answered over his signature: "Pommery Sec every time." This brand he uses in preference to all others in the Royal Household.

Schram

is a name familiar to all drinkers of high-grade

CALIFORNIA WINES

Although the highest quality of native vintages the price is no higher than ordinary wines.

Bottled at the Vineyard, Schramsberg, St. Helena insures to the consumer a guarantee of

ABSOLUTE PURITY

SCIENTIFIC FACTS

A writer in a London journal makes the statement that cases of insanity, softening of the brain and kindred ailments, even resulting in death, have been distinctly traced to persistent distressing noises on the street. Headaches are often caused by the passing of wagons laden with iron, and by the noise made by unloading coal wagons; indeed, in England, coal-dealers are now required to deliver coal in bags, which are carried by hand and emptied thus. The process, too, of dumping great loads of coal upon sidewalks and shovelling it thence through holes is an uncleanly, unsanitary practice. Another element of adverse influence mentioned in this connection is that due to the steam and electric public conveyances, strangely uniting, as they do, convenience of transit with much of positive individual suffering.

Japan is now building a great steel plant. The works will cost $10,000,000, and will be put into operation within three years. The product of the plant for the first year will be almost exclusively steel rails and probably some steel plates for ships. Boiler plates, bar steel, and structural iron will follow in order. This steel plant, which will be situated at Yawatamura, a town of about 10,000 inhabitants, is on the extreme northern end of the Island of Kushiu. This island, according to reports, is rich in coal. More than 3,000,000 tons of coal are said to be taken out of its mines yearly. The ore beds from which the mill will get its supply of iron ore are on a neighboring island, the two being separated by a channel only a mile wide. The ore will be brought from one island to another by boat.

A North China paper says the quality of "nervelessness" distinguishes the Chinaman from the European. The Chinaman can write all day, work all day, stand in one position all day, weave, beat gold, carve ivory, do infinitely tedious jobs for ever and ever, and discover no more weariness and irritation than if he were a machine. This quality appears in early life. There are no restless, naughty boys in China. They are all appallingly good, and will plod away in school without recesses or recreation of any kind. The Chinaman can do without exercise. Sport or play seem to him so much waste labor. He can sleep anywhere—amid deafening uproar, on the ground, or in any position.

Pears'

Why is Pears' Soap—the best in the world, the soap with no free alkali in it—sold for 15 cents a cake?

It was made for a hospital soap in the first place, made by request, the doctors wanted a soap that would wash as sharp as any and do no harm to the skin. That means a soap all soap, with no free alkali in it, nothing but soap; there is nothing mysterious in it. Cost depends on quantity; quantity comes of quality.

All or soft [illegible] especially druggists, all [illegible] is of peop[illegible] [illegible] especially those that know what's what.

Dr. C. W. D[illegible]ker, Dentist, 806 Market Street

GERMEA

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Spend your summer outing there and drink from the famous HEALTH-RESTORING SPRING.

Large Swimming Tank Mineral, Tub, Vapor and Roman Baths. Competent Masseurs.

Resident Physician : Advice Free

Many improvements. New Cottages. Bowling Alleys rebuilt. Bathhouse enlarged.

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Dancing, Tennis, Bowling, Billiards, Croquet, Handball, Shuffleboard, Livery, and Burros for the Children.

Rates—Hotel and Hotel Cottages, $10 to $15 per week. Housekeeping Cottages, $3 to $7 per week.

Call or address BARTLETT SPRINGS COMPANY 22 Fourth street, San Francisco, or Bartlett Spriugs, Lake County, Cal. Pamphlets mailed free.

Saratoga Springs
Lake Co. Cal.

Curative powers of springs and mineral baths unrivaled; sixteen varieties of waters; a most picturesque and charming climate: easy of access; telephone connections and daily mail; rates to suit all. Write J. MARTENS, Proprietor, or in San Francisco, 416 Pine street, F. A. BUSSE.

HOTEL DE REDWOOD

One of the most romantic and healthy resorts in the mountains. Fine Water, with Iron and Sulphur Springs. Rates, $8.00 per week up. Return tickets from San Francisco, $2.50, good for three mouths.

For particulars, address M. S. COX, Laurel Station, Santa Cruz County, California.

Howard Springs

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Hot and cold mineral spri gs; hot steam and plunge baths of great healing power — will cure rheumatism, nervous diseases, kidney troubles, etc. Terms, $10 and $12 per week. Special rates to families Postoffice and Telephone. Round trip tickets, $10, at S. P. Office. Address MRS. R. J. BEEBY.

Highland Springs

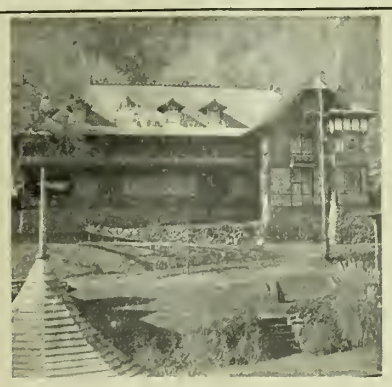
LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

San Francisco Office, 316 Montgomery Street

Bay State Villa

SANTA CRUZ

First-Class Family Hotel. Fine view of Monterey Bay. Pleasant grounds. Two minutes from the beach. Table supplied with the very best the market affords. Send for circular. Address PETER CRINNION, Box 363, Santa Cruz, California.



Laurel Dell Lake

Increased facilities for comfort and pleasure; new dining-room; 130-foot lake frontage; new stable and livery; boating and bathing free. Terms—Cottages, $8 to $12; hotel, $10 to $12; new building at the lake, $12 to $14 per week. Route, S. F. and N. P. Railway; round trip, $9.50. Address H. WAMBOLD, Proprietor, Bertha P. O., Lake County, California. Telephone connections to all points.

Sea Beach Hotel

SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA

NEW MANAGEMENT

A delightful seaside resort, only three hours' from San Francisco.

Surf and tank bathing, splendid salmon fishing, beautiful drives to the Big Trees, etc.

This hotel has been thoroughly renovated. It overlooks the ocean beach, and is but ten minutes from the centre of the city.

Our special feature is a GOOD TABLE.

Rates: $2.50 per day; $12.50 per week, upwards.

J. B. PEAKES, Proprietor.

Anderson Springs

Only natural mineral steam baths in Lake County, Hot sulphur and iron baths. Board, $8 to $14 per week. Baths free. Address J. ANDERSON, Anderson Springs, Middleton, Lake County, California.

Fare, San Francisco to Springs and return, reduced to $8. Call at the office of *The Traveler*, 20 Montgomery street, S. F., for full particulars.

HOTEL BENVENUE

Situated on the shore of Clear Lake. Fine, large grounds; special facilities for families and children; home cooking; boating; bathing and fishing; rates reasonable. Address FRANK and A. M. SCALES.

HARBIN HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS

Most wonderful waters; all kinds of skin diseases cured in marvelously short time; kidney, liver, catarrh, rheumatism and stomach troubles immediately relieved. Rates $10 to $18 per week. Long-distance telephone. Address J. A. HAYS, Proprietor, Lake County.

Lytton Springs

HOTEL AND COTTAGES

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT

Thoroughly renovated and will be kept as a first-class resort. Accommodations for 150 guests. Located seventy miles north of San Francisco, in Sonoma County, on S. F. and N. P. R. R., one-half mile from depot. Cement walk to hotel. Bus meets all trains Fine scenery, ample grounds, nice walks and drives, with shady nooks and dales. We have our own milk, butter, fruit and vegetables. Lytton (Cal.) Seltzer and Soda near the Hotel, Free to Guests. Open Summer and Winter. Rates, $2 per day and $8 to $12 50 per week. W. M. WARD, Manager.

PARAISO HOT SPRINGS

Monterey County, Cal.

THE CARLSBAD OF AMERICA

For health, rest, pleasure, climate, accommodations, scenery, flower beds, cleanliness, table, hot soda tub and plunge baths, hot sulphur tub and swimming tanks, massage treatment, special bathhouses for ladies and lady attendant, hunting and fishing, children's playground, croquet, lawn tennis, and dance hall. For families Paraiso stands unsurpassed in the State. Plenty of enjoyment for young and old. Take train at Third and Townsend streets, San Francisco, 9 a.m., and at Oakland from First and Broadway at 9:10 a.m. daily for Soledad. Return-trip ticket $8, to be procured at the Southern Pacific office, 613 Market street, under Grand Hotel. Seven miles by stage. Telephone and postoffice.

For illustrated pamphlets and special inducements for 1898, address B. ROBERTSON, Lessee and Manager.

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Six hours from San Francisco. One of Nature's wonders. Grandest scenery. The Hotel an enchanting, embowered home. Croquet ground, tennis court, etc. Natural steam and mineral baths. Bathhouse remodeled—elegant porcelain tubs. Tepid swimming lake. New and inviting trails to interesting points. Table unsurpassed. Terms $10 to $15 per week; $2 and $2.50 per day. Long distance telephone, daily mail, and telegraph.

R. M. HORTON, Manager.

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Opened for the Season May 1st

Belvedere, Cal. MRS. A. T. MOORE.

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Abundance of mineral springs, hot and cold plunge baths, large swimming tank of mineral water, good trout fishing and hunting. Round trip tickets at S. P. offices, $10. JOHN SPAULDING, Proprietor. J. WALLACE SPAULDING, Manager.

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Twenty completely-furnished five-room cottages in Glen Ellen, Sonoma Co.; good boating, fishing and hunting; finest summer resort and mineral water for all diseases in America; camping grouud and mineral water free. Apply to DR. C. C. O'DONNELL, 1206 Market street, San Francisco.

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GREATEST HEALTH RESORT ON THE COAST !

Mud and Sulphur Baths

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A new and strictly first-class hotel. Steam heat, electric lights, running water in every room, billiards, croquet, tennis and shuffleboard. Saturday-night hops. One hour from San Francisco, in beautiful Mill Valley. Bus to and from trains.

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Three hours from San Francisco. Round trip, $3. Advantages in boating, bathing, bowling, dancing, tennis, shuffleboard, etc., unsurpassed by any resort in the State.

Spacious fireplaces, in parlor, club and billiard rooms, serve, with electric lighting and hard finish throughout, to make accommodations perfect. The only first-class dance hall in the mountains. Dining room seats 260, and is provided with electric fans. Grounds natural and unlimited. One hour to Santa Cruz.

Personal supervision of the owner, THOMAS L. BELL, Ben Lomond.

Rates, weekly, $11 to $13.

SPECIAL NOTICE

The Tavern of Castle Crag

Will be Open for the Reception of Guests June 1st

Owing to favorable weather conditions in the Shasta region, and at the request of many patrons, The Tavern of Castle Crag will be opened for the reception of guests Wednesday, June 1st—two weeks earlier than usual. The reasonable charges and the superior management which have characterized this well-known resort will he continued. Applicants for accomodations prior to June 1st should address GEORGE SCHONEWALD, manager, room 59, Union Trust building, San Francisco. After above date they should address him at Castle Crag, Shasta County Cal.

CARLSBAD! The Mineral Springs are well known for marvelous cures, especially in cases of Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Bladder Affections. Good trout fishing and hunting. For particulars, write W. R. McGOVERN, Carlsbad, Lake County.

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A Beautiful Summer Resort in Ross Valley, now open for guests. For terms and particulars, address MISS HUTCHISON, Ross Valley.

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Strictly a Commercial and Tourist Hotel. Special rates for families. G. W. BARKER, Manager.

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A superb resort in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Elevation, 6507 feet. Opens June 1st. Information at room 1, Flood Building, San Francisco.

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If you want to camp, pitch a tent near a lovely lake, or on the bank of some beautiful stream, of which there are over 300 well stocked with trout.

If you want to drink health-giving waters and enjoy social life, visit one of our many Mineral Spring Resorts.

If you want to enjoy the home life of a ranch, there are many ranchers who will be glad to have you.

Camping grounds are free.

At the Resorts and the homes of the ranchers, charges are reasonable.

For detailed information, apply at Ticket Office, 650 Market Street, Chronicle Building, or at General Office Mutual Life Building, Sansome and California Street.

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FOR THE SEASON

Attractive Athletic Events

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Columbia Theatre

FRIEDLANDER GOTTLOB & Co. LESSEES & MANAGERS

Beginning Next Monday, May 30th — Mr. John H. Martin presents

MR. CLAY CLEMENT

IN

THE NEW DOMINION

An Excellent Company in Support

June 13th—The Frawley Company

Orpheum

Week commencing Monday, May 30th

Ezra Kendall, Original Monologuist
The La Mont Brothers in Medley of Acrobatic Feats
The Musical Cotton, the Xylophone Wonders
Carroll Johnson, the Famous Negro Minstrel
Al Leach and the Three Rosebuds in a New Skit
Sa Vans Acrobatic Comedians
Harry Allister, Impersonator
Colby & Walton Ventriloquist and Dancing Doll
Manhattan Comedy Four in a New Repertoire.

Special Matinee Decoration Day

Reserved Seats 25c; Balcony 10c.; Opera Chairs and Box Seats 50c.
Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday

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Every Evening
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New Scenery, Costumes, Ballets and Effects!

Next—An American Hero—A New Nautical Comic Opera

Popular Prices : : 25 and 50 cts.

Box office always open—No telephone.

Alcazar Theatre

FRED BELASCO, Lessee : MARK THALL, Manager
Telephone Main 254

Monday, May 30th—Second Week of Mr. Lewis Morrison in the Intense Four-Act Drama

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The Foremost Play of the Season
Every Scene New from Footlight to Fall!
Special Decoration-Day Matinee
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Our Prices 15c., 25c., 35c. and 50c. — All Reserved

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Complete artistic preparation—English, Italian, French and Spanish. Pose of Voice, Gesture, Repertoire. Reception hours 1 to 2 p.m. Terms moderate.

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Classical, Literary, Scientific and Commercial Courses. Regular Army Officer detailed by the War Department. Eighth year begins Aug. 11. Arthur Crosby, A.M., Head Master.

TURF TOPICS

Review of the Past Season's Racing in California—The English Derby.

The sixth season of fall, winter and spring racing was brought to a close on Saturday last and the time has therefore come to look back upon the results of the sport. On the whole these have proved satisfactory. The quality of the horses taking part in the races has shown some improvement on the previous season, which was very much in advance of former years in that respect; the attendance at the tracks has been larger than ever before, and although there has not been an entire freedom from scandal, the tone of things throughout has been satisfactory.

At Ingleside the Pacific Coast Jockey Club provided eighty-five days racing, the total amount of money offered by the club being $223,800, while at Oakland the California Jockey Club gave away $228,900 during their meetings, which covered eighty-nine days. The grand total appropriated for stakes and purses therefore reached $452,700, spread over 1031 events, in which altogether some 900 different horses contended. These figures correspond very closely with those of the previous season. As it is admitted that both of the tracks have earned a handsome surplus, it will easily be seen that there are very large revenues forthcoming for the support of horse-racing in this State. As each year has come round since the first winter meeting was held in 1893 an increasing number of turfmen from other States have joined the local followers of the game, and not a few of these appear now to be permanently identified with California. During the recess their stables remain here, either in whole or in part, and they become interested more or less in the work of breeding thoroughbreds, which is so important an industry here.

So far as the performances of the horses are concerned the chief features noticeable were the strength of the sprinting division, the limited number of animals that distinguished themselves in races over a distance of ground, and the generally poor quality of the two-year-olds that sported silk this spring. As compared with the preceding year there has been a serious falling off in this last respect, though it must be noted that only 130 youngsters faced the starter as against 164 in the previous season. No doubt the two-year-old racing next fall will be benefited by so many young things being given more time to develop, for, as has been frequently remarked in this column, the early period in the year at which the racing of two-year-olds is carried on here is a distinct disadvantage to our stock, much of which is thereby knocked out or rendered useless before getting time to mature, as in other parts of the country where the season is not so forward.

In the first rank of sprinters we have had some speedy performers, to-wit: May W. four years, Tea Rose III four years, Montgomery five years, O'Connell aged, Briar Sweet three years, and McLight aged. The two first mentioned fillies met eight times at five, five and a half and six furlongs, with the result that the former proved the better of the two on five occasions at a disadvantage of about five lbs. in weight on the average. She was a remarkably consistent performer, being first seven times, second seven times, third twice, and unplaced twice out of eighteen starts. Tea Rose III established a very similar record, being first seven times, second seven times, third three times, and unplaced once only out of nineteen starts. Including the California Oaks, 1⅛ miles, Briar Sweet ran seven times and was only beaten on two occasions, when she was second, once beaten a head only and badly chopped at the start in the other instance. Out of nineteen starts Montgomery was first eight and second four times, and O'Connell scored five firsts and five seconds out of twelve attempts.

The following list may serve as a record of the best performers, three-years-old and upwards: Traverser, Briar Sweet, Count of Flanders, Fonsovannah, Marplot, Torsida, Recreation and Napamax, all three years of age; Marquise, The Roman, Fleur de Lis, Salvado, Paul Griggs, Altamax and Geyser, all four years; Ostler Joe, Judge Denny and Won't Dance, all five years; Satsuma, Buck Massie and Flashlight, all six years; and Libertine and Buckwa, both aged. The two last-named have probably about concluded their racing career, being no longer what they were twelve months ago, while of the others the sterling performers Altamax and Fleur de Lis, the best son and daughter of the dead Maxim, may not race again. Ostler Joe and Judge Denny both covered themselves with glory, and are good specimens of sound, useful handicap horses that never fail to make the trip with credit, and with eight and nine wins out of thirty one and twenty-six starts respectively, proved a source of much profit to their owners. Ostler Joe was only five times out of the money and Judge Denny seven times during the past season. Satsuma, the winner of the $10,000 Burns Handicap, captured the largest amount of coin, and has a record of ten firsts, four seconds and three thirds out of eighteen races, being left at the post the only time he was not in the money. But the undoubted champion of the season was Mr. Corrigan's Geyser, with an unbroken series of nine victories at from five and a half furlongs to one mile, having to be called on by his jockey on two occasions only. Paul Griggs proved to be no ordinary performer, but was badly handicapped by Dorsey's riding, and we probably did not see him at his best in any of his races.

The form of the three-year-olds was on the whole variable, the only one of that division who proved consistent being that game and speedy little son of St. Carlo, Count of Flanders. He did not go to the post during the second half of the season, and Traverser having beaten him at level weights in his last outing, the distance being six furlongs, on this and his running generally the latter must be adjudged the best of his age on the coast this winter. Torsida did her owner good service, especially toward the end of the season, and throughout her racing career has stamped herself as an honest, clever little mare much above the average.

Amongst the whole body of two-year-olds there was not a single animal that showed any distinctive merit or striking superiority. Of the colts, only Saintly by imp. Midlothian, Formero by imp. Conveth, and Olinthus by Red Iron, are entitled on their performances to first consideration. Lobos, a son of imp. Golden Garter, gave proof of racing ability on one occasion, as did Juggler by imp. Friar Tuck, but too little was seen of them to admit of any decided opinion being formed as to their merits. The Exile colt Semicolon is a nice sort and performed very fairly. The only others that raced at all creditably were El Mido, the brother to Comanche, Owyhee by Iroquois, E. Come by imp. Inverness and Obsidian by imp. Stromboli, but none of these did anything to boast of. With care, however, they should all pay their way.

Of the fillies Humidity by Hindoo and Toluca by Nomad were about the best public performers during the season, though the little black daughter of imp. Midlothian, Sombre, in a couple of her races surpassed any two-year-old here. Magdalenes, Maud Ferguson, Sevens, Canace and Buena Ventura all ran some good races, but were hardly to be relied upon. Toluca was unquestionably the most consistent filly that ran, and is both fast and game. It looked, however, latterly as if Humidity held her safe.

Two-year-old form thus early in the year is a doubtful quantity to estimate, especially when the general looks of the performances are so much below standard as they have been with us this spring. It will be strange if next fall does not introduce us to a few two-year-old maidens of some merit—failing that, we shall be losing ground.

One eminently satisfactory feature has been that the rewards were well distributed amongst the contending stables, and luck seems rather to have favored the owners of limited strings. The following table shows the number of wins scored by the owners who had the largest number of representatives:

Burns & Waterhouse	93
S. C. Hildreth	59
Edward Corrigan	57
Atkin & Lottridge	29
W. B. Jennings & Co.	29
Wm. Boots & Son	23
L. H. Ezell	21
E. F. Smith & Co.	21
E. H. Rowell	20

The total of Burns & Waterhouse shows 73 wins at Oakland and 20 at Ingleside, while Mr. Corrigan scored 53 successes at Ingleside and 4 only at Oakland. These two stables thus largely followed the direction of their respective interests in the two tracks. The success of S. C. Hildreth is a remarkable testimony to his ability as a trainer, more especially considering the large proportion of unsound animals in his charge, while James Coffey, who trains for Dr. Rowell, is entitled to credit on much the same score.

Jockeyship has at times been superior to that of any previous season, but, as the best of the riders have been available for a portion of the time only, there has been a good deal of poor work. Thorpe has been riding pretty nearly the whole time, but W. Martin, T. Sloan and Clayton were not here the full term, and even when in San Francisco allowed themselves a good deal of holiday. H. Martin, Hennessy, Piggott, Clawson, Spencer, Conley, Gray, O'Connor, E. Jones and H. Shields were riding more or less throughout the season, and at times did good work. Thorpe and Clawson were the most active of all the jockeys, riding primarily for Burns & Waterhouse and Atkin & Lottridge, respectively, and both have added to their reputations.

One drawback in connection with racing here during the past season has been the difference in starting methods at the two tracks. At Ingleside when the barrier goes up it constitutes an absolute start, but at Oakland the starter is at liberty to recall the field in case of an uneven break, or the failure of any horse to move. Experience has shown that provision for a recall is unnecessary and, moreover, harmful, as it confuses horses and jockeys. If Mr. Caldwell, who started at Ingleside, can dispense with the recall flag, Mr. Ferguson could quite as well do so at Oakland, and all interests would be best served by uniformity of system at the two tracks.

Speaking generally the management at both Ingleside and Oakland have to be congratulated on the manner in which the various duties of their officers were performed. It was not always easy to follow the action of the judges in some matters, especially where inconsistent running of horses was dealt with, but they are in the best position to arrive at a correct judgment, and their ruling cannot be seriously impeached. Their motive at all times has undoubtedly been to uphold fair sport and honest dealing, and this is after all the main thing needed.

* *

The English Derby was run at Epsom last Wednesday, and resulted in the victory of Mr. J. W. Larmach's chestnut colt Jeddah, by Janissary out of Pilgrimage, the Duke of Westminster's Batt, by Sheen out of Vampire, second, and the Prince of Wales' Dunlop, by Ayrshire out of Fortuna, third. Eighteen horses started for the event, being the largest number that have gone to the post since Bend Or, the sire of Ormonde, won in 1880, nineteen then facing the flag. The first and third horses started at 100 to 1 in the betting, the second being quoted at 10 to 1. The race has worn a most open appearance all along, and this the result has entirely borne out. Unfortunately fully four of the colts that were amongst the best of last season's two-year-olds were not entered in the Derby, and the whole form of the youngsters last season was a complete tangle. Jeddah, who is owned by Mr. J. W. Larnach, an Australian gentleman who devotes himself to sport in England, is in Richard Marsh's stable. As a two-year-old he ran twice in the fall of last year, the first being second to Orzil in the Clearwell Stakes (£747), 6 furlongs, 140 yards, at the Newmarket Second October meeting, and on the next occasion, carrying 112 lbs., he was beaten a head by the American bred filly Meta II, by Sensation, 111 lbs., ridden by Tod Sloan, in the Free Handicap (£650), 6 furlongs, at Worcester, another American colt, Bridegroom II, being third, three lengths away. Disraeli, the winner of the Two Thousand, who started favorite according to the brief telegraphic account of the race, was not conspicuous after Tattenham Corner had been reached. Diendonne finished up fourth.

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Each crimson stripe the emblem of the blood by heroes shed;
It shall wave for them victorious or droop above them—dead,
For they'll answer to the rollcall in the mornin'!

They'll rally to the fight
In the stormy day and night,
In bonds that no cruel fate shall sever;
While their far-famed battle cry
Shall go ringing to the sky:
"Our country—our country forever!"

—*Chicago Times-Herald.*

Dr. Baraduc, of Paris, has invented an instrument, termed a biometer, to demonstrate the law of vital forces. On touching this instrument the hand indicates the vital forces, the movement of the hand of the biometer corresponding to the state of mind of the person, so that, attracted by one in a happy mood, the reverse takes place in the case of a person in grief, viz., a pushing backward. More than this, even, is claimed—namely, the photographing of the human vital forces. Dr. Baraduc declares that by force of will a person seated in a completely dark room, in front of a photographic camera, had succeeded in producing a clear impression on a photographic plate. Moreover, by placing such plates on a human corpse, in a similarly darkened room, an impression was received from the vital forces three hours after death. Such phenomena indicate, he believes, that there exists in a living man a vapor of life, which is the very quintessence of movement, the cause of which is as yet not determined.

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ESTATE OF RICHARD WALSH (alias) DECEASED:

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, A. C. Freese, Administrator of the Estate of Richard Walsh (alias), deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 35, Chronicle Building, corner of Geary and Kearny streets, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

A. C. FREESE,
Administrator of the Estate of Richard Walsh (alias) Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 3, 1898.

J. D. SULLIVAN,
Attorney for Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

ESTATE OF HENRY CLIFTON, DECEASED:

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of Henry Clifton, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix, at room 47, seventh floor, Mills Building, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

LOUISA CLIFTON,
Administratrix of the Estate of Henry Clifton, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, May 11, 1898.

GAVIN McNAB,
Attorney for Administratrix.

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NEW STORIES RE-TOLD

Consul-General Bowen, who represented the United States at Barcelona when the trouble between this country and Spain broke out, had about finished his breakfast one April morning when a mob of several thousand Spaniards broke into the square opposite the Consulate, determined to break up the flag and the eagle. Bowen is a big fellow, and he elbowed his way through the crush and got his back up against the door. He awaited results. A minute later another big man pushed through the mob and stood beside him apparently ready to help out. Not a word was spoken. The crowd swayed against them, but there was no leader, and they stood at bay. Then the police came and the trouble was over. Then Bowen turned to his compatriot, and asked for an introduction. "Oh," said the other, "my name's Norman Harrington, of Chicago. This is my first day in Barcelona. It seemed to me as if there would be some trouble for the eagle up there, and I thought I'd take a bit of it."

Daniel O'Connell, though brilliant and witty, was daringly vulgar when he set out to attack an opponent. At a Dublin election he started to assail Recorder Shaw, who was a very dignified and handsome man, by declaring him a fellow whose visage would frighten a horse from his oats. The Lord Mayor, who presided, remarked on these amenities, and said it might be supposed such a critic, like Hamlet's father was endowed with Hyperion curls and the front of Jove himself, instead of a wrinkled brow and a scratch wig. As for himself, he would not be unwilling to compete with the demagogue before a jury of ladies if they could only see him as nature made him without the aid of the barber. O'Connell strode to the front of the platform, snatched off his wig, and, pointing to his naked head covered with a stubble of gray hair, cried: "Ladies, I demand your instant judgment!" Of course he had the laugh and the best of the encounter.

With Chicago citizens of Irish descent Carter Harrison the elder was a great favorite. [illegible] for him, and [illegible] In fact, like the Pennsylvanians who are still voting for Andrew Jackson some of these Harrisonites actually haven't found out that the elder Carter is dead. During the campaign last year, when young Carter Harrison was elected Mayor, a youthful Irishman met an older one and said: "Hullo, Uncle Terry, how d'ye stand for Harrison?" "Solid, me bye, solid." "But this ain't old Carter Harrison, ye know, Uncle Terry. This is his son, Carter H." "That's all right, me bye. I voted four times for the ol' man and I'll vote for him again." "But Carter Harrison was assassinated, Uncle Terry." "Av coorse, he was, but, sh! give him time, me bye, give him time, an' he'll live it down all right."

When the eminent English advocate, Sir Frank Lockwood, was a young man, he was retained to defend a ruffian accused of a desperate crime. There seemed little hope of saving the prisoner, and Lockwood said to him: "Take my advice and plead guilty and save the old man trouble. It's your only chance of getting a light sentence." The prisoner looked him up and down, and, leaning over the bar of the dock, said: "You fuzzle-headed beggar, what do you suppose I pay you for? For me to do your work that you can't do? Go back to your seat and do what you're paid for!" Lockwood went back and got the man acquitted.

In the olden days, Hawaiian servants insisted on calling their American and English employers by their given names. The strongest efforts to cure them failed, and the custom was generally concurred in. However, an English woman of much character settled in Honolulu with her husband, and she declared her servants should never address her in that fashion. One day she had some visitors, and to their great edification the cook put his head inside the door and asked, "My love, what vegetables do you want to-day?" After that the Englishwoman was content to be called simply "Mary."

A certain Los Angeles orator, during the last campaign, addressed a political meeting at Pasadena. He is of rather a bibulous habit is this gentleman, and the influence of innumerable cocktails has wrought havoc with his complexion. Being Pasadena, the audience was decidedly temperance, and it declined to enthuse at the orator's periods. Questions were in order at the end of the meeting, and one old chap got up. "Tell us," he said, "what has made your nose so red, sir?" "Blushing at your confounded impudence!" was the response.

Kegan Paul, the author and publisher, was a friend of Tennyson's. He was invited to the christening of the poet's eldest son at Richmond Church. Hallam had come down for the occasion, and he and Tennyson discussed the question of surnames. The historian asked: "What is to be the child's name?" "Hallam," answered the poet. "I don't like surnames for Christian names," said the other. "Why not call him Alfred?" "What if he were to turn out a fool?" was the reply.

Lord Bankton, a Lord of Sessions in Scotland, was a muchly-married man. "I am wrong," said his lordship to his fourth wife, when she was complaining of the loss of a napkin from a collection in which there should have been an even dozen. "My dear, when my last wife was buried I forgot to draw it out in putting her corpse into the coffin. I shall behave better next time."

After a recent railway collision a Scotsman was extricated from the wreckage by a companion who had escaped unhurt. "Never mind, Sandy," his rescuer remarked, "it's nothing serious, and you'll get damages for it!" "Damages!" roared Sandy. "Hae I no' had enough? Guid sakes, it's repairs I'm seekin' noo!"

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